FORUM

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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EDITORIAL FOREWORD

DURING the past year, THE FORUM has published a series of articles on the leading novelists, poets, and critics of the present day. In judging such literary lights as Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, and Carl Sandburg, FORUM authors have viewed them as prophets of a certain attitude toward life, who have borrowed their cosmos from science and their ethics from the new schools of psychology. They profess to believe that man is a machine, operated by the same forces that make apples fall from trees and moths seek the flame. In short, as interpreters of life, these writers have forgotten — or, rather, they have purposely rejected — the essentially *human* qualities of human life: those very qualities which set man apart from the beast and from the speck of dust that dances in the sunbeam.

NOW the scientist is necessarily a specialist. It is the virtue of his peculiar method to focus his microscope upon a limited field of observation; and he may be pardoned, therefore, if he leaves many things out of the human picture. But the novelist or the poet who does the same thing lacks the scientist's justification. It should be his first concern to see life steadily and see it whole. And with this thought in mind, THE FORUM set itself to examine very critically the literature of to-day, especially in so far as it pretends to interpret a philosophy of life. More than this, THE FORUM attempted the constructive task of explaining the Religious attitude in literature, and the Humanistic, which may be considered the alternative of the Religious attitude.

THUS, in January, we published "The Modern Current in American Literature," by Paul Elmer More; in February, "The Critic and American Life," by Irving Babbitt; in May, "Modernism and the Novel," by Sherlock Bronson Gass; in July, "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt," by T. S. Eliot; in September, "The Catholic Spirit in American Literature," by Michael Williams. It is now fitting to close this literary year with "The Gutter — And Then What?" by Granville Hicks. Here Mr. Hicks marks off the limits to which our so-called "moderns" may go, and predicts the advantage American literature may yet derive from its decade of exploration in the gutters and sewers of life.

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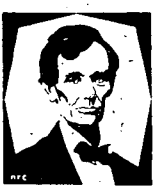

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DECEMBER READING

DONALD F. ROSE

PHILOSOPHICAL GUIDE POSTS

SCEPTICAL ESSAYS, by Bertrand Russell (Norton, $2.50), undertakes to move a mountain, but its author has not much faith that it can be done. The mountain is made of stupidity, hatred, and passion, but the opening chapter concedes that these are much preferred to sweetly reasonable behavior and likely to remain so. This is a sad thought for Mr. Russell, but sadness becomes him admirably and helps to keep him a philosopher.

His skepticism, however, is not confined to pessimism, but occasionally turns aggressive. He begins to call in question both science and the scientists. In the past he has hoped for great things from science, but now he has his doubts and apprehensions concerning another gold brick. And again he turns to philosophy for comfort and consolation.

These are popular essays, but they take us sometimes into deep waters. Although Mr. Russell does his best, you cannot discuss the relation of Einstein to Bergson and Hegel in words of one syllable. There are, however, other essays concerning social and economic problems, obviously written for magazine consumption but well worth reading. The last chapter is an estimate of future prospects which leaves the impression that, as a prophet, Mr. Russell is still an excellent philosopher.

There is not much that is constructive or directive in the Russell doctrine. He tries to see clearly and justly, and to use to our advantage his long training in judgment and good thinking. His practical philosophy is that of a man steering his way through thick traffic, and we may value his guidance without insisting that he travel a straight line.

It is a long jump from Russell to Beverley Nichols and THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), but it is worth the effort. It restores our faith a little to discover that Mr. Nichols has lost some of his impudence and gained proportionately in good sense. Just what he will do when he can no longer get by with parlor tricks is beyond calculation, but at the moment he shows faint premonitory symptoms of becoming a serious young man full of passionate purposes. But this only occasionally; most of the time he is still the brilliant young reporter who knows he is good and reminds us of it at regular intervals. He surveys the American scene in kindness and fairness, though occasionally his eyebrows go so high in polite horror that his monocle falls out and he becomes mildly myopic. But he is still absolutely helpless in the presence of an even moderately beautiful woman. His interview with Gloria Swanson is a rhapsody in rose pink, and he uniformly believes everything the girls tell him. This, perhaps, is all to the good;

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a man must believe something and Mr. Nichols is a little short on the customary articles of faith. There is only one resemblance between his book and that of Mr. Russell. He also winds up with a prophecy, and gives warning to his own generation in England to quit grousing and go to work. Yes, the boy grows older.

Mr. Nichols behaved like a little gentleman on his visit and rarely makes us uncomfortable with his criticism. This job is done brown by Walter B. Pitkin in THE TWILIGHT OF THE AMERICAN MIND (Simon & Shuster, $3.00), whose big idea is that there is little use in training master minds unless we can devise some useful work for such minds to do. Mr. Pitkin's proposition, which he supports with enough statistics to choke a horse, does a lot of damage to our educational theories and sundry eugenical sciences, and has obvious bearings on our industrial system. He proves to his own satisfaction that not only do we need no more "best minds" but that we are already overstocked with them, and that the demand decreases with progress in organization, standardization, and centralization of life and business.

It may turn out, of course, that a "best mind" — whatever that may be — has other real uses besides that of earning a living for its temporary physical encumbrance. Mr. Pitkin suggests that the state devise some scheme whereby best minds may be put out to graze for their own happiness and such small profit to the world as may come of it. Socrates, we suspect, would have found this a singularly unattractive solution to a problem with which he must have been personally acquainted.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS, by Silas Bent (Liveright, $3.00), is a contribution to the sense of proportion concerning politicians, personages, prosperity, and the press. Its predecessor, *Ballyhoo*, revealed Mr. Bent almost in the act of shaking the dust of daily journalism from his shirt sleeves. He has cooled off now, but he is still shrewdly critical of his old trade. In his new book he covers a lot of territory, but two arguments echo throughout. One is that Americans are not such fools as they seem to be and would welcome intelligent treatment from editors and publishers if they could get it. The other is that America is being tempted by the golden calf, variously disguised as Prosperity, Success, Efficiency, and Andrew Mellon. This warning has lately been sounded from many quarters, but rarely with the authority of such good sense and practical experience as are found in *Strange Bedfellows*.

BIOGRAPHIES IN BRIEF

SINCE biography is so popular, it is good that it can be brief, else we should miss many pleasant acquaintances. Particular gratitude is due to Philip Guedalla, who presents in BONNET AND SHAWL (Putnam, $3.50), six very delightful ladies, the wives and indispensable helpmeets of eminent and typical Victorians. Mr. Guedalla has a deserved reputation as wit and even cynic, but here he is all kindliness and courtesy to the ladies, and even such ironic shafts as he directs at the pompous celebrities whose homes he visits are no worse than their own wives might have managed — and probably did, in their own wise and wifely manner. These are intimate and personal pictures of Mesdames Carlyle, Tennyson, Arnold, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Palmerston, and they could scarcely be done with better taste or greater charm. Three other portraits, purely imaginary, add an appendix to the book. Since these reveal the ladyloves of notorious bachelors, Mr. Guedalla need have no scruples and he shows no mercy. They indicate beyond doubt that the author intends his more serious portraits to disclose the master of the house no less than its leading lady.

FORGOTTEN LADIES, by Richardson Wright (Lippincott, $5.00), rescues from undeserved obscurity a group of our own early citizens. To these ladies, husbands were incidental and some of them fall considerably short of the customary picture of a perfect lady. Yet they serve to turn attention to significant elements in early American life, some of which are still with us as national prejudices and passions. Mr. Wright's book, however, is more than an ungallant attempt to fasten responsibility for familiar follies on a few forgotten ladies. He has a genuine love for early Americana which leads him into odd corners. He writes with charm and wit, his style is both classical and colloquial, and he conveys the comfortable assurance that he knows what he is talking about. The

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present book is as full of scholarship as his *Hawkers and Walkers*, but the presence of the ladies — some lovely and some lurid — gives it greater interest.

More brief biographies appear in THE ROMANCE OF FORGOTTEN MEN, by John T. Faris (Harper's, $6.00). Some of its subjects, such as Baron Stiegel and John Bartram, can hardly be said to be forgotten and others need hardly be remembered, but the interest of the book is chiefly in small matters of Colonial history such as engage the polite attention of our thin blue line of true-born aristocrats. It is a taste that comes expensively by birth and breeding, and Mr. Faris has been busy for years writing for it.

MASKS IN A PAGEANT (MacMillan, $5.00) is William Allen White's contribution to the lately current confusion of tongues on matters political. This is gossip and opinion, not without prejudice, concerning Presidents from Harrison to Coolidge, together with their attendants, satellites, contemporaries, and fairy godfathers. It is not quite reminiscence but it is also as certainly not quite history. It is written in the professional tone of a newspaper man who has come a long way and met a lot of people. For reasons of his own, Mr. White arranges his gallery in terms of kingdoms and dynasties — the Old Kings, the Stuarts, the Rebellion and Restoration. He makes a terrific blunder in parable when he concludes with the Young Princes of Democracy — none other than Alfred E. Smith and William Hale Thompson. That all this should come to climax in the unlamented Mayor of Chicago is too much and somewhat ominous. Maybe Mr. White is feeling his years. The old days look better to him than the new and he fears the worst. Perhaps he hopes for it.

FANTASY AND FICTION

AMONG many good or interesting novels selection is difficult, but half a dozen of first choice have some family likeness in their acceptance of the limitations of the novel, their acquiescence in its traditional form, and their denial of freakishness. There is, for example, THE WHISPER OF A NAME, by Marie Le Franc (Bobbs, Merrill, $2.00). This has but two characters — a strong man hurt by war and a girl escaped from sophistication to the Breton moors. Nothing happens to them but the man's slow recovery and the girl's slow surrender to love, but the tale is so surrounded with beauty and infused with sincerity that it becomes a profoundly moving fragment.

THE COMING OF THE LORD, by Sarah Gertrude Millin (Liveright, $2.50), is contrived of tremendous forces: of jealousies and hatreds — racial, national, religious, and social. The story is laid, like others by Miss Millin, in South Africa, but the scene is subordinated to the human elements involved and to an ironic overtone of sympathy for men and women blundering headlong into unnecessary tragedy. It called for courage no less than skill to handle the elements of this strangely moving story, since it deals with Jew hatred, war persecutions, a stupid soldier, a heart-hungry wife, and a tribe of natives in the grip of religious mania.

There is an admirable severity of style in THERESA, by Arthur Schnitzler (Simon & Shuster, $2.50), but the story is unpleasant, unconvincing, and probably unnecessary. This is another "story of a woman's soul" told chiefly in terms of her body, and beyond the first few adventures it turns fairly tiresome. It becomes, in fact, suspiciously like a case record in the appendix to a treatise by Havelock Ellis. Such masculine attempts to write of the personal mysteries of women, from *Moll Flanders* to date, and including literature respectable and otherwise, have been no more uniformly successful than other sorts of female impersonation. Either they are projections of masculine preferences or clinical studies in the milder areas of pathology — curious reading for both sexes alike. Perhaps a really wise woman could tell us where masculine perception fails in revealing the essentially feminine, but a really wise woman would never do so.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MISS ANNIE SPRAGG (Stokes, $2.50), is Louis Bromfield's best to date. It involves a strange group, hand-picked from two continents to disclose the varied workings of love and religious enthusiasm and their occasional fusion. It is quite astonishing to find that this single theme can be presented in a dozen versions, and so skillfully that the reader is aware only on reflection that the tune has been played on a single string. An unusual quality is given to the book

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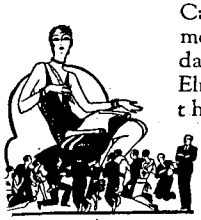

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by use of a literary version of the 'cut-back' of the motion pictures. That poor Miss Spragg — withered old maid from the Middle West — should set in motion so many convulsions in the Mediterranean is a sign that Mr. Bromfield has a keen sense for dramatic improbabilities.

CASPAR HAUSER, by Jacob Wassermann (Liveright, $3.00), is a historical novel which intends to be more than that and never quite pulls it off. A century ago there turned up in Nürnberg a man just out of prison, full grown in body but with the mind and experience of a child. This is the story of what the world did to him and it ends with his physical murder to climax the slow destruction of his soul. The author intends that we shall see here the tragedy of childhood at the mercy of so-called civilization, but his book remains a historical novel, curious and engrossing and written with fiery sincerity.

HARNESS, by A. Hamilton Gibbs (Little, Brown, $2.50), is in the typical Gibbs manner, a novel of real entertainment wrapped around a problem. This time it is that of the wife who hankers after a career and thereby gets into a mild indiscretion. The husband finally discovers that there are limits to the emancipation of women, and his solution is to beat the other man to a pulp and bring his wife back from drama to domesticity. This, you observe, is no real solution at all; it is simply the rather elementary notion that if you can't keep out of mischief it is better to avoid it. But it makes a good story.

Most of these books are visitors from overseas. The shelf is less generous with home talent. HERITAGE, by Rose C. Feld (Knopf, $2.50), is the most solid novel of recent reading. It tells of the drudgery of farm life on the thin lands of New England, and of the autocracy of the soil and the women whose sense of property holds grimly on to the soil. The story is full of hard reality and is engrossing without being pleasant reading. But here again is a collection of frustrated males, of whom we have lately had too many. There ought to be a law.

BACK TO THE BIBLE

GIANT KILLER, by Elmer Davis (Day, $2.50), will probably cause a stir but will leave no particular impression. It is logical to associate it with MOSES, by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), since both take liberties with Old Testament history in order to shock the tired public once again. *Giant Killer* is the life of David, maltreated somewhat to add emphasis to the idea that the King of Israel was an evil man — which is already fairly clear from the record. *Moses* opens with a literary version of a familiar smoking-car story, and proceeds to naturalize a score of miracles with indefatigable ingenuity. Mr. Untermeyer evidences a busier imagination and perhaps more misdirected scholarship than Mr. Davis, but Mr. Davis writes with greater energy and a keener eye for drama. Both, however, are reminiscent of D. W. Griffith in all his glory, who could and would dress ten thousand supers in costume and paint, set up a city in pasteboard, and present us with ancient history in two dimensions only. It is entertaining, ingenious, occasionally shocking, but nobody really believes it.

MY FIRST TWO THOUSAND YEARS, by George S. Viereck and Paul Eldridge (Macaulay, $2.50), would be better titled as "My First Ten Thousand Women." The Wandering Jew turns up again, but as a young man hunting through the centuries for a really satisfying moment. On the way, he rubs shoulders with a lot of popular history, but two-thirds of his time is devoted to the perennial discovery that one woman is very much like another. After the first score or so of his adventures they become an excruciating bore. These gentlemen write well enough, but those who read their book eagerly will ultimately decide that they have been cheated again.

There is also GOODBYE WISCONSIN, by Glenway Wescott (Harper's, $2.50), a series of sketches and stories of varied interest and excellence, written obviously by a man on his way out of Wisconsin and determined never to go back. "How much sweeter," he says with more naïve candor than originality, "to come and go than to stay." And further he confesses, "I feel glad that I have never written a line for which there is any earthly use." Well, why not?

THE SECOND AMERICAN CARAVAN (Macaulay, $5.00) defies classification unless we open a department for Encyclo-

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pædias of Literary Pathology. But it clamors for attention both by its monstrous bulk and its monstrous pretensions. These are the choice products of our self-appointed elect — some of them not so choice and some of them no better than second choice or worse. It would be interesting to know how many of these masterpieces are resting easily now after going the weary rounds of editors and publishers. There are novelties here, of course — novelties more in manner than theme, which is about seventy-five per cent sex, a preoccupation which seems to lie at the end of too many of the roads to modernism. Apparently there is a reporter at every private keyhole, whose discoveries give him no real joy unless he can talk about them. This is indeed a lumbering caravan, less interesting than the first and even showing signs of becoming old-fashioned in a day when cheap novelties are so quickly worn thin. There may be beauty concealed in its cargo, but it is a weary job to find it.

GENTLEMEN OF FRANCE

IT would be virtually impossible to write a dull book concerning Voltaire. He is a good story without benefit of skillful biography, and the sugar and spice of anecdote and legend are available to all. The chief temptation of the biographer is to be content with such familiar stuff and thereby fail to justify a new book with new evidence or understanding.

By this much VOLTAIRE, by Victor Thaddeus (Brentano's, $5.00), falls short of enduring importance. It is a popular version, entertaining and readable, but conventional in its estimate of the man and his times. Most of us know too little of Voltaire, even though his name is a household word. Stephen Leacock in his essay on "The Remains of an Education," finds that his net dividend from French history and literature was represented by "Voltaire — Frenchman — very bitter." Most of us are as well informed. The new book remedies the deficiency, and reveals Voltaire not only as a miracle man who squeezed a fortune from journalism, but as one who has an important finger in many a modern pie. It is also worth while to study him to note how poorly he is honored by the imitation of our own acidulous critics of church and state whose chief weapons are also wit, mockery, and strong language. It will be discovered that Voltaire was immeasurably the master in wit; that much which we count as typically modern in cynicism and revolt is already two centuries old.

In *Voltaire*, Louis XIV is briefly introduced, adorned with all the frightfulness of his unsavory reputation. Louis Bertrand, on the other hand, in his new biography, LOUIS XIV (Longmans, $5.00), reverses most of the contemporary and popular judgments, and insists that it is time to atone for an injustice. He describes Louis as concealing behind a screen of frivolity a steady purpose to serve France. He roundly denies the phrase, *L'état, c'est moi*, and discounts with evidence and common sense the stories of his vicious immorality. He calls him hard-working, serious-minded, and essentially temperate; a great statesman and soldier, a patron of the arts, and the creator of modern France. And, as a necessary corollary, he accuses Saint-Simon of being a peevish, malevolent, and irresponsible liar whose record has done more damage than it is worth.

FRANÇOIS VILLON, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (Coward, McCann, $5.00), is a work of real scholarship and probably the last word to be spoken concerning the rascal poet until the scrap heaps of history are turned over by some new convulsion. Some such book is necessary unless we are to be content with pretty legends. The author rather spikes the guns of the critic, partly by the authority of his learning and partly by a single dirty dig. "Community plumbing," he says, "is one of the very modern fine arts — *like Criticism, but useful.*" Well, there is here little room for criticism, whether useful or no. Mr. Lewis recreates Villon as a shadowy but real figure, set in a picture of the times which is sometimes faithful to the point of tedium. The second section is a swift and vivid life of the poet, excellent entertainment throughout. The third is given to critical appraisal of Villon's verse and will be thin rations for those who cannot read French. Those whose French is "after the schole of Stratford-atte-Bowe" will be not much better off, since French to-day is not what it used to be five centuries ago. There are ample translations, but these cannot recreate the grace and adroitness of Villon.

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

MR. WELLS CREATES A NEW WORLD

THE OPEN CONSPIRACY, by H. G. Wells; Doubleday, Doran, $2.00.
Reviewed by BERNARD FAY.

MR. WELLS believes that it is impossible to believe in anything other than science, birth control, and the immortality of our species. He gave up Christianity long ago, and more recently Communism, Socialism, Democracy, and the League of Nations; but he still has many hopes for aviation, radio broadcasting, and eugenic babies. Nevertheless, he admits that they will have to be handled carefully if they are to be a success, and he kindly writes this book, publishes it, and sells it to show what we have to do about them. It appears that the few things we have to do are to destroy our present governments, endow scientific laboratories, teach scientists how to behave, make them speak an intelligible language, restrict procreation all over the world, keep protesting against wars, organize mankind as one big colony, and — for a few centuries at least — get together to read Mr. Wells' books and follow his directions.

He calls his system "The Open Conspiracy" and views it as a religion. Very sensibly he acknowledges that now we are muddling and that the time has come to look out if we don't want to jump head first into the greatest catastrophe man has ever experienced. Since he is moderate and does not want to antagonize people by taking sides in a delicate controversy, he simply urges us to discard all the religions, governments, and political theories we are now using. He repudiates everything impartially to extract from everything the element he approves of: kindness out of Christianity, boldness out of Marxism, world unity out of the League of Nations, even discipline out of the armies and navies.

You think it ought to be a stunning book. The stunning thing is that he succeeded in making it a very flat book. Of course, it could be much worse and still be worth reading — if only as a document on contemporary English journalism. At times you find in it one of Mr. Wells' old gifts, his talent for being irritating. But generally it sounds terribly sincere, disarming, uplifting, and full of the most indiscriminate optimism. Mr. Wells writes: "It is possible now to imagine an order of human affairs from which these evils (sickness, famine, tyranny) have been largely eliminated" — as if we had made any real and positive progress in eliminating sickness. Again: "There will be little need for President or King to lead the marshalled hosts of Humanity, for where there is no war, there is no need of any leader to lead hosts anywhere" — which, to me, appears just as logical as the reasoning of the Baptist clergyman who believes he has eradicated vice from the earth when he has suppressed whiskey, gin, beer, and wine.

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Mr. Wells is no longer a very young man and he shows in this book a surprising inability to grasp any problem in its accuracy or to use words with their full meaning. His habit of reducing everything to the very simplest terms has made of his style something like the normal moving picture, the one which they say in Hollywood is made for the average mind — the mind of the male child of ten. Mr. Wells speaks of religion, and does it with becoming reverence; but he seems never to have realized that religion is primarily concerned with spiritual and moral life and not with externals. His religion draws man out of himself instead of making him concentrate, and does not define a moral or spiritual criterion. The terms "good," "bad," "better," "worse" are used without any concrete meaning. Moreover, Mr. Wells is so busy settling all the great pending questions that he overlooks two difficulties which are rather urgent. He seems to believe that crowds and the crowd spirit will be eliminated in the coming civilization. He discards personality, hopes of personal immortality, and everything connected with our modern idea of individualism. His new world is very good and very well planned, but seems to be intended neither for masses nor for individuals; all the others will be perfectly happy there.

Yet the book is not dull; at times it is even convincing. Under the sugary coat of hopes one feels all kinds of repressed fears; behind the childish optimism there is real emotion. Now and then Mr. Wells admits that things are much more complicated than he can tell, that there is danger of the world's going to pieces, that men should not trust too much to their luck. Many a page has a rather conservative leaning, and if Mr. Wells fails to put any eloquence or real beauty into his prose, at least he appears more human in this book than in some of his recent works.

For anybody who has followed the evolution of English Radicalism in the last five years, the thing is not unexpected. Mr. Wells only represents the state of mind of his friends and comrades. For all kinds of reasons — perhaps the expectation of coming into power and holding it, perhaps the realization that England is in a more difficult position than it ever was, perhaps the feeling that their own doctrine is in danger of being outrun by rival radical theories — the English Radicals have shown a much more moderate tendency since 1925. They speak of Europe with more sympathy, they plan a future where radical changes will come gradually and with as few violent breaks as possible, and they show a very sensible antagonism to Moscow. Consequently there is much in Mr. Wells' book that is interesting, but the contrast between some of his judicious remarks and his wild yet drab anticipations is appalling.

The idea of building a big, unified world where everybody would have enough to eat is not a bad one, and it may come to pass. It may even be brought about systematically through man's choice. But to believe that it would solve our problems is naïve. The difficulty in the two centuries to come will not be to unify, but, on the contrary, to keep among men the necessary and healthy differences which the human race needs. The problem is not how to make an immense herd of fairly well-fed, scientific animals, but how to develop what is valuable in every man and all of them. Mr. Wells and many of his pacifist colleagues seem to believe that nations are the mere product of the mischievous and scheming minds of a few rascals. Apparently it does not occur to them that men on earth *need* to be different and crave to be different just as naturally and as intensely as they want shoes fitted to their feet. I have even noticed that in America the word "different" has become a kind of superlative praise.

Mr. Wells' book does not appear to me to be "different."

Veterans of Poetry

THE BUCK IN THE SNOW, by Edna St. Vincent Millay; Harper's, $2.00.
WEST-RUNNING BROOK, by Robert Frost; Holt, $2.50.
Reviewed by JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

A SEASON that can boast the appearance of new books of poetry by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Robert Frost is a proud and vital season. Merit aside, it is proof enough, if proof were needed, that the veterans are still marching.

Not that the veterans do not occasionally click out of step and falter. That is to

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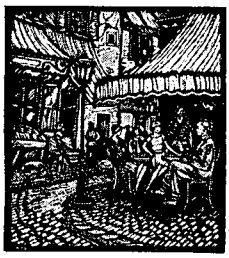

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be expected. But, on the whole, what is really remarkable is the sustained pace, the general vigor and validity of these poets. The professional Millayman will find in *The Buck In The Snow* (Miss Millay's first volume of poems since the Pulitzer-crowned *Harp Weaver* five years ago) sufficient of the old felicities in observation and epithet to satisfy his idolatry. He will be delighted with the crisp linear qualities, the fresh translations of color and odor and sound and touch, the almost impudent precisions, the radiant identities, the melodious definitions. He will not find these as abundantly as hitherto. There is, it must be confessed, a certain unmistakable weariness in this book. But he will be more than satisfied. For Miss Millay has not yet forgotten how to sing. She is still the lyric poet, lovely and limpid and whimsical and wistful, as in "Song":

> Gone, gone again is Summer the lovely.
> She that knew not where to hide,
> Is gone again like a jeweled fish from the hand,
> Is lost on every side.

Assuredly, the Millay admirer will not be one of those whom the poet reproaches as "without pity":

> Cruel of heart, lay down my song.
> Your reading eyes have done me wrong.
> Not for you was the pen bitten,
> And the mind wrung, and the song written.

But the dispassionate student of American poetry will find other things. He will find Miss Millay experimenting with new themes and new forms. He will be interested in her sociological adventures, which, although distinctly unsuccessful, indicate a new attitude and a new effort. He will be interested in her breaking up of the tight lyrical patterns to produce richer reverberations. But with all this, he will feel convinced that when Miss Millay sings, without any notions of philosophy, without criticism and without comment, she can frequently sing like an angel; that when she thinks, she usually thinks like a child.

Frost, however, is another story. He is always the thinker, always concerned with ideas. At his most lyrical, he is meditative. In his ecstasies, he is measured. He has defined himself: "A poem begins with a lump in the throat; a home-sickness or a love-sickness. It is a reaching out toward expression; an effort to find fulfilment. A complete poem is one where an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found the words."

There it is: emotion — thought — words. And the words are homely, earth-and-water-fed, but stripped too, and flashing with a kind of passionate austerity like the mathematics of the soul. In *West-Running Brook* there is much less of the domestic drama and more of the personal song than usual; less of the stark, intense sympathy with farmer folk and more of self-revelation. But the song is still redolent of New Hampshire and him; it is tender and tranquil like a hill at sunset and as strong, the common terms of actual talk loping in lean casual rhythms as cool as snow, as packed and pungent as dead leaves and dead-leaf smoke through night air.

England's Prime Minister

OUR INHERITANCE, by Stanley Baldwin; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.
Reviewed by P. W. WILSON.

THE occasional speeches of statesmen, intended for the moment only, seldom deserve even that measure of remembrance which, in these days, is suggested by publication in a book. But it happens that Stanley Baldwin, as Prime Minister, is seeking a new lease of power, and in these pages, without doubt, his mind is revealed. He has a way of talking about himself which is intimate without egotism. What we have here is thus an autobiography in disarray, a miscellany of opinion, of reminiscence, of instinct. Much is merely formal, but if you search through this volume for the man now governing Britain, you will catch glimpses of him that are authentic.

First, he is Worcestershire. To Winston Churchill, Worcestershire is no more than the county that produces sauce. But to Stanley Baldwin, Worcestershire, where, at Ludlow, Milton produced *Comus*, where Sir Roger de Coverley lived as the first gentleman of his age, where Simon de Montfort marched his armies, where Tewkesbury is red with the blood of Plantagenet nobility, has been a realm in it-

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self, and the rest of England is "exile." Says he of Downing Street:

> In London I am but a bird of passage. I own no house; I am not a tenant: I just live in a house from which I can be ejected any moment without compensation. From it I can see the Horseguards Parade, which reminds me of the General Strike; the Foreign Office, which reminds me of troubles in China and Mr. Chen; the India Office, which reminds me of Lord Birkenhead and the Swarajisti; the War Office and the Admiralty, which remind me of Estimates.

It is the cry of the countryman to whom no county can ever be as good as his own.

We see Baldwin as "a small boy. . . reading all day in that most comfortable attitude, lying on his stomach on the hearthrug in front of the fire." He says that children are like cattle in a meadow — "You may leave the child with perfect safety in any library you like, and if that child has a natural turn for books he will take the right sustenance and thrive on it." So did he plunge into Scott — including *The Tales of a Grandfather*, by which he was "convinced that the best and most readable history is that written with the strongest bias." Also, he knew by heart *The Pilgrim's Progress*, in which an "unlettered Englishman," as he thinks, displayed a "gift of writing our language perfectly," comparable with Abraham Lincoln's. To "the superb rhythm" of the English Prayerbook and Bible, he attributes his ability "naturally and automatically to sort out the best from the second best and the third best." These sacred writings "make you immune from rubbish in a way that nothing else does." Not unworthy of his kin is this first cousin of Rudyard Kipling.

Next, Harrow, where the great event is the match at Lords against Eton; and Cambridge, where the enemy is Oxford. "Don't let us have any of that nonsense to-day about letting the best side win" — is what one of the young Baldwins said the other day to his illustrious parent. England is thus the country where, to every institution, there is always the other side.

As Prime Minister, Stanley Baldwin is thus the Peter Pan of politics — the very ideal of an old boy at which English schools and colleges have aimed. Sagacious he may be, but not sophisticated. He still lies on the hearthrug, choosing his books. He still sits in the grandstand "rooting" for his side.

In him, then, we see the dual Englishman who so often eludes analysis. First, there is the individual. No Englishman can be mistaken for any other and Baldwin's own son is a Socialist. Secondly, there is *esprit de corps*. The individuals are loyal to the institution. It is a curious paradox — Lawrence of Arabia so angry with England that he refuses a knighthood, yet playing England's game for all it is worth in the Middle East. The loyalty need not be enforced because it is expected.

In Baldwin's speeches on Empire, there is but a hint of the vision which correlates that Empire with new and insistent conditions — inter-communication, finance, health, and so on. He talks of Empire in the easy and genial terms which he applies to flyfishing. It is *laissez-faire*, illuminated by a genuine benevolence. It is the momentum of the well-meaning. Yet, saying so little, it is something of a triumph that what is said should be so interesting. To Baldwin, democracy does not mean equality. It means equity among the unequal, and it is this eagerness for variety which counteracts his prejudices.

Star-Spangled Advertising

THIS ADVERTISING BUSINESS, by Roy S. Durstine; Scribner's, $3.00.
Reviewed by A. C. M. AZOY, JR.

APPARENTLY there are only two classes of books which may be written about that mystic mistress of Big Business — advertising. One class proves that all advertising is a fake, that it is an economic waste, and the end thereof is bitterness; the other class shows equally conclusively that all advertising is wonderful, that it is an economic blessing, and that it is probably the only salvation this country need expect in the next few decades. The first class is usually from the scratchy pens of writers who have not made a success in the advertising field; the second, from the noiseless typewriters (*adv.*) of successful advertising men.

So, since Mr. Durstine is one of our most successful advertising men, only one guess will be allowed as to which class his

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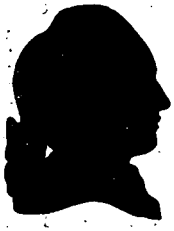

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latest book belongs. Sometime, God forbid, somebody will probably write a book which takes a middle course in the matter. As a matter of fact, somebody has probably already done just that, but can't find a publisher for it, since there's no fun and even less income in being unexciting though entirely truthful. Meanwhile, you can have a happy time reading Durstine.

This Advertising Business is not a text book on advertising, nor does it bring any new message to the advertising profession, outside of pointing some new arguments for the existence of advertising agencies. But it is a grand book for advertising men to give to their friends in other lines of business endeavor, for a perusal of it will keep said friends from asking said advertising men a large number of the fool questions they usually ask.

Mr. Durstine writes entertainingly, gives up a whole chapter to a humorous anecdote when he feels like it, takes you on some interesting trips behind the advertising scenes — especially those of the radio studios — and has some priceless remarks on the sacred subject of the business luncheon conference, in which he kids everybody, including — sssh! are we alone? — even advertising men. It certainly is fortunate that Mr. Durstine heads his own agency, both for Mr. Durstine and his agency, to say nothing of the public generally.

Machine-made Civilization

WHITHER MANKIND? edited by Charles A. Beard; Longmans, Green, $3.00.
Reviewed by VAN WYCK BROOKS.

IN this book Mr. Beard has assembled a representative series of essays on various phases of modern civilization with the purpose of discovering where mankind is going. Underlying the volume, he says, is the assumption that science and the machine are two invincible facts with which all must reckon who write, teach, preach, lead, or practise the arts in our time. Modern civilization, he asserts, will not decline after the fashion of older agricultural civilizations. Analogies drawn from ages previous to technology are inapplicable; according to signs on every hand technology promises to extend its area and intensify its characteristics, and it will afford the substance with which all who expect to lead and teach in the future must reckon.

The essays in the volume deal with the civilizations of the East and the West, ancient and mediæval civilizations, science, business, labor, law and government, war and peace, health, the family, race and civilization, religion, the arts, philosophy, play, education and literature; and the writers are Hu Shih, Hendrik van Loon, Bertrand Russell, Julius Klein, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Howard Lee McBain, Emil Ludwig, C. E. A. Winslow, Havelock Ellis, George A. Dorsey, James Harvey Robinson, Lewis Mumford, John Dewey, Stuart Chase, Everett Dean Martin, and Carl Van Doren, while Mr. Beard himself contributes an Introduction and an Epilogue, prefacing and summarizing the material. He had evidently mapped out his scheme with great care, and he has chosen his contributors with admirable skill. Hu Shih is the author of *Contemporary Thought of China and Japan*, and all the other writers are recognized authorities, English or American, in their various fields, who present well-digested summaries of their long reflection and experience on these topics. Especially notable, perhaps, are Mr. Russell's paper on science, the Webbs' on labor, Havelock Ellis's on the family, and Mr. Mumford's on the arts.

Mr. Beard's general conclusions are as follows: First, science and the machine have changed the face of the earth, the ways of men and women on it, and our knowledge of nature and mankind. They break down barriers before us and thrust us out into infinity. Secondly, by understanding more clearly the processes of science and the machine, mankind may subject the scattered and perplexing things of this world to a more ordered dominion of the spirit. While the collective note in the volume is strong, he says, it would be a mistake to conclude that the individual under the machine is being reduced from a former high estate as an independent thinker and free creator to the level of a cog. Indeed, most of the authors are inclined to doubt whether the altitude of his estate ever was as lofty as generally represented and they agree that notwithstanding the collective invasions, his capacity for liberty and the enjoyment of

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Huxley's First "Novel"

POINT COUNTER POINT, by Aldous Huxley; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.
Reviewed by LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

MR. Aldous Huxley might well call *Point Counter Point* — as André Gide has called his latest book — "my first novel." For *Point Counter Point*, crowded with characters and shifting rapidly from one theme to another, reveals a growth in the ability to draw character, a skill in suggesting the diversity of life, and a background of reflection, that no one would have expected from Mr. Huxley's earlier and flashy fiction. He was, of course, always clever; but by force of contemplating the contradictions of life, his cleverness is ripening now into an unobtrusive wit. His eye is still quick to catch the absurdities and stupidities of the world he is familiar with, and the majority of his portraits are sharpened with a flick of malice; but they are no longer caricatures.

Mr. Huxley seems to have been asking himself how a man is to live in our unbalanced civilization without becoming unbalanced himself; and he has been observing his contemporaries, with more understanding than in the past, for any light they can throw on that subject. If his trip around the world has done this, the treatment may be recommended for all clever but bored young novelists.

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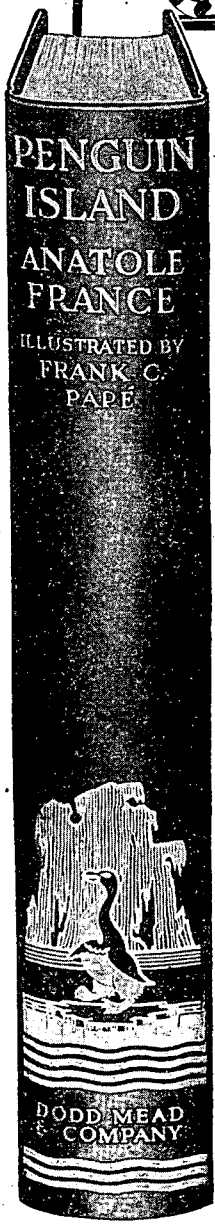

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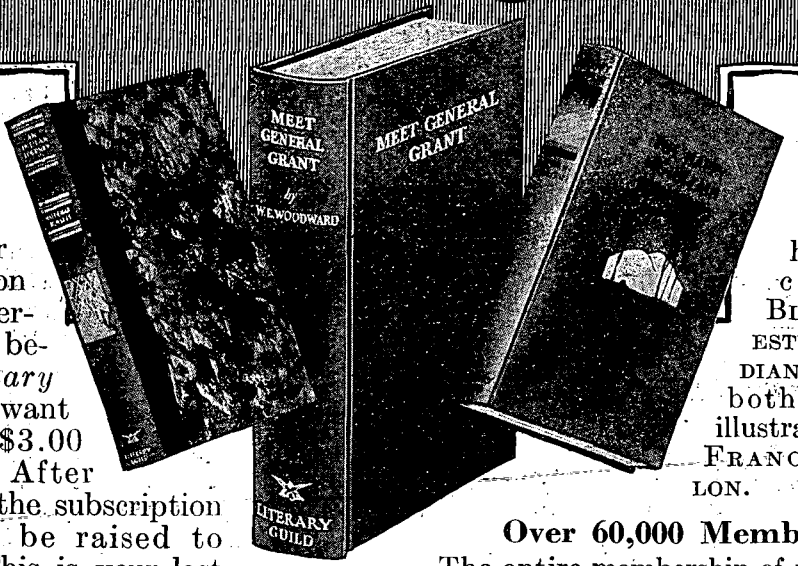

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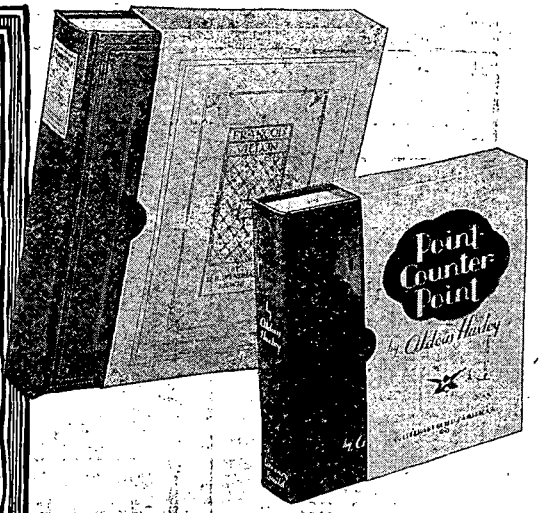

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BROWSINGS AMONG BOOKS

Buying books is like buying cantaloupes; we are compelled to throw many away before finding a good one.—E. W. Howe.

WHEN that old Merry-Andrew, Frank Sullivan, was let loose in a book of his own, this Browser was all set to guffaw and quake and splutter and make himself thoroughly objectionable to the neighbors. He did, with reservations. Innocent Bystanding (Liveright, $2.00) is utter nonsense — some of it as utter as any we ever read. It is a collection of Sullivan's best essays from *The World*, *The New Yorker*, and other funny sheets; as he says, "a pretty monumental work." Unfortunately, it does not show him to the best advantage. A columnist out of a column is often like a fish out of its bowl, and this is particularly true of a humorist of Sullivan's type. At least a day should elapse between the reading of each squib: taken in one dose the novelty wears off and monotony sets in. But this is no particular fault of Dr. Sullivan's, nor will it detract from his reputation as one of the most hilarious wags now at large.

WE have heard so many home truths from Mr. Mencken and his disciples that it is downright surprising to have anyone picture the rosy side of the American scene. Kirby Page, however, editor of *The World Tomorrow*, has persuaded an imposing array of authorities to comment more or less optimistically on Recent Gains in American Civilization (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). When progress in government, business, journalism, education, literature, and other fields is reported by such distinguished critics as Charles A. Beard, Stuart Chase, Oswald Garrison Villard, Dallas Lore Sharp, and Mary Austin — the plain man can legitimately find some reason for comfort. Not that the participants in this survey have been imbued with the booster spirit. Two of the best articles in the book — those by Norman Thomas and John Dewey — are frankly pessimistic. After an overdose of debunking and self-criticism it is pleasant, however, to come across an intelligent evaluation of the advances we have made since the World War.

WILLIAM BEEBE has earned, according to the publishers, the title of "The Him of Haiti" by writing Beneath Tropic Seas (Putnam, $3.50), wherein he tells of his observations full fathom five below water in far southern seas. Mr. Beebe has this new world of exploration pretty much to himself and his book contains a thousand marvels and curiosities. It is not as interesting as its predecessor, principally because these new fish are chiefly such small fry. A jelly fish, for example, can be curious and marvelous and even beautiful, but it is very difficult for it to be dramatic or exciting. It is also indubitably lacking in sex appeal. But there is sustained interest in this book of wonders, and we must acknowledge our

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"Here's a DICTIONARY you will really USE"

The clerk handed me the blue-jacketed dictionary while he was entering up my previous purchase. I started to say, "I have a dictionary," but I suddenly remembered the old chestnut about the farmer's daughter who had a book, and the answer seemed a little absurd.

"What makes you think I will really *use* this dictionary?" I asked. "I already have two at home and one at my office, and refer to them mighty little nowadays."

"Why?" asked the clerk. "Is it not true that you read and hear words every day that are unfamiliar in meaning or pronunciation?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I come across more such words in recent years than ever before, but I find my dictionaries do not answer the questions regarding the newer words, and scientific terms especially. They seem to be lacking in the newer meanings."

"Exactly," said the clerk. "You are getting out of the dictionary-using habit because your dictionaries are not up-to-date. If you had an old, out-of-date model of an automobile, would you give up motoring because that car would not take the hills? You'd be likely to buy a new car. That's why I took the liberty of calling your attention to this book. *It is not just another dictionary.* It is a *different* dictionary. It is not only up-to-date in its vocabulary, but modern in its definitions and its pronunciations. And the typography is so advanced that it is really a pleasure to look up a word. See how easily each word is found because of the large black-face type for the vocabulary; notice you don't have to jump from page to page, because a word with two differing spellings is defined at each alphabetical point, even though the preferred spelling is indicated. Notice the pronunciations—see how clear they are and easy to follow. Now, think of a word you cannot find in your dictionaries and let me show you how easily it is found in this dictionary, and how clearly it is defined."

I was sure I had him now. I had looked vainly for "halitosis" and had been told it was defined only in medical works.

I was chagrined when he found it in a few seconds in the Winston dictionary, clearly defined.

"How about 'revue'? My wife couldn't find it in the dictionaries at home."

"Here it is," he said, "a musical show in which current foibles are parodied."

When he had found clear, concise definitions of "rayon," "evaluate" and a host of other words missing from any other dictionary I had ever seen; when a score of questionable pronunciations were made easy for me; when I found this book full of pertinent, interesting facts, such as the distance to the moon and the diameter of the star Betelgeuse given in their respective definitions; when I noticed the thousands of up-to-date illustrations and the complete Atlas of the World, I said, "This is certainly a COMPLETE dictionary, and ENCYCLOPEDIC in every sense of the word, but what about its authority?"

"You can depend upon that," replied the clerk. "The editorial board—headed by such men as William Dodge Lewis, former Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Pennsylvania; Henry Seidel Canby, of Yale University and editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and Thomas Kite Brown, of Haverford College—consisted of admitted authorities in their various fields, contributing their specialized knowledge and experience to this original work.

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As I carried home my Winston Simplified Dictionary, I mentally pictured my wife throwing up her hands at my buying another dictionary. Sure enough, she saw the package—and opened it. I made myself scarce. For a half hour I heard nothing from her till dinner.

"Did you buy that new dictionary for the home or for your office?" she asked.

"For the office," I replied.

"Leave this one home and get another copy for your office," she said. "It's a real joy to own and use such a reference book. It surprises you by its completeness and simplicity; it tempts you to look up words, and that always was a bore with our old dictionaries."

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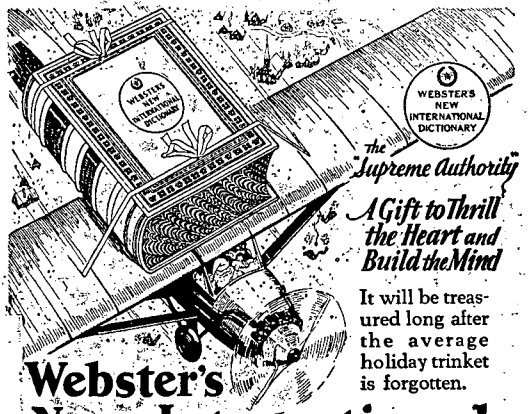

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gratitude that there are folks who will sit quietly in a diving suit for hours in order to tell us all about it.

HARRY LAUDER has published ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN' (Lippincott, $3.50), the story of his life, which he wrote "a' by his ane wee sel'" — whatever that may mean. He rambles through the story in the easy, agreeable manner in which he delivers his monologues, pausing for innumerable anecdotes and throwing in enough "braw nichts" and "deough and dorrises" to flavor it without confounding the reader. It is entertaining reading and no critic will be hard-boiled enough to object to the sentimentality as long as it is Harry Lauder's. This book is no occasion for parting tears; Sir Harry may have reached his anecdotage, but he has no intention of retiring yet. And since he has already played any number of farewell tours throughout the world, there is hope that when he has completed the first hundred years he will produce another book to take up the story where this left off. As it stands, it is an almost complete *Who's Who* of celebrities, with a kind word for each.

AS always, this Browser loses his feeling of restraint and becomes incoherent in praise of an American author all too little known — one Charles S. Brooks. To those deep-chair travelers who wandered along *A Thread of English Road* and went *Round About to Canterbury*, the news that Mr. Brooks is now ready to lead up ROADS TO THE NORTH (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00) will be as welcome as flower catalogues to the spring gardener. There is about these books a Lambian quality — a quiet charm diffused with subtle humor — that one finds rarely nowadays in the starkness of modern realism. This book is for those who prefer hedgerows, bread and cheese in hawthorne thickets, and ale in pewter mugs to central heating, museums, and char-à-bancs. Not the least of the delights of this book is in Julia McCune Flory's drawings, which completely catch the humor and spirit of the author's wit. Someone once said, "To see a person reading a volume by Charles Brooks is to be effectually introduced to that person." Unfortunately such meetings are all too few!

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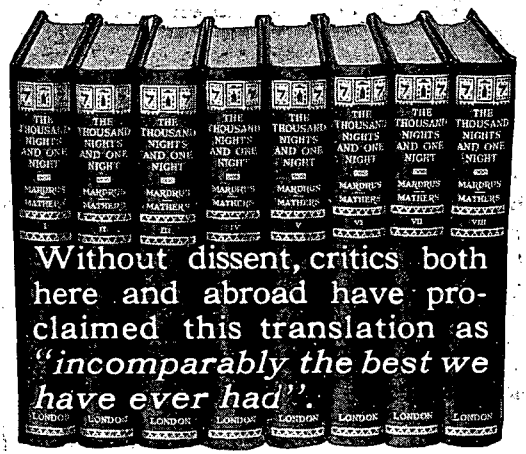
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A PERFECTLY swell book to send as a nice but nominal Christmas gift to your rich and good-tempered uncle is LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD, by Stoddard King (Doubleday, Doran, $1.50). It is light verse; typical column stuff except that it is uniformly good — which is something that can never be said of newspaper columns. Mr. King has chosen his best, of course, for which you can't blame him and ought to thank him. The book is full of the queer ideas that circulate in a columnist's head, set in lyric lines which defy strict poetic classification, and topped off with rhymes which stand as testimony to a rhyming dictionary worn to a frazzle. They read so easily, so smoothly, so elegantly, that most of you will conclude that Mr. King just dashed them off from a full heart and a naturally musical disposition. Which, as this Browser will testify out of dark experience, is exactly the way in which light verse is never written.

RAREFIED wit and polite pornography are offered by Charles Pettit in THE ELEGANT INFIDELITIES OF MADAME LI PEI FU (Liveright, $2.50). As in *The Son of the Grand Eunuch*, he chooses an indelicate theme and plays ingenious and exhaustive variations upon it. The story concerns a Chinese scullion with the intelligence and proclivities of a guinea pig who becomes successively the lover of two Chinese ladies with "modern" notions. They discourse upon the various aspects of love, at the same time putting their theories — which are far from Platonic — into practice. But the story doesn't matter much. Mr. Pettit has a pleasant style, a delightful mock solemnity, and an instinct for satire. Because the story harps insistently on one string, however — even though it is a very naughty one — we found it a trifle too much. But then, we always wondered why Haroun Al Raschid didn't strangle Scheherezade on the second night; so perhaps it was just a quirk of personal taste.

SHE may have been the most popular soubrette of the seventies and eighties, but after one has finished reading TROUPERS OF THE GOLD COAST, OR THE RISE OF LOTTA CRABTREE (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), the reason why does not

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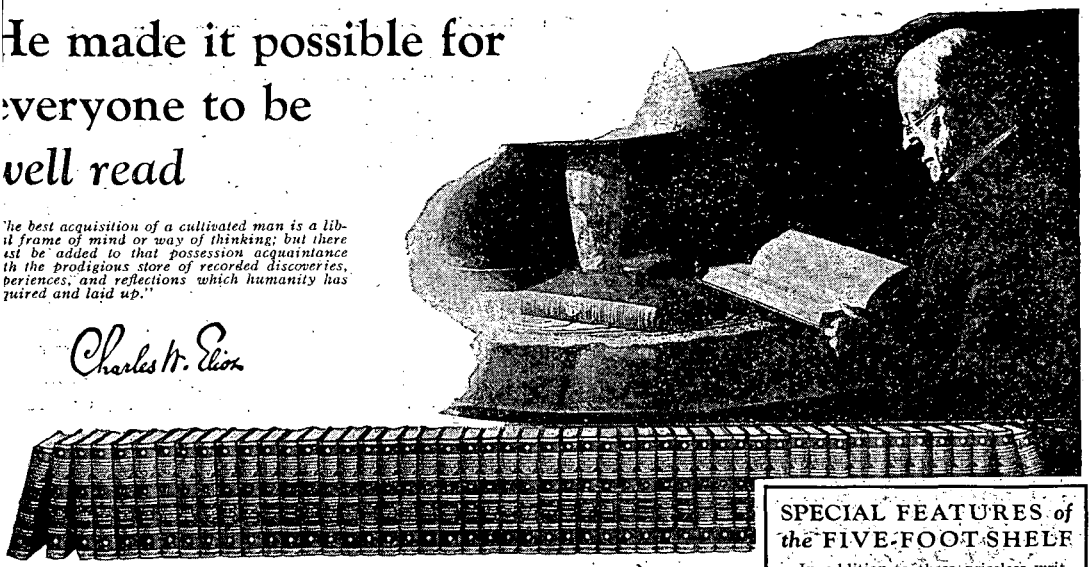

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become any more apparent than it was in the first seventy pages. This biography might have been fascinating reading, but it disappoints one completely. The characters — Adah Menken, Lola Montez, the Booths, Julia Dean, and Lotta of course — are all colorful, with legend about them. The attempt to portray the swagger of the pageant that was California during the gold rush, is there, but the characters are flat, puppet-like shadows who troup and fail, or troup and become stars. In the whole book only one person really breathes, and that is Lotta's mother, Mary Ann Crabtree. Then, too, the continuity of the story of Lotta is so broken that one has difficulty in following the slender thread of biography. Constance Rourke tries to envelop too large a panorama in this volume.

THE cook book as a literary form has reached its height in MAN SIZED MEALS FROM THE KITCHENETTE, by Margaret Pratt Allen and Ida Oram Hutton (Macy-Masius, $1.60). We are glad to find these young romantics breaking away from the old classical model of cook-bookery set up in the nineties by Fannie Farmer, who long maintained the same strangle-hold on this form that Alexander Pope held on the heroic couplet. Miss Farmer's style never varied. "Take two eggs," she would begin — just like that — "Take two eggs," without so much as "By your leave," or "If you please." Miss Allen and Miss Hutton avoid that; they work into their subject circumspectly and politely. Knowing nothing of cooking, we cannot vouch for the recipes, but to a masculine ear they sound plausible, and they are set forth in words of one syllable which anyone ought to be able to follow. Another attraction is the oilcloth cover, which should make the book handy for rolling butterballs or slicing onions.

IF you like poetry and have, at the same time, an argumentative turn of mind, you cannot afford to miss A SURVEY OF MODERNIST POETRY (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00) by Robert Bridges and Laura Riding. It is the kind of book which bristles with texts for debate. Although this particular Browser turns an unbecoming shade of green at the mention of

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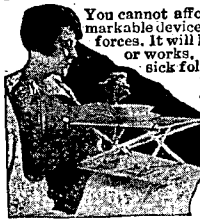

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E. E. Cumming's name, it must be admitted that the authors make out an excellent case not only for Mr. Cummings but for Marianne Moore, the Sitwells, T. S. Eliot, and even Gertrude Stein. Their chief weakness is that they are too didactic and too sweeping in their statements and that they fail to compare the confessed modernists with such contemporary poets as Frost, Robinson, and Edna Millay. They point out the superiority of the former's work to padded, sentimental verse, but they do not measure it against the best poetry of the conventional tradition. They do, however, give one a very real sense of what the modernists are seeking to achieve.

DR. SERGE VORONOFF is chiefly famous for his claim to have lengthened human life, or at least staved off senility, by grafting monkey glands into the bodies of men and women. THE CONQUEST OF LIFE (Brentano's, $3.50) is his explanation to the layman. Scientific opinion does not as yet regard his theory as experimentally proved, and Voronoff himself, in spite of his optimism, gives no basis for extravagant hopes that the fountain of youth has at last been discovered. His most important work, if time establishes its validity, will no doubt prove to have been with the French government's herds of sheep in Algeria, where by grafting he claims to have brought about a one-fifth increase in wool production. The book is full of implicit drama, and when the introductory biological commonplaces are past, well worth reading.

MOST of the poetic impulse of these days seems to have fallen among thorns. So, in browsing over the acres of verbiage, there is real delight in coming upon NIGHTSEED, by H. A. Manhood (Viking Press, $2.50), where there is more poetry to a single page than in many volumes of hand-turned lines reverting rhythmically to a capital letter. It is a group of short stories, so harmonious in temperature (or call it atmosphere if you wish) as to come almost into the class of the novel, and further unified by the presence of a single narrator. In each tale there is a double vibration: a sustained tension of suspense and a continued ex-

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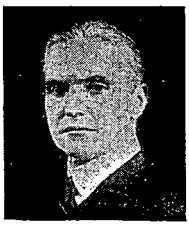

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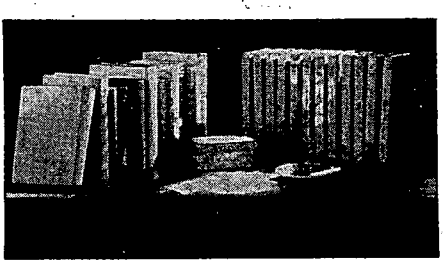

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THE conservation of the world's food supply, the creation of new sources, the protection of our national larder against disease and the depredations of countless scourges do not seem like exciting subjects nor of much popular interest. But Paul de Kruif makes them so in HUNGER FIGHTERS (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), partly because he knows how to do that sort of thing and has done it before in *Microbe Hunters*, and partly because he has become genuinely inspired and enthusiastic by his long study of the work and the workers. Problems and the men who solve them share his book, and it is worth reading in order to appreciate the vital importance of these problems to our personal well-being, and to give honor where it is due to the men who make the full dinner-pail a fact rather than a political fiction. There is no scientific dignity about the story, which is just what makes it such good reading. The author had a good time writing it, as will you in reading it.

THE youngsters, as usual, have a little more than their share of the Christmas pickings among books. There is THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER, by A. A. Milne (Dutton, $2.50), which is just as good as the first Pooh book and better than the second, and leaves us wondering how he does it so often and so well. There is a gorgeous book of THE ARABIAN NIGHTS (Penn, $5.00), and it is a positive shame to expose to jammy fingers the beautiful pictures of Virginia Frances Sterrett which adorn it. For children just a little older, who are our true moderns, there is HISTORIC AIRSHIPS, by Rupert Sargent Holland (Macrae, Smith, $4.00), which is right up to date and has lots of pictures. And for tastes less mechanical there is WILD ANIMAL INTERVIEWS, by W. T. Hornaday (Scribner's, $2.50) — a natural history made highly entertaining by inviting the animals in the zoo to tell their own stories, which gives them also the

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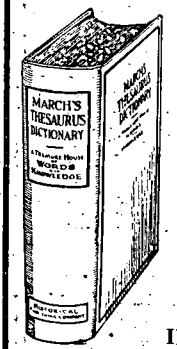

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ALTHOUGH Harry H. Franck disclaims any intention of telling worthwhile things in his new record of nomading, this time on THE FRINGE OF THE MOSLEM WORLD (Century, $4.00), his keen, detailed observation, nicely sprinkled with wit, permits him to note facts and possibilities that the technical traveler might ignore. His recent journey through the Near East gives him plenty of contrast to the Near East of an earlier visit twenty-two years ago. The surface is visibly changed, bobbed hair and automobiles being everywhere, but the most significant changes he finds are in the revolution in political order, the social life, the religious and moral outlook of the people. Mr. Franck has closely studied economic conditions, and if his prophecies regarding future marketable goods from this region come true, they will certainly cause considerable change in the trade centres. Although somewhat disconnected for close reading, this book is well worth one's time.

OUR grandparents, it would seem, were shockingly casual in their methods of raising a family, for they were quite unequipped to discuss Junior's complexes in the technical language of modern science. Even they, however, could have understood so simple and sensible a book as THE PROBLEM CHILD AT HOME (The Commonwealth Fund: Division of Publications, $1.50), which is refreshingly unpretentious and free from fads. Mary Buell Sayles has based this study in parent-child relationships on some two hundred case records from child clinics. She outlines, crisply and lucidly, the chief emotional difficulties which arise between parents and children, and then illustrates her points by giving the actual histories of twelve boys and girls. These narratives, believe it or not, make absorbing reading. Although Miss Sayles refrains from preaching, her analysis of mistaken parental attitudes, and the troubles which they breed, should be invaluable to perplexed young fathers and mothers.

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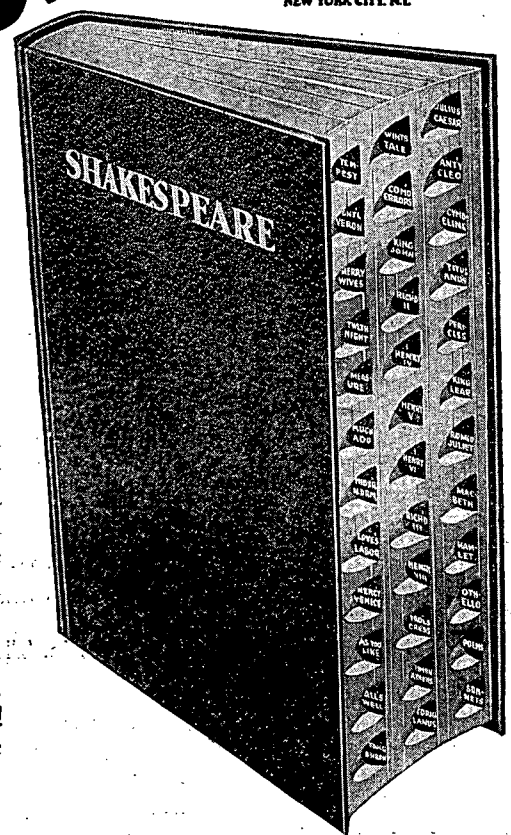

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AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE EDITOR

BEGINNING with the January issue of 1929, THE FORUM will be published in a new and larger size. It will measure 8¼ x 11⅜ inches, which will afford more adequate space in which to present editorial material.

IN the middle of the last century it so happened that the leading literary magazines in America adopted the small page size of the present FORUM. Since then, other magazines have imitated them so religiously that the size and forbidding appearance of the older periodicals became crystallized into a hard and fast tradition of dullness. In some quarters this tradition is like a sacred cow and is revered as a mark of quality.

BUT common sense would suggest that there is nothing sacred about the size of a magazine page. It should be an editor's first concern that his pages be read — and read with pleasure as well as profit. THE FORUM's decision to break with tradition has been motivated by the belief that a magazine of distinction in thought should also be distinguished in appearance, and that a larger page will not only allow a type arrangement easier to read than the old, but will also lend itself more readily to the art of the illustrator. This decision was made six months ago, and the January issue of next year will represent the careful working out of plans, all of which were dictated in the reader's interest.

IN designing the new FORUM, we have been fortunate to secure the services of Heyworth Campbell, for many years Art Director of the Nast publications and now connected with Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborne. He has devised a new format which will make THE FORUM as unique in appearance as it is already unique in editorial policy. With a liberal use of white space and illustrations, the new pages will afford relief to the eye and will achieve a thoroughly modern effect without being modernistic. The paper stock will be heavy and firm, and the printing will be the finest that the art of the typographer can produce. With wide margins and larger pages, THE FORUM will not only be easy to read, but it will open readily and will remain open without effort.

EDITORIALLY THE FORUM will undergo no change except to adhere even more closely than at present to the main tenet of its editorial faith — to present both sides, all sides, of the questions discussed by intelligent men and women in America to-day. In thus approaching the current scene with an ear sensitive to the clash of ideas, we shall continue to maintain a non-partisan attitude, tolerantly giving every idea its day in court. Through this policy, readers are encouraged to form their own intelligent opinions, so that no true prophet may lack a following and no false one a judgment.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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FORUM

· NEXT MONTH ·

PRESIDENT ELIOT AND AMERICAN EDUCATION — *Irving Babbitt*

Before the death of Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, tradition had canonized him as "The Great Educator" and set him upon a five-foot pedestal. Now Irving Babbitt of Harvard takes him down and examines his claims to greatness, carefully disentangling his influence as a personality from his influence as an educator — with unexpected results.

DOES BRIDGE DEVELOP THE MIND? — *Sidney S. Lenz vs. Walter B. Pitkin*

Something new in debates — a return to the Socratic dialogue — a box of Corona-Coronas surrounded by Sidney S. Lenz, bridge expert, Walter B. Pitkin, Associate Editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, who doesn't play bridge, James Harvey Robinson, authority on the mind, and others — with a stenographer in the corner taking down every word.

THE SCHOOL OF WOMEN — *André Gide*

The latest work of France's most distinguished novelist — to be published serially, beginning in January.

HAS DEMOCRACY BROKEN DOWN? — A DEBATE — *Will Durant vs. The Mayors of America*

Perhaps Edmund Burke was right in saying that you cannot indict a whole nation, but there's nothing in the rules against indicting a whole nation's rulers. The mayors of all the large cities were invited to reply to Will Durant's charges. They grant some of his general accusations but humbly maintain that there are some fine, upstanding men holding public office just now.

THE GOD OF SCIENCE — *Kirtley F. Mather*

A professor of geology fits God into the scheme of evolution.

SHOULD THE SENATE RATIFY THE KELLOGG TREATY? — *Frank H. Simonds*

Is the pact to outlaw war just another scrap of paper to be torn up whenever there is another Belgium to be marched through? Mr. Simonds thinks it isn't worth the trouble necessary to ratify it.

MODERN MARRIAGE — *John Middleton Murry and James Carruthers Young*

Pronouncing married bliss all but a myth, this article sets forth some of the causes of maladjustment and offers remedies.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DICKENS — *André Maurois*

The biographer of Disraeli finds in Dickens an expression of the essential temper of the English race.

FIRST OBOE — *James W. Glover*

A First Short Story which proves that THE FORUM's innovation in seeking the work of unknown authors is more than a hope.

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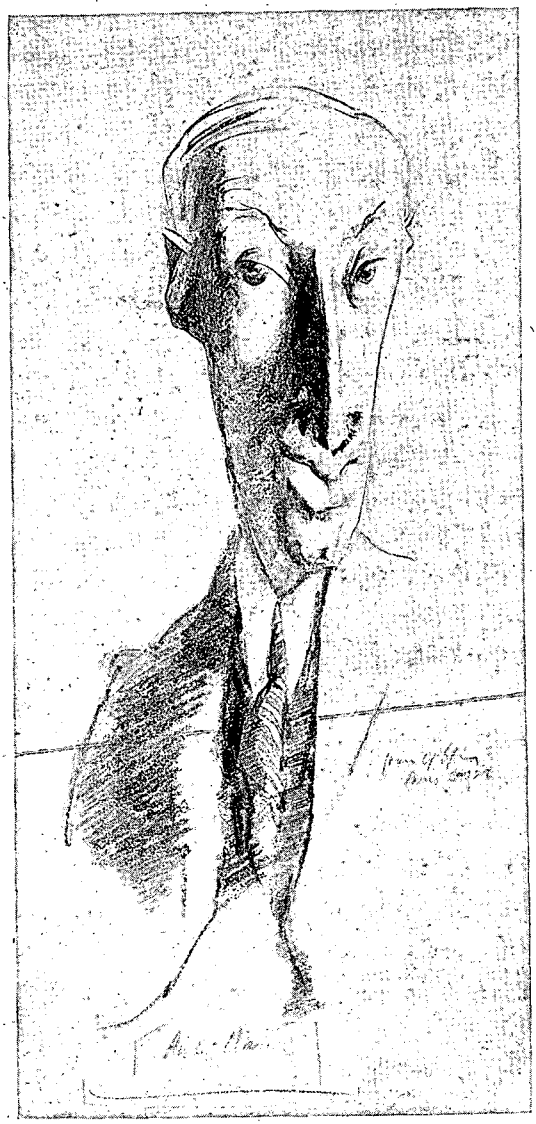

THE FORUM'S GALLERY OF PORTRAITS

By Ivan Opffer

Autographed by Artist and Subject

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Who published "Disraeli" and six other fantasies and essays in The Forum within the past year, and who will interpret "The Philosophy of Dickens" in the January issue

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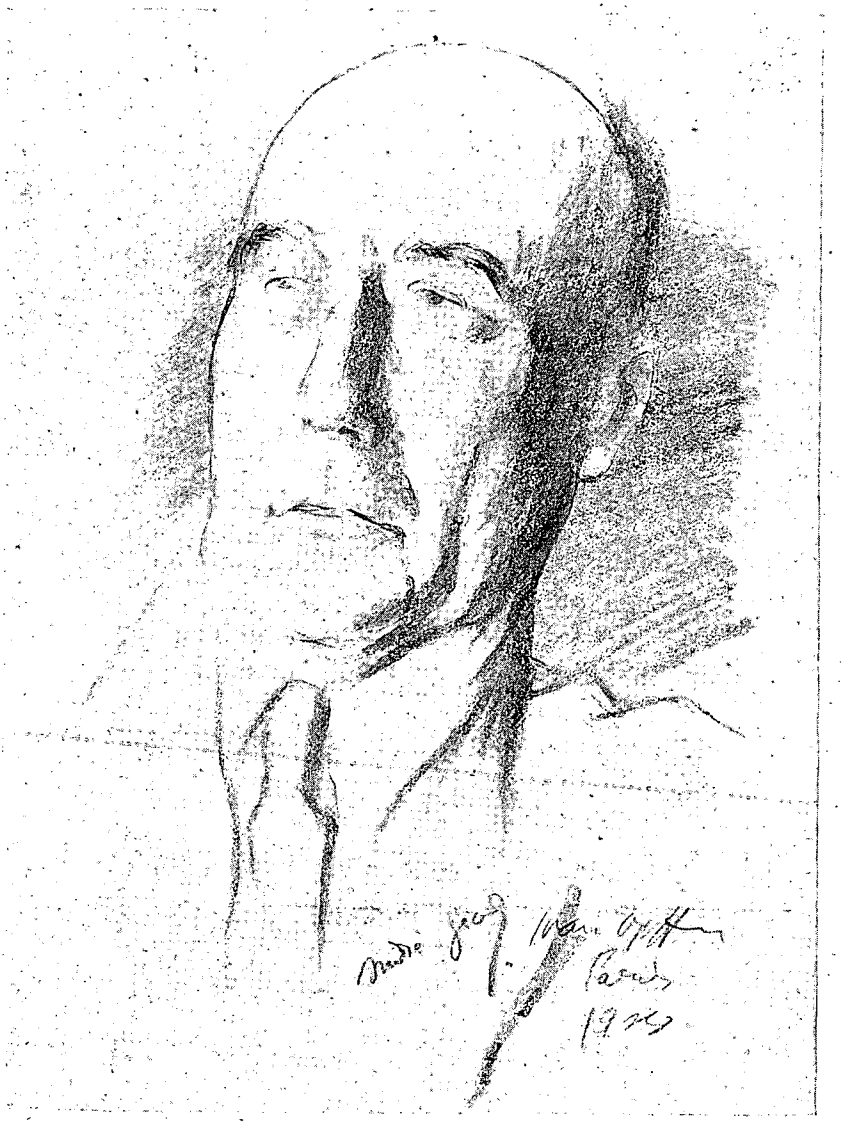

André Gide

Whose novel, "The Counterfeiters," was acclaimed as one of last year's best books, and whose new novel, "The School of Women," will begin serially in the next issue

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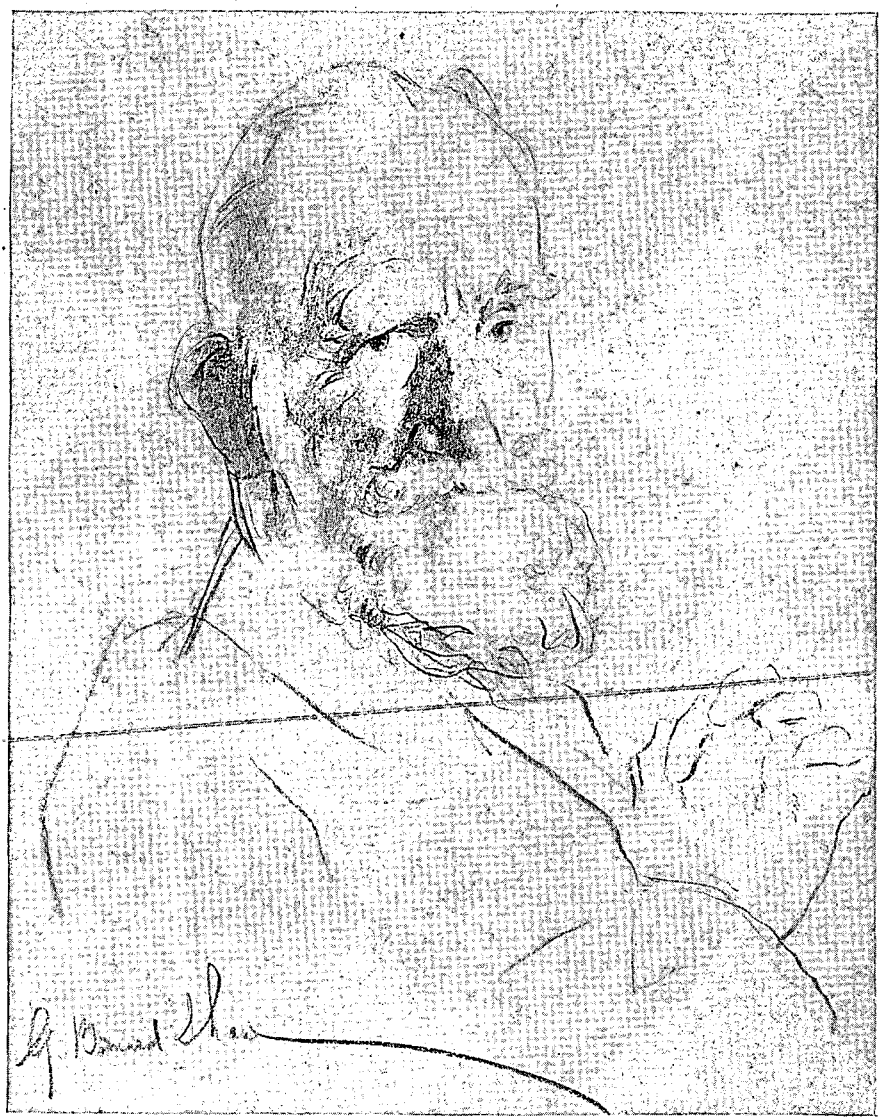

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Fabian Socialist and dramatist extraordinary, who discussed Einstein and James Joyce in The Forum for October, 1924, and who confessed unwavering faith in Socialism in the November issue of 1926

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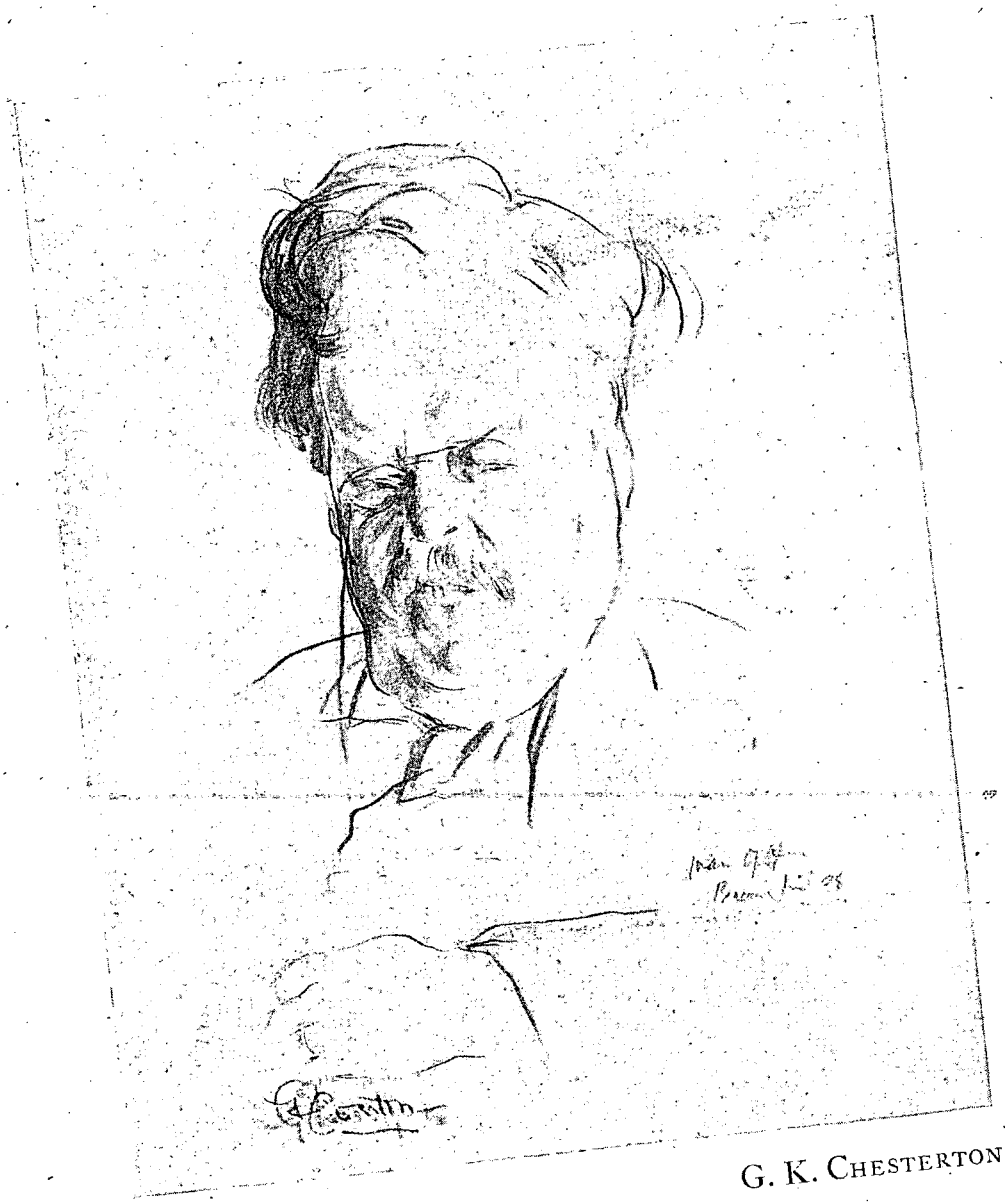

G. K. CHESTERTON

England's loudest critic of life and letters, holder of the world's record for the making of epigrams, who will heave a battalion of them at America's loudest critic, H. L. Mencken, in the February Forum

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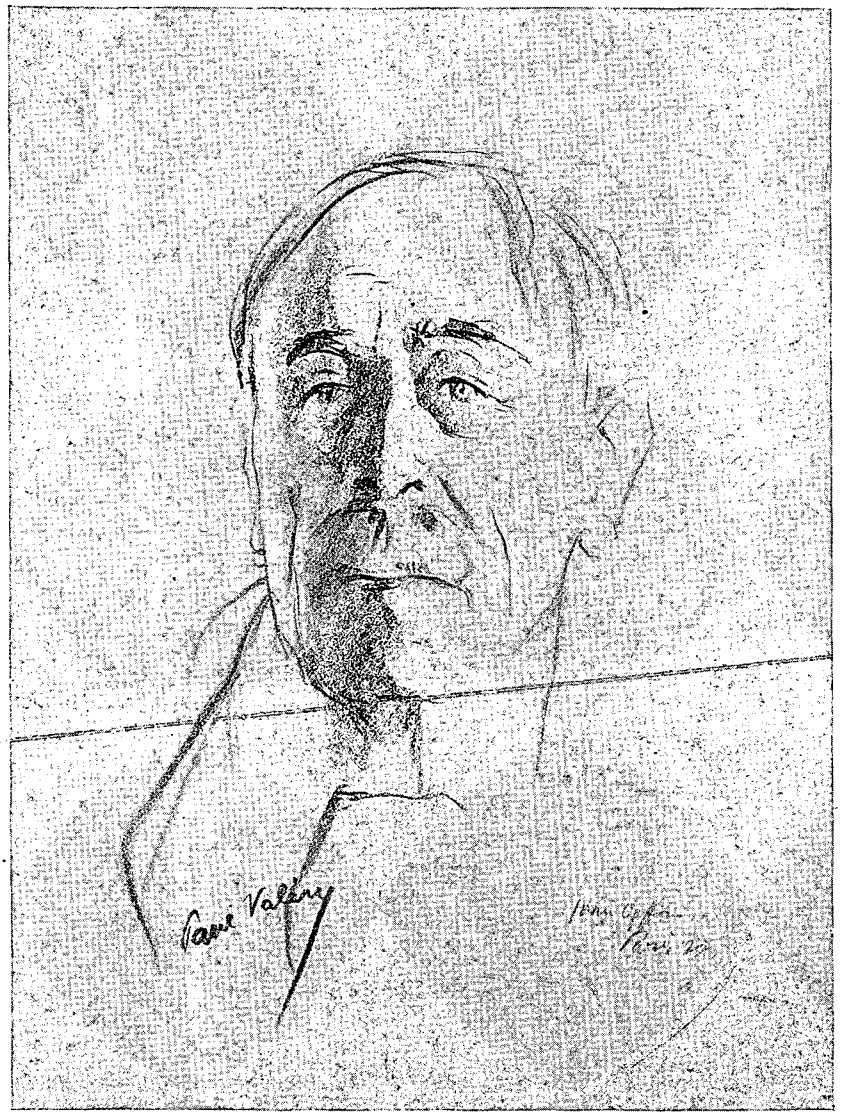

PAUL VALÉRY

Poet and critic, heir to Anatole France's toga at the Académie Française, who will exercise both his faculties in an essay on poetry to be published in an early issue of next year

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THE FORUM

DECEMBER, 1928

Vol. LXXX No. 6

A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

THE GUTTER — AND THEN WHAT?

GRANVILLE HICKS

DESPITE the opinion of those who read only carefully selected passages of *Ulysses*, the book is not merely an anthology of indecencies. Nevertheless, the extent to which Joyce is concerned with areas of life ordinarily left unmentioned is impressive even for the reader who is motivated by something other than lubricity. Indeed, if Joyce were the only writer to portray the less polite physiological and psychical processes — and not merely the most outspoken, the most discerning, and the most inspired — readers would probably be too bewildered to appreciate his merits. It happens, however, that anyone who reads contemporary literature at all has some preparation for *Ulysses*. Theodore Dreiser has been shocking placid Americans for almost thirty years. From *Beyond the Horizon* to *Strange Interlude*, one play after another by Eugene O'Neill has had an unfortunate effect on the viscera of well-bred spectators. The victory of *Jurgen* has so emboldened Cabell that we have the spectacle of our preëminent romanticist employing his allusive, archaic style to describe organs and functions of which most of the realists still fight shy. Ernest Hemingway takes impotence as the theme of a novel and abortion as the subject of a short story. Even the poets have turned aside from moonlight

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and jasmine; Edgar Lee Masters, Robinson Jeffers, William Ellery Leonard, Clinch Calkins — what would Lord Tennyson think of the themes they and many of their contemporaries select?

It is not fair, of course, to compare contemporary literature with the more delicate products of the Victorian era and then to conclude that we are peculiarly and unprecedentedly depraved. To be fair, we should not only take into consideration such notoriously wicked writers as Boccaccio, Rabelais, and the Restoration dramatists; we should also remember the accounts of murder and incest in the Greek tragedies and the Bible, the smutty stories of Chaucer, and the scenes of violence in Shakespeare. It is only just for us to recall that Thackeray's Becky Sharp was not a perfect lady; and if a member of the Watch and Ward Society can call *An American Tragedy* a handbook of vice, we can comfort ourselves with thoughts of *Oliver Twist*.

Nonetheless, even when we give the devil his due all through the ages, we are likely to come to the conclusion that this is peculiarly an age of indecency. And what makes our era unique is not so much the extent to which the majority of outstanding writers devote themselves to vice and crime, to the obscene, and to the distasteful; rather, it is the mood in which they approach their theme. While it is true that crimes of violence, especially those connected with sex, have always figured prominently in literature, and while it is also true that the writers of the Renaissance and the Restoration were quite as baldly outspoken as any writers to-day, it is hard to think of a time when authors have been so preoccupied with unpleasantness for its own sake. In modern literature there is little of the lusty humor of Rabelais and even less of the careless pleasure in adventures of sex which one finds in Casanova or in certain of the writers of the Restoration. After all, a mere preoccupation with sex would not be the distinguishing characteristic of modern literature; its unique quality is its devotion to whatever is stark, brutal, disgusting. And the authors themselves are animated not by pleasure but, for the most part, by disgust.

Eugene O'Neill, for example, although he frequently is concerned with topics generally regarded as inflammable, and although on occasion he has had difficulties with the censor, could not readily be accused of making vice attractive. Even *Desire Under the Elms* seemed pure tragedy until talk of censorship filled

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the theater in which it was playing with tittering morons. The tune to which Aldous Huxley's sophisticates dance their contorted measures is ennui, and Cabell has become tiresome by reason of his many variations on the theme that "in love affairs success is less the Ultima Thule of desire than the *coup de grace*." A variety of lesser writers, including some who would presumably like to be lascivious and pornographic, fall into the same ways, and their humid little books, lacking all savor of genius, are merely nasty and dull.

It is a curious phenomenon, this fact that so many contemporary writers choose to portray the unpleasantnesses of life and choose to portray them in an unpleasant way. Naturally the Pollyannas, male and female, are disturbed, and insist that we are going the way of Sodom and Gomorrah. They can find no other explanation than the doctrine of human depravity, and no comfort except in the assurance that they are of the elect. Some of us, however, would prefer a more convincing explanation, would like to understand why intelligent, sensitive, courageous men have deliberately chosen a path strewn not with primroses but with ordure.

Such an explanation is to be found, if at all, in the general intellectual and emotional temper of the times. It has been pointed out so frequently that this is an age of negation, an age without faith, that there is little need to support the contention. But what we rarely realize is that the last quarter of a century has brought to its climax a process of disintegration that has been going on for several hundred years. The Christian epic, which was given definitive statement in the later Middle Ages, has been smashed into bits by a long line of astronomers, biologists, physicists, and chemists. Man can no longer regard himself as the protagonist of the cosmic drama. In the nineteenth century, it is true, faith in mankind and belief in progress grew stronger than they had ever been before; but we now see that Victorian humanitarianism was the last redoubt of a retreating faith, and we perceive that even that stronghold has fallen.

The demise of the theory of progress, the skepticism about democracy, the decadence of liberalism — all these are evidence of the extent to which the old articles of faith are being questioned, even as were the articles they superseded. Long before the war, men had begun to realize that the promises of science on

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the one hand and of democracy on the other were not being fulfilled; but the war itself, together with the peace, delivered the fatal blow to the old hopes. And at the same time that men were judging humanitarian liberalism by its fruits, its roots were also revealed to them. Modern psychology, though one must be careful not to exaggerate its importance, has finished what was left of the belief in human perfectibility. Freudianism has made man doubt the genuineness of altruism. Doubtless there is something naïve in placing a lower value upon acts themselves simply because the motives behind them have been more fully exposed, but it is assuredly true that most of us feel that a deed is somehow less commendable when it can be attributed to an inferiority complex, sex repression, or a mother fixation. Men have become cynical not only about their fellow men but about themselves, not only about professions but about actions also. Thanks to psychoanalysis, it is exceedingly difficult to think of man as in any way heroic. The human race has been debunked.

Of course, I am not suggesting that there is nobody in the world who has faith in man, any more than I am suggesting that Christianity is no longer a force in human life. I am merely pointing out that the rise of science has changed the views of most people and destroyed the religious faith of many, and that the new psychology, combined with the disillusioning events of the last decade or two, has modified our optimism regarding mankind. I am not arguing at this point for the truth of either Darwinism or Freudianism. It is enough to insist that they have had an influence, and that although this influence is reasonably slight with the majority of people, it is particularly strong with precisely that intellectual group to which most of our writers belong.

If we can grant all this, we have something of a clue to the conduct of the Joyces and O'Neills. Any author who is worth his salt, whether he calls himself a realist or not, wants to touch reality. He cannot be bothered, except incidentally, with pretensions or disguises or gestures. He wants to get at something that is fundamental and true. He wants to reach what is central and enduring in human experience. He turns, therefore, in this particular era, to the basic elements of human life — to birth and death, to lust, to copulation. What else is there for him to do? Religion, idealism, heroism, romantic love, gentility — he discerns only hypocrisy and self-deception in these. So anxious is the modern author to penetrate below the superstructure of con-

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vention and evasion that he probes the darkest recesses of the mind, creating new forms to permit the expression of what he discovers. It is not necessary to assume that contemporary literature has gone Freudian; these writers are following their own experience and not the textbooks of Viennese professors. Their consciences, sharpened perhaps by the spirit of scientific inquiry, drive them on in the search for what is real. They are willing to accept anything that is unpleasant so long as they believe it is true. Indeed, they are almost ready to assume that only what is unpleasant can be true, since so much that was comfortable and consoling has turned out to be false.

Literary creation is essentially an affirmation of faith. The dilemma of the modern artist is that there is so little in life that is credible, and that little is disagreeable. We can see in the works of some of these men how closely their choice of subject matter is bound up with the loss of faith in one or another of the old formulæ.

We are safe, one assumes from the title, in regarding Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* as autobiographical. Its hero, Stephen Dedalus, after having felt keenly the appeal of Catholicism, turns from this faith. It has been suggested to him that he become a priest, and for a time the proposal lures him. Suddenly, however, in a flash of intuition, he realizes that such a career will never be his. "He knew now," Joyce writes, "that the exhortation he had listened to had already fallen into an idle formal tale. He would never swing the thurible before the tabernacle. His destiny was to be elusive of social or religious orders. The wisdom of the priest's appeal did not touch him to the quick. He was destined to learn his own wisdom apart from others or to learn the wisdom of others himself wandering among the snares of the world. The snares of the world were its ways of sin. He would fall. He had not yet fallen but he would fall silently, in an instant. Not to fall was too hard, too hard; and he felt the silent lapse of his soul, as it would be at some instant to come, falling, falling, but not yet fallen, still unfallen, but about to fall." And Stephen does fall, until, on that day when his path crosses the path of Leopold Bloom, we see him turning to drunkenness and harlotry. "He was destined to learn his own wisdom," Joyce says — to make his own quest for reality, even though it led him to a bawdy house.

The sophisticates, with their self-conscious hypochondria,

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seem ephemeral and insignificant when placed beside Joyce; but, even if one cannot take them seriously, they serve to illustrate the workings of the *mal du siècle*. The people in the books of Aldous Huxley are always bored. Being bored, they probe among the more esoteric vices in search of diversion. The result is further boredom. But the interesting point is their justification of their conduct: they have penetrated the shams that might otherwise occupy their time. And, since Huxley is himself a sophisticate, it is worthy of note that whenever he introduces a character who has found some interest outside himself, he always makes clear that the man is a deluded fool.

In *Antic Hay*, for example, there is an astonishing portrait of a scientist named Shearwater. At the end of the book the hero, Gumbril, attended by Mrs. Viveash, journeys about London in search of his friends, whom he wishes to bring together for a celebration. Last of all he comes to the laboratory in which Shearwater, having found the world — and more especially Mrs. Viveash — a snare and a delusion, is engaged in what he regards as an important experiment. "Shearwater sat on his stationary bicycle, pedalling unceasingly like a man in a nightmare. The pedals were geared to a little wheel under the saddle, and the rim of the wheel rubbed, as it revolved, against a brake, carefully adjusted to make the work of the pedaller hard, but not impossibly hard. From a pipe which came up through the floor issued a little jet of water, which played on the brake and kept it cool. But no jet of water played on Shearwater. It was his business to get hot. He did get hot." Shearwater, pedaling madly, but getting nowhere. What a caricature of science to be drawn by the grandson of Thomas Huxley! What better measure could we desire of the distance between nineteenth century hope and twentieth century skepticism?

In such works we have a reflection of what might be called the modern mind — one of the modern minds, at least. Bereft of faith in God and faith in man, self-conscious and cynical with regard to his own pretensions, unable to justify the conviction that the work he is trying to do is somehow significant, the literary artist is in no mood to place high value on ideals and aspirations. He may hope and even believe that there is something in life besides lust, but he is unpleasantly aware that he can be sure of nothing but the animal passions. To these he will cling rather than run the risk of encouraging hypocrisy and

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becoming the victim of self-deception. And he will be very careful not to idealize these passions; he will make them seem less lovely than they are if that is necessary to avoid sentimentality. Minor writers such as Cabell and Hergesheimer may seek to escape by devising romantic refuges in a mythical kingdom or an equally mythical past; but a Joyce or an O'Neill will not turn aside, will make no effort to spare his readers whatever agony of soul realism may bring. There are writers, some of them men and women of literary importance, of whom not a word of this is true, but they seem outside the main stream of life and thought in the present decade.

Already it has been indicated that this modern temper is by no means sterile as a literary force. The future may regard Huxley, Lawrence, Eliot, O'Neill, and Joyce as pioneers, or it may look on their works as experiments that led nowhere; but it cannot ignore their forthright honesty, their restless ingenuity, and their purely literary skill. As a result of the necessity of creating new forms for new materials, contemporary writers have reshaped the novel until it bears only a slight resemblance to the novel of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In fact, the novel has trespassed upon the ground both of poetry and of drama; poetry, encroaching more and more on areas hitherto thought of as unpoetic, has shattered every canon of rhyme and metre; and the drama has lavished itself in a dozen different experiments, including an attempt to usurp the function of the novel. Some of these ventures are doubtless futile, but literature has learned a few lessons that it will not forget.

In the course of a search for reality that has ended in the gutter, writers have been forced to create new forms, new styles, even new vocabularies. But even though our era has been fruitful in certain ways, it has not been a richly productive age; nor is it likely that it will transcend what it has already achieved. Where is there to go beyond *Ulysses*, which has summed up all the boredom, all the futility, all the starkness of the modern mind? Already it is a paradox that there is literature at all, for by its own account modern literature is a vain endeavor to wring beauty from a world where only ugliness appears. If men were logical, scarcely one of our representative authors would pen a word. Certainly such an attitude as that of Robinson Jeffers points not toward poetry but toward suicide. If life is so

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barren, then literature is a pointless jest, the last of the illusions, and one which it would be well to shatter as promptly as possible.

Great things might be deduced from the fact that men who believe in nothing else continue somehow to believe in art, and theologians could have a gay time with the idea. All that it is really safe to conclude, however, is that the will to create, like the will to live, is stronger than reason. Yet the will to create, though little likely to submit to logic, cannot forever remain at war with it. Sooner or later the two must be brought into harmony, either by the discovery of a path which both may travel or by the abandoning of the struggle for intellectual integrity.

The defeat of reason would mean either romanticism or authoritarianism — probably, if one can judge from what evidence exists, the latter. There seems to be little danger that many of our writers will follow the Cabellian example of seeking refuge in imaginary lands, but among some of the younger authors there is an unmistakable drift away from the open-minded, courageous, experimental attitude that is the chief distinction of the modern mind. Though critics of classical tendencies always assure us that classicism is unfailingly loyal to reason, there is a kind of classicism which, while it may be rationalistic, is not realistic. The world of classical art may be quite as unreal as the world of the tired romanticist. By accepting on faith certain primary propositions, artists can forever free themselves from agonizing dilemmas of life. No longer would it be necessary to seek meaningful patterns into which human actions would fit; the patterns would be accepted at the outset, and life would be shaped to fit them. All the terrifying and sickening questions that science and history have thrown at the heads of this generation would be left unanswered, but the imagination would be freed by virtue of the very fact that it was arbitrarily restrained.

Many critics believe that this is what must happen, for they recognize with increasing clearness that literature is fast reaching an *impasse*. Yet it is obvious how much better it would be if the fight could be fought to a finish. Here is man, striving to adjust himself to a new conception of the universe and of humanity. Reason seems incapable of helping him, seems to point either to suicide or to the palliative of illusion, but there is still hope in the imagination. What we seek is faith in life itself, a faith that at the least will help us to make human life significant even though it has no eternal, no cosmic significance of its own. Such a faith

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does not come through mere wishing; the will to believe can never achieve it out of hand. If, as the unknown author of Hebrews has said, faith is the substance of things hoped for, then that substance must be made to exist, must be bodied forth by the creative imagination. The Calvinists were right: faith comes by grace, the grace of insight and vision.

This is not mere verbiage. Disintegrating forces have broken down the highly organized culture of the Middle Ages. At the same time mankind has won undreamed-of mastery in the realm of inanimate nature. We have the material well-being necessary for the creation of a new culture, but we have no architectural plans to show us how to build. These plans, if we are ever to have them, must come from men who are able to perceive imaginatively the possibilities of the world that is. They must come from men who have not hesitated to brush away all the consoling dogmas of the past, who have not turned aside even when they could find nothing real but lust and brutality and death.

It is worth pointing out that Eugene O'Neill, who has not shrunk from the examination of the nakedest passion, has sought in *Lazarus Laughed* to affirm his faith in life. O'Neill's mysticism, though not at first superficially apparent, has been present in all his plays. It has, indeed, grown so strong that one wonders if his concern with sensuality is not largely the result of his eagerness to define that particular force in order that he may perhaps discover whether there is any other. At times O'Neill's expression of his faith appears curiously meaningless, inane, even ridiculous; but invariably there seems to be a genuine aspiration, a real experience, behind the bungling phrases. Side by side with accounts of feverish passion are affirmations that life cannot be reduced to terms of passion alone, or at least that passion itself is something more than appears when it is described in purely biological terms. It is particularly striking that in two plays — *Welded* and *The Great God Brown* — the lines that voice acceptance of life are given to a prostitute.

O'Neill's mysticism crops up in play after play, but it is in *Lazarus Laughed* that he has tried most completely to reveal his attitude toward life. The faith of Lazarus moves everyone he meets, but his influence is felt only so long as he is present. It is a parable of the play itself, which is convincing while one reads it but which leaves nothing of its emotional surge behind it. O'Neill may have found a faith for himself, but he has not been

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able to convey it to others. Yet, clearly, his is the right path. Not by surrender to the authority of church and state, but by the courageous venturing of his own spirit, O'Neill has achieved the ability to say that life is good. One knows that he ignores nothing that is unpleasant in life; he does not romanticize; but he has suggested the possibility of a faith that has meaning in the twentieth century.

It is to be remembered that the faith of Lazarus comes to him because he has known death. Perhaps other writers than O'Neill believe that only by experiencing the worst that life can offer can they come to understand and accept life. At least it is only by meeting the whole devastating challenge of contemporary disillusion that literature can find its salvation. So long as these questions exist, it is far better to face than to ignore them, far better to plunge into the turgid pool of unlovely passion than to pretend that it does not exist. How idle it is to rail against the Joyces and O'Neills, to call them lewd and pornographic! They are performing an imaginative task without which there could be little hope for the future.

The Divine Comedy was not the product of an isolated imagination. The system which made Dante possible had been developing for centuries. That system has broken to bits, and it can never be revived. If a new tradition is to be developed to take its place, that tradition must begin by reaffirming faith in life, by reaffirming it in such a way that the minds and imaginations of men can face without fear the worst negations of science and history. It is hard to know whether to be more impatient at the critics who seem to regard the literature of sex as an end in itself, or at the moralists who can see nothing but indecency. The sedate academicians who will not even make an effort to understand *Ulysses* and the pseudo-sophisticated brats who think it has superseded everything previously written are equally irritating. To understand the defects and the merits of modern literature one must understand the questions it raises — the most important questions that could be raised. Evasion of these questions can only preserve the existing chaos. We must go all the way with Joyce, Jeffers, Huxley, O'Neill, for only thus can we hope to understand and accept whatever fresh affirmation of life they or their successors may develop.

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ARE WE HAPPIER THAN OUR GRANDMOTHERS? — A DEBATE

YES, says Mrs. Bertrand Russell, for she associates "the good old days" with wife-beating, slavery, and too many children.

NO, says Mrs. Corra Harris, for she sees the modern pursuit of happiness becoming a reckless merry-go-round, with every woman for herself and nothing but a brass ring as the prize.

Drawings by Julian De Miskey

I — THE VICES OF VICTORIAN VIRTUES

DORA RUSSELL

WITH a view to determining whether we are happier than our grandmothers, I invited a visit from my own grandmother, who is a healthy, capable, and happy old lady of more than eighty years. She has reared eight children on a tiny income, and altogether her record is one to which the opponents of modern civilization might well point with glee. I wondered in what I could consider myself more fortunate. Had intimate conversation between such widely differing generations been possible, I have no doubt that I should soon have discovered many flaws in such a seemingly perfect example of happiness by the Victorian recipe.

In considering these happy grandmothers, one always has to remember that they are like fine animals — the fittest survivors in a very arduous struggle for existence. A few tough and happy grandmothers are no proof that any large number of fortunate women existed in their age, just as a few swallows do not make a summer. The unfortunate and unhappy did not live to tell their story, though some — like Mary Wollstonecraft and the Brontës — immortalized their stories in passionate tales of wrong.

The unmarried gentlewomen of the nineteenth century eked out miserable existences as poorly paid and dependent governesses, or were assisted by the charity of relatives and strangers.

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The unmarried working woman found her weary way into factories, where conditions and hours were certainly far worse than those of to-day. The variety of employment open to unmarried women was not comparable to the variety they can enjoy in these modern times. The first fruits and first triumphs of feminine emancipation were undoubtedly enjoyed by the single rather than by the married women. For some time now, the single woman has been able to train herself for work which is, to a large extent, of her own choosing. She has been able to train herself for an economic position which allows some leisure and liberty. She is free to refuse marriage if she so desires, or — what is still more important — to wait until she finds a man with whom real love and companionship are possible.

The condition of the married woman, however, has changed very little until recent years. Under the old scheme of things she had to be dependent on her husband's bounty. She had no control over the lives of her children. She could not refuse to bear any number of children, nor restrict her husband in his conjugal rights. Even any property she might possess passed into her husband's control when she married. To refuse a marriage was well-nigh impossible when parental and economic pressure were brought to bear; yet to marry was — and still is for enormous numbers of women — to enter into a physical and mental slavery, involving not merely hard work, but, in a very large number of cases, death by slow torture from repeated and too frequent childbearing. Within the last ten years I have known a magistrate to decide, when awarding a separation order in England, that five shillings of an available family income of fifteen should be paid to the wife with a dependent infant in arms, and the remaining ten to her delinquent husband. Laws for the so-called protection of wives and mothers rarely do achieve any more splendid result than this.

Obviously, it is foolish to consider whether any one person is happier than another unless we form some idea of what constitutes happiness. From impartial observation of my fellow creatures, I am reluctantly forced to conclude what my own feelings strenuously deny — that some men and women are happy in the most degrading condition of slavery. But if democracy means anything, it means the attempt to live as an independent and self-respecting individual, to give expression to one's own personal needs and desires, to go forward in one's own

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achievements, and at the same time to coöperate on free and equal terms with other human beings.

This is the difficult programme which Europe and America have set for themselves since the period of the French Revolution. It was then that the peoples of Europe decided that they were not happy under the grinding system of authority in Church and State to which they had been condemned for hundreds of years. Naturally it did not take women very long to decide that they also must share in the move toward happiness in freedom and independence. While I do not deny, therefore, that a few good masters may make a few happy slaves, or a few good husbands a few happy wives and children, I maintain that the old ways did not make for the greatest human happiness, whether of the individual or of the community as a whole.

Every human being has certain needs and certain possibilities of development which our laws and customs can either help or hinder. We need food, warmth and shelter, work, recreation, and love. As a concession to those who stress what they call spiritual values, we may say that we need also an intellectual or contemplative side to our lives. It is argued that all the technical advances of modern times — such as easy transport, central heating, more certain food supply, labor-saving devices, the cinema, the radio — have led to selfish materialism and hectic lives of pleasure. People forget that the long darkness of old-fashioned winters was mostly consumed in a weary effort to keep the fire of life burning, and precious little time and energy were left for living above the level of bodily necessities.

When, during the Russian Revolution, students in Petrograd had to hew their own wood and go down to the river to draw water; when they had to conduct scientific experiments in laboratories so cold that the metal of their instruments gave their fingers frostbite, they realized the great advantages of modern inventions and of organized social effort in providing even the minimum of comfort that is needed before we can begin the so-called spiritual life at all. The old-fashioned peasant wearily stoked his fire and lay down upon his stove, barely existing through the winter snows. The modern farmer drives the snow-plow through, and his family follows in an automobile to get contact with ideas and their fellow men in a neighboring town. Unquestionably they lead happier, fuller, and more spacious lives than their forefathers. It is this very

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fact that lays them open to such bitter criticism from the envious older generation.

But what about human values other than those of food, comfort, and recreation? Especially in these, modern habits and standards are producing greater happiness than our grandfathers and grandmothers ever knew. The single woman has been set free to develop whatever talent she may possess, even if it leads to the pulpit or the engineering shop, and this in itself was an important achievement in promoting fullness of life and happiness. It was also the spear head of the movement for improving the relations of men and women. When life is very delightful outside of marriage, then something has to be done to make marriage more attractive. So first of all wife-beating disappears, then divorce becomes easier, and we move on to equal guardianship of children, the limitation of the family, and the companionate marriage.

In fact, in the relations of husbands and wives, parents and children, we have begun to substitute friendly coöperation between equals for obedience rendered to a master of parasitic slaves. For if the physical life of our grandmothers was arduous, their mental life was pitiable. They could not think or read according to their pleasure, but only according to their husbands'. They could not come and go without rendering an account to him of their movements. Even now, this last tyranny is exercised by many English husbands of the working and middle class. That this calling to account is more frequently mutual in these days shows the increase of feminine power and the inadequacy, as yet, of feminine emancipation. In the old days, mutual discussions between husband and wife about personal or public affairs were so rare as to be almost nonexistent. The wife echoed her husband's views and took her orders from him. She fed upon his life and upon the lives of her children, since she had no other outlet for her thoughts and her energies.

Thus, when her husband died and her children left the home, she was an empty and lonely husk, unable to take care of herself or find occupation or interest — much like a prisoner released from jail after serving a long sentence. It is impossible that any modern man or woman, looking back on those times and contrasting with them the happy companionship and freedom enjoyed by the younger men and women to-day, could wish to set back the clock of change and progress. And even those who

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have suffered from the anxieties and risks of a freer sexual life would maintain that the gain in happiness is worth the possible loss of a lifelong certainty.

On more intimate sexual matters no words were ever exchanged between our grandparents. Most of the women did not know that sexual pleasure for women was possible; or, if they dimly guessed at its existence, they thought such enjoyment wicked. Their loyalty to their husbands sprang from duty and social discipline rather than from that compelling sense of physical unity that comes of happy and mutual love. When women dread their conjugal relations because they believe them base and because they must inevitably result in excessive childbearing, there is no chance of genuine or lasting happiness in marriage for man or wife. Nor can there be happiness or generosity when each partner watches the other with cold suspicion, ready to punish glances at another man or woman with unkindness, and infidelity with revenge and the rigor of the law.

How curious is this morality which compels us to imprison for life in an iron cage the individual whom we love before all others, and whose expansion and happiness we should therefore wish to promote as dearly as our own! Quite recently, in England, a wife who was divorcing her husband sought to hasten the divorce proceedings on the ground that the woman whom her husband intended to marry when free was about to have a child. The court held that to grant her request was contrary to public policy. In the same way the English House of Lords, when discussing a change in the legitimacy laws, held that such conduct on the part of a wife was extremely unlikely, improper, and peculiar. Yet it is conduct which practically every young woman of modern views would approve with her whole heart. We no longer want love to be slavery, and we are coming to the view that any necessary protective legislation should be concerned primarily with the children rather than with husband or wife.

Finally, the children of parents who hold modern views are undoubtedly happier than the previous generation. As we give up trying to possess our husbands or wives in selfish isolation, so do we cease to be possessive toward our children. We prefer them to seek happiness in their own way. Formerly the child was cheated by parental watchfulness or parental severity from setting forth upon that voyage of discovery which is, after all, the whole of human life. Moreover, the child was a parasite, forced to echo

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and submit to its elders. Now many of us rear our offspring in the democratic freedom of the nursery school in preference to the hierarchy of the family.

As I watch the children in my own nursery school happily emancipating themselves in the company of their exact contemporaries, I reflect how like and how unlike is my life to that of my grandmother. She reared her brood devotedly, but in submission to what she thought an unavoidable destiny. I, of my own free choice, toil for a family of twenty — many of whom are identical in age. And I have that Promethean attitude enjoyed by modern teachers and mothers — a refusal to submit to destiny, a sense that the future of mankind lies in our hands through the power of science and our freedom of choice in devoting ourselves to our calling. Unlike our forefathers, we believe in happiness, and we both *can* and *will* create it in the world.

II — ANTIQUATED HAPPINESS

CORRA HARRIS

THE FORUM has asked me to uphold the negative side of this windy assertion: "That the women of to-day are happier than their grandmothers." It would be a discussion of values much more to the point to change the sentence so that it would read: "Resolved, That the women of to-day are better than their grandmothers." Not so many women care now whether they are better or worse. Their popular speculation in living is the pursuit of happiness, with only a few level heads realizing that this is the one perfect definition of happiness — it *is* a pursuit.

But granted that the subject to be discussed is sensible and worthy of serious consideration, and that happiness is a goal possible to attain, then we must come back to the definition of happiness before we can compare the relative degrees of it en-

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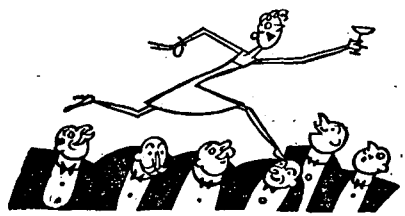
joyed by our grandmothers with that of their current descendants. There never was a word with so many collateral definitions or one that changed more from generation to generation. All depends upon the quality, character, breeding, and point of view of the person who seeks it.

The modern woman can substitute rationalism for religion, and some kind of heathen hypnotism for Christian faith, by way of exercising her frivolous spiritual faculties, and she can be happier in the novelty of the performance than she could be enduring the stern old Ten Commandments and practising a few of the Beatitudes. She is no longer in a position to enjoy that kind of moral pleasantry, if I may use this lighter word for her sake. But these were the very foundations upon which our grandmothers based their right to be happy. In those days the right to be happy presupposed some kind of fine justification in character for



the experience. The idea then was that only the truly good could be happy — sounds funny and banal now when so much of the wit in living consists in sidestepping such obligations. The very definition of happiness has also changed. Instead of piety, your really up-and-coming woman of to-day has some kind of bifurcated notion of being a "good fellow" — which does not come to the same thing.

She can believe in the liberating doctrine of divorce, and get one, because from her accelerated point of view it is depressing to stand the gaff of married life, which is some kind of perpetual real life one cannot drop out of like a frolic at a night club. And she can take her alimony, go to a fashionable resort, and be happier spending it than she could be tied up with her worn-out wedding vows. What I mean is that she is frequently this kind of woman about insuring her happiness. Our grandmothers worried along with their husbands, good or bad, rich or poor, according to a sort of archaic standard of honor and self-respect

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they had. I do not claim that they got much of a kick out of the performance in many extreme cases, but they derived a certain dignity of character — a curious, sweet charm of patience in dealing with man-the-inevitable. And they contributed more to the sum total of human peace and happiness than many of their strident granddaughters do.

I admit that that assertion sidesteps the real issue involved in this discussion. But that is one of the questions it brings up: whether it is safer and saner to contribute more to the sum total of other people's happiness by practising courage and loyalty in keeping a contract, or securing more liberty and a wisp or two of indignant personal happiness by breaking the contract and sacrificing the obligations such a woman takes to society, to her husband and children. There are many victims of her happiness and it is no compliment to her that she can still be happy in spite of this fact. There is a greed and ruthlessness in her awful demand for happiness that our grandmothers did not have. Such people cannot be happy. It is contrary to the very nature of women. They only cover their deficiency by a more ardent pursuit of happiness — and, as usual, mistake the pursuit for the real thing.

Their grandmothers were inclined to efface themselves at this business and strove to provide comfort and pleasure for others. Thus, whatever may be said to the contrary, they made a more profitable investment for themselves. Quite unconsciously they worked out some kind of dim glory of the mind, a warmth of the heart which enhanced them in their secret places where they were alone with themselves. No other happiness is like it, because it cannot be diminished nor taken away. It was good stuff, and a little of it went a long way. They were not so often obliged to change it for another experience. They could sit down for fifty years enriched by the atmosphere they created in their homes and intimate circles, and bloom peace and good will without worrying about their own happiness — which is a rare kind of happiness, if you know what I mean.

The granddaughter is an able woman, and knows it. This is a new sensation for women, not shared by those ladies of the old school who were contented to be accomplished by their graces and the neater private virtues. Thus, it frequently appears that this latter abler woman is not yet accustomed to her powers. She is short on repose. She cannot be seated without feeling obliged

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to get up and do something commensurate with herself. This is especially true if she is one of those modern women with a lofty moral nature and a serious mind. She means well, but cannot be domesticated in the home. She has a public-spirited soul, and a noble passion for expressing herself. She can get the same kind of hysterical happiness doing picket duty in the interest of her own sex that her grandmother used to get when the wayward son whom she cherished exceedingly professed religion and turned for a moment from the evil of his ways. Or, she can lead a sentimental movement to insure certain legal advantages for glad young criminals, and be happier than if she stayed at home to train her own little boys and girls and save them from their first childish turpitudes. She can be happier agitating against the peace and security of society to get the law of capital punishment repealed than her grandmother ever was giving alms in secret and doing her little Dorcas deeds of goodness. The fact is, she is something of a barbarian without any sort of background to justify her. And the impression she produces upon the minds of some timidly thoughtful people is that she is happier than she has any right to be, dramatizing her nobler attributes regardless of the consequences.

These are only a few comparisons that may be drawn in the more typical cases between these modern women and their grandmothers. None of them indicates the comparative degrees of happiness they enjoyed, but are meant rather to suggest which of the two groups are justified in their claims to happiness. The point is that there are grades in happiness and that the inferior kind, based upon selfishness, competition, publicity, and befogged good intentions, may make the modern woman happier; but it is not so becoming to her nor so beneficial to others as the frugal happiness enjoyed by her grandmother. Especially was this true toward the singing end of her days, when she grew so artlessly sweet and innocently happy, still honored and beloved by all men and trusted by all women. Already the mean scorn of men is apparent for the cynical, disillusioned, elderly woman of to-day, who, having lost the charm of her youth, has no other charm to offer.

Whatever may be said of her "plus" in happiness, it is certain that our grandmother escaped much unhappiness incident to the careers of these so-called happier modern women. The dear soul even kept her reputation unspotted from the world. To

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have that kind was considered essential to happiness then. Now it is not. The idea is to get what you are out to win regardless of what happens to your reputation. This may be the wiser and braver estimate of that impediment. I do not know. But your grandmother certainly derived considerable satisfaction from living all her days without fear and without reproach. She frequently had a grand manner, never to be confounded with the rostrum presence of the capable modern woman — not insolent, nor offensively authoritative, but serene, delicately meant, like the cadence of good verse. My notion is that the whole of her was a fortune in happiness, nobly achieved without stirring and fussing about it. She adds up like a sum in warmth and kindness and good wisdom.

She was never heard to worry about "self-expression," which is a new disorder characteristic of her current granddaughters. My suspicion is that she believed she expressed herself very well. In those days she imparted an inalienable dignity, a sort of spiritual elegance, to the office of a wife and mother which these younger women do not feel, because they feel so much more strongly about being enslaved and suppressed by the cares and obligations of the home and family. Her obsession is the desire to escape into the world at large, achieve her own place in the sun on the front page. I may be wrong about it, but it seems to me that she frequently rattles like a pea in a gourd at this business, and that she likes the sound she makes. She simply enjoys an inferior taste in happiness at much greater expense than that her grandmother literally earned.

Meanwhile, it is obvious that the society in which she moves so briskly has deteriorated in morals, manners, and standards of conduct, since the days when those elder women set the pace there. Was there ever a time when the best homes turned out so many doubtful and irresponsible sons and daughters? They are the living self-expression of these younger, happier women. I believe it is entirely because of the reputation our grandmothers gave to American womanhood that we expected these modern citizen women to exercise a purifying influence upon the political life of this nation; but was there ever in the history of this country a time when more corruption existed in politics? This is not their fault, but it simply indicates that from the start they were mistaken about their importance and influence. They have missed their cue as citizens, and, in my opinion, they have missed it

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because they hurried into an old game with old rules without the will or power to change them, unprepared, emotionally stirred, and bent upon self-exploitation in service as a wider, more satisfying form of happiness. These greater opportunities have deceived them into believing that they are happier than their grandmothers, when so far they have failed in the adventure.

It all comes to this: what can a woman afford to pay for happiness, and what has it cost the women of to-day in comparison with what the women of the older generation paid? What kind of hunger and thirst does the master passion for happiness create in her? How long will one experience in it last? What are the running expenses of these various pursuits in happiness? And what kind of dividends do they declare in character?

No one will deny the right to happiness, any more than the right a man has to grow rich. The question is the method employed to this end. Wealth honorably acquired is a distinction; otherwise it is a disgrace. The same is true of happiness. It can be the reproach and the supreme punishment of the person who seeks it without proper discretion and restraint. Legitimate happiness is no more than the light that touches us like a blessing earned by good conduct, some sacrifice made, a task well done, some honorable end accomplished. But who has achieved happiness as a state of being? Not one normal person. There is something transient in the very nature of happiness. No one can bear the consciousness of being happy for any length of time without by that very circumstance being bored to the point of becoming miserable.

It may be that my faculty for happiness has grown obtuse with the passing of the years, for at last the kind I have had has settled down into some kind of mellow-minded contentment, which is more agreeable than the flights of it I have enjoyed in my briefer moments. But I cannot help observing that the younger women of this generation are constantly making a change of venue of their experiment in happiness. This accounts for the gait they go, the adventures they seek, the exhausting experiences they pass through. Whatever they have or might have, they are too ready to exchange that for the briefest hour of pleasure, chosen at random — a speculation in the sporting world of sex, or some other risk — and the sky is the limit.

In this sense they do get more vagrant happiness than their grandmothers ever had. It is the dust of a doubtful road that settles upon them and dims them. In the end it blows away but

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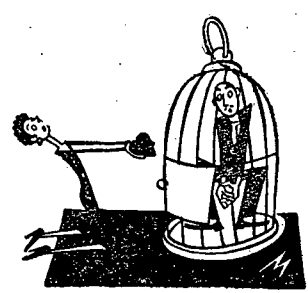
does not leave them happier. On the contrary, it may bring them to the last stages of a dreadful addiction where no normal experience, however innocent or enchanting, can afford them the least pleasurable stimulation. The background of their memories is darkened. Nothing can lighten it. They come to the bitterness of Solomon's wisdom, "Vanity, vanity and vexation of spirit and there is no profit under the sun" — but with this difference that they lack the wit to arrive at his conclusion of the whole matter and go ravenously on in search of happiness long after they are incapable of the experience.

The lights and shadows of this comparison between those women of an older generation and these of the present day is doubtless too heavily drawn to be literally veracious. There were some lively ladies among our ancestors. Many of them had as many strings to their lyre as George Sand's seven great loves. And many more of these modern women have showed a courage and devotion to duty that insures more happiness than they receive. But they are not the ones who furnish the reputation of the women of this period. And the fact remains that the greed for happiness is one of the most frivolous manifestations of feminine character in this generation. They want it regardless of the effort to earn it; therefore they do not get it. I know many women who proclaim their right to be happy with eloquence and convincing logic, but not a single one of them is as happy as my mother was, who was no happier than any other good woman can be who is involved in more important affairs than the childish pursuit of happiness.



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INTELLIGENCE TESTS FOR VOTERS

A Plan to Make Democracy Foolproof

WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

DURING the past few years every new voter in New York State has been required to present a certificate of graduation from the eighth grade of an elementary school or, as an alternative, to pass an intelligence test before being enrolled on the register of voters. During the year 1927 there were 26,702 applicants in New York City who could not present such a certificate and hence had to take the test. Of this number, 4,472 failed to pass it satisfactorily. In the entire state the ratio of failures was nearly twenty per cent.

This experiment in the intelligence-testing of new voters — the first of its kind to be conducted on a large scale anywhere — is most significant in results and implications. It points the way to what will probably be our next step in the evolution of the American electorate — a process that has already passed through three stages: namely, property qualifications, manhood suffrage, and universal suffrage. This last step marked the uttermost limits of expansion.

We can go no further in the direction of inflating the electorate. If there is any new development, it must be by way of contraction. And it may be set down as a virtual certainty that there will be some further development, for there is no such thing as a standstill in the political ideals or practices of any people. The pendulum is always on the move. Having swung to an extreme in the direction of giving votes to everybody (without distinction of race, color, sex, or intelligence), it is bound to come back, slowly perhaps, but none the less inexorably.

New York State is giving us a practical illustration of the way in which contraction is most likely to be brought about. There will be no reversion to property qualifications and no withdrawal of voting privileges from women. The whole course of political history indicates that nothing of the sort is even a remote possibility.

Universal suffrage has come to stay. As a principle, it is likely to be retained as long as popular government endures. But this does not mean that universal suffrage will always continue to be

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interpreted as excluding nobody. On the contrary there is every reason to expect that it will gradually be trimmed at the edges, as have so many other principles in the American philosophy of government.

Universal suffrage and civil liberty, as a matter of fact, have had very little association. Much hokum has been declaimed and written about the way in which "our forefathers fought for the right to vote"; but it would be difficult to find a single war or revolution in any country, or at any time, that was waged with the extension of the suffrage as its prime objective. It is true, of course, that a dilution of the electorate has sometimes followed as an aftermath of war and civil commotion (as, for example, our own Fifteenth Amendment); but when has it figured among the motivating causes?

Anyone who studies the history of parliamentary suffrage in England will be impressed by the fact that for centuries the freemen of the shires and the burghers of the towns strongly resented the royal endeavor to force suffrage upon them. Time and again, when bidden to elect representatives, they tried to evade the royal command by every kind of subterfuge. In those days the impetus to widen the suffrage came from above, not from below. The Plantagenets wanted money, and the simplest way of getting it was to cajole the rank and file of the people into choosing members of parliament who, in turn, could be wheedled to approve new fiscal impositions. The people were well aware of this. The "right to vote" was about the last thing any plain Anglo-Saxon freeman would have fought and died for in the days of Chaucer or Wickliffe.

> Lance and torch and tumult; steel and grey-goose wing,
> Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the King.

Being Kipling's, this may be good poetry, but as history it conforms precisely to Henry Ford's definition.

The deification of the ballot box is a relatively modern cult. It is a by-product of the French Revolution. Until the closing decades of the eighteenth century there was nowhere, in any part of the world, a popular demand for suffrage as one of the "natural rights" of man. Even the Declaration of Independence, with its inclusive category of human grievances, embodies no complaint that the right to vote had been wrongly withheld from anybody in colonial days. And the American Revolution gave no one the right to vote who did not have it already. The idea that

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the War of Independence established manhood suffrage in America is one of the many historical perversions which have become snugly embalmed in the literature of patriotism.

Manhood suffrage, even for the white population, did not gain acceptance on a nation-wide scale for almost half a century after the Revolution. It came with the Jackson overturn, and made its first sweep in the new frontier states. From them it backwashed into the older commonwealths. Property qualifications and religious tests went by the board in one state after another, and by the time of the Civil War the right to vote had been conceded to virtually all adult, male, white citizens. America, at that stage, had moved ahead of most European countries in the liberality of her suffrage provisions, and the rest of the story is within the memory of men still living. In the era of Reconstruction, the color line was erased by constitutional amendment, and in 1920 voting rights were extended to women by the same process. Thus the entire shift from property qualifications to universal suffrage has been accomplished within the range of a single century. The right to vote did not battle its way down the ages, as schoolboy orators perennially tell their audiences.

The greatest expansion of the electorate, indeed, has taken place both in America and in Europe during the past ten years. Taking the two continents together, it is probable that the total number of qualified voters has been doubled since the close of the World War. Never before in all human history has there been so enormous an accession to the world's voting population within so short a time. Some day, when the political history of this decade (1918 to 1928) can be written in its right perspective, it will divide itself into two parts. During the years immediately after the Armistice, the world suffered grievously from a democracy complex. It became obsessed with the delusion that all its problems could be resolved by the simple expedient of transferring power from monarchs to multitudes, from prime ministers to proletarians. One after another the shell-shocked countries of the old continent set up their jerry-built governments of ultra-democratic architecture, with universal suffrage, proportional representation, initiative and referendum, ministerial responsibility, freedom of speech, and all the other paraphernalia of political liberalism.

Of course they went too far and too fast. Forms of government can be changed overnight, but the problems of government cannot. It was a serious error to have so greatly inflated the elec-

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torates at a time when the most imperative need of these various European countries was for firm leadership, retrenchment in governmental expenditures, and a restoration of economic stability. The masses of the newly enfranchised voters did not and could not grasp the intricacies of post-war problems such as monetary deflation, debt funding, the rehabilitation of industry, and the balancing of budgets. Far from helping their governments to a solution of these problems, they threw their votes in the way of it.

It is not surprising that a reaction came, and came quickly. A revulsion from the extreme implications of democracy has marked the politics of all European countries, virtually without exception, during the second half of the past decade. Universal suffrage has been retained, for the most part, but its retention has not precluded the rise of autocracy — with Mussolini, Pilsudski, Hindenburg, Stalin, Bratianu, and Mustapha Kemal as its outstanding apostles.

There is no political error more fatuous than to imagine that a truly representative and responsible government can be assured by compelling the whole people to decide all great questions of public policy, no matter how involved and difficult they may be. To do this is to compel some strong hand to seize the helm, for a country will not readily suffer itself to be carried into bankruptcy and chaos, even by popular mandate. Europe has learned this lesson during the past half-dozen years. In America we have not yet had it similarly impressed upon us — partly because our post-war problems were far less acute, and partly because the unexampled industrial prosperity of the past decade has blinded almost everyone to the political realities.

Consider this question of universal suffrage in its relation to the fundamental purpose of government, which is to promote the common good. With the increasing complexity of human relations, this common good becomes steadily more difficult to promote or even to ascertain. In other words, the complexities of government increase as the square of the newly-created relations, and our political problems are becoming intricate by a sort of geometrical progression. But human intelligence is not advancing at any such pace. There is reason to believe that it is not advancing at all. It stands to reason, therefore, that the art of government will soon outrun the mental competence of the lower ranks in the electorate — if it has not already done so.

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Look at any issue of the *Congressional Record*. Its pages are studded with discussions relating to deficiency bills, equalization fees, rediscount rates, railroad differentials, recess appointments, immigration quotas, tariff schedules, naval ratios, Muscle Shoals, and the Boulder Dam. To at least one-third of our adult citizenship it may well be doubted whether these terms are in reality any more intelligible than wave mechanics, or alternating currents, or stellar spectra, or the Einstein theory. Indeed, it takes every bit as much intelligence to understand the relation of the Federal Reserve rediscount rate to the cost of living as it does to comprehend the bearing of cosmic radiation on the conservation of mass. The only difference is that the average voter takes for granted his "free and equal" capacity in the one case, and realizes his self-evident incapacity in the other.

The optimists tell us that "any voter of normal intelligence can understand ordinary political issues if he tries to." That statement is correct with three qualifications: to wit, many voters are demonstrably of subnormal intelligence; most political issues are no longer "ordinary" in any sense of the term; and a sizable fraction of the voters will not try to understand them anyhow. The average voter is busy. When he is not busy, he is tired. When he is tired, he listens to the radio or goes to the movies — from neither of which does he get anything that will make him a better-informed participant in public affairs.

Or he may read the evening newspaper. James Bryce once said that the newspaper had made democracy possible by enabling political information to be disseminated among all classes of the people and over wide areas. That may have been true in the early stages of popular government, but the press no longer regards civic education as one of its major functions. On the contrary, it is now devoting much of its effort to the stimulation of popular interest in things which call for the irreducible minimum of intelligence on the part of its readers. There is scarcely a big evening daily in the United States that does not give more space to comic strips than to political comment of an informative character. Accordingly, it is not surprising that more people can tell you what the Andy Gump family did a little while ago than what happened to the McNary-Haugen Bill.

The newspapers are not to blame for this. They are purveyors of what the public wants. The people, in turn, are not to blame for it. To be interesting to them, things must first of all be made

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intelligible; and to be made intelligible, they must be brought within the range of popular intelligence, which is next to impossible with most political issues — unless, perchance, they are well flavored with oil scandals or some other variety of crookedness.

The intelligence of the electorate is merely that of the average individual writ large. It is mainly a matter of inheritance, derived by one generation from another and determined by genetic laws. Under a system of universal suffrage, there is only one way in which it can be raised: that is, by the more rapid reproduction of those groups which already stand highest in the scale of mental competence. Exactly the reverse has been taking place in the United States during the past half-century. The largest accessions to the national population have been coming from elements with the low I. Q. That being so, there is no escape from the conclusion that the general average has dropped, is dropping, and probably will continue downward. Such a conclusion, moreover, is corroborated by all the outward signs. Compared with the United States of fifty years ago, the masses of our people are reading more but thinking less. A system of free, universal, compulsory education has not impeded this deterioration, but has merely served to cloak it from full visibility.

Well, what is to be done about it? The permanence and success of a popular government must inevitably depend on a reasonable average of electoral capacity. If this level goes steadily down, one generation after another, it is hard to believe that the democracy of modern America will not ultimately pass, with that of Athens and Rome, into the paleontology of politics. The biologists tell us that eugenics, applied by due process of law, will regenerate the race intellectually; but that consummation is as yet far off. Popular government may join the dinosaur before we reach it.

There is an easier way. Begin by eliminating the least intelligent stratum of the applicants for suffrage, as New York State is now doing. Have the test applied, as it is in that state, by the school authorities and not by the registrars of voters, the judges of elections, or any other political officers. The New York test, of which the one printed in full on the following page is an actual example, requires every applicant to read a few paragraphs of simple English and then answer, in writing, about a dozen questions based on what he has read. One would think that anybody above the grade of a moron, having learned to read and write, could pass a test of this sort; yet the ratio of failures among the

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NEW YORK STATE REGENTS LITERACY TEST*

Read this and then write the answers. Read it as many times as you need to.

Decoration Day is May 30th. On that day the soldiers decorate the graves of those who fought for this country. They place flowers and a flag on the patriots' graves. In many states the day is a holiday. Another name given to this day is Memorial Day. Every year the day is celebrated in New York City by a great parade. Soldiers and sailors march in this parade. Bands of music play patriotic airs. Wounded men and those who are too old to walk are driven in cars. Great crowds gather in the streets to watch the parade, and many policemen guard the line of march to preserve order and prevent accidents.

(The answers to the following questions are to be taken from the above paragraph)

1 On what date is Decoration Day?.....

.....

2 What do the soldiers decorate on that day?.....

.....

3 What is another name for Decoration Day?.....

.....

4 How does New York City celebrate the day?.....

.....

5 Who marches in the parade?.....

.....

6 What kind of airs do the bands play?.....

.....

7 What men are driven in cars?.....

.....

8 Why do so many policemen guard the line of march?.....

.....

*This is an actual copy of one of the tests that new votors are required to pass in New York State. Last year almost twenty per cent of the applicants for suffrage failed on similar tests and were not allowed to vote.

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applicants has been almost one in five during each year since the requirement was established.

Universal suffrage, without a test of this type, means that about twenty per cent of those who get on the voters' list have no business to be there. Taking the country as a whole, the total number of these interlopers must run into the millions. There are enough of them to swing an election. Can rational men be fairly expected to place unwavering faith in a system of suffrage which commits the destinies of a great nation into such hands as these?

New York State has taken a short first step, but a very significant one. Other states should follow her example. Nineteen of them now have "literacy" tests applied by the registrars of voters or other partisan officials. The work should be transferred to the school authorities, so that the testing will be more than the perfunctory gesture it usually is. The school authorities should be given such leeway as will enable them to make sure that no one gets on the voters' list unless his intelligence is at least equal to that of a ten-year-old child. This is what New York demands, and it is assuredly not asking too much. Having started with a mild requirement, it will then be possible to move the standard up, little by little, as the future may seem to require it.

There is nothing undemocratic about such a test in a country that gives everyone, without cost, an education through all the elementary grades. It is a measure of national self-protection. We require a demonstration of capacity before we permit anyone to drive a motor car on the public highways; yet the ballot is an infinitely more dangerous thing than an automobile when committed to incompetent hands. As an implement of downright folly, capable of wasting a nation's heritage, there is none other to equal it. Surely it is not undemocratic to search for safeguards against the perils which confront democracy!

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HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA

RICHARD HUGHES

Block Prints of West Indian Scenes by Lowell L. Balcom

ONE of the fruits of emancipation in the West Indian islands is the number of ruins, either attached to the houses that remain or within a stone's throw of them: ruined slaves' quarters, ruined sugar-grinding houses, ruined boiling houses — often ruined mansions that were too expensive to maintain. Earthquake, fire, rain, and deadlier vegetation did their work quickly.

Truly typical of this melancholy decline was the estate of Ferndale in Jamaica. The "big house" had altogether collapsed and been smothered over; only the overseer's house remained. It consisted of a ground floor of stone, given over to goats and the children, and a first floor of wood — the inhabited part — reached from outside by a double flight of wooden steps. When the earthquakes came, the upper part only slid about a little and was jacked back into position with big levers. The roof was of shingles; after very dry weather it leaked like a sieve, and the first few days of the rainy season would be spent in a perpetual general-post of beds and other furniture to escape the drips, until the wood swelled.

The people who lived there at the time I have in mind were called Bas-Thornton; not natives of the Island, "Creoles," but a family from England. Mr. Bas-Thornton had a business of some kind in St. Anne's and used to ride there every day on a mule. He had such long legs that his stunted mount made him look rather ridiculous; and being quite as temperamental as a mule himself, a quarrel between the two was generally worth watching.

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Close to the dwelling were the ruined grinding and boiling houses. These two are never quite cheek by jowl: the grinding house is set on higher ground, with a water wheel to turn the immense, vertical iron rollers. From these the cane juice runs down a wedge-shaped trough to the boiling house, where a Negro stands and rinses a little lime-wash into it with a grass brush to make it granulate. Then it is emptied into big copper vats, over furnaces burning fagots and "trash" or squeezed-out cane. There a few negroes stand, skimming the poppling vats with long-handled copper ladles, while their friends sit around, eating sugar or chewing trash, in a mist of hot vapor. What they skim off oozes across the floor with an admixture of a good deal of filth — insects, even rats, and whatever sticks to negroes' feet — into another basin, thence to be distilled into rum.

This, at any rate, is how it used to be done. I know nothing of modern methods — or if there are any — never having visited the island since 1860, which is a long time ago now.

But long before that even, all this was over at Ferndale. The big copper vats were overturned, and up in the grinding house the three great rollers lay about loose. No water reached it; the stream had gone about its own business elsewhere. The Bas-Thornton children used to crawl into the cut-well through the vent, among dead leaves and the wreck of the wheel. There, one day, they found a wild cat's nest, with the mother away. The kittens were tiny, and Emily tried to carry them home in her pinafore; but they bit and scratched so fiercely, right through her thin frock, that she was very glad — except for pride — that they all escaped but one. This one, Tom, grew up, though he was never really tamed. Later he begat several litters on an old tame cat they had, Kitty Cranbrook; and the only survivor of this progeny, Tabby, became rather a famous cat in his way. Soon after, Tom took to the jungle altogether, but Tabby was faithful, and a good swimmer. He would swim for pleasure, sculling around the bathing pool behind the children, giving an occasional yowl of excitement. Also, he had mortal sport with snakes: would wait for a rattler or a black snake as if it were a mere mouse, drop on it from a tree or somewhere, and fight it to death. Once he got bitten and they all wept bitterly, expecting to see a spectacular death agony; but he just went off into the bush and probably ate something, for he came back in a few days quite cock-a-hoop and as ready to eat snakes as ever.

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Red-headed John's room was full of rats. He used to catch them in big gins and then let them go for Tabby to dispatch. Once the cat was so impatient he seized trap and all and caterwauled off into the night, banging it on the stones and sending up showers of sparks. Again he returned in a few days, very sleek and pleased; but John never saw his trap again.

Another plague of his were the bats, which also infested his room in hundreds. Mr. Bas-Thornton could crack a stockwhip, and used to kill a bat on the wing with it most neatly. But the din this made in that little box of a room at midnight was infernal — ear-splitting cracks, and the air already full of the tiny, penetrating squeaks of the vermin.

It was a kind of paradise for English children to come to, whatever it might be for their parents — especially at that time, when no one lived in at all a wild way at home. Here, one had to be a little ahead of the times; or decadent, whichever you like to call it. The difference between boys and girls, for instance, had to be left to look after itself. Long hair would have made the evening search for grass ticks and nits interminable. Emily and Rachel had their hair cut short, and were allowed to do everything the boys did — to climb trees, swim, and trap animals and birds. They even had two pockets in their frocks.

It was around the bathing pool their life centered, more than the house. Every year, when the rains were over, a dam was built across the stream, so that all through the dry season there was quite a large pool to swim in. There were trees all about — enormous, fluffed cotton trees, with coffee trees between their paws; and in contrast to the general shapeless enormousness of the vegetation, delicate log-wood, and gorgeous red and green peppers. Among them the pool was almost completely shaded.

The best fun at the bathing pool was had with a big forked log. John would sit astride the main stem, and the others pushed him about by the two prongs. The little ones — Rachel, Edward, and Laura — only splashed about the shallow end, but John and Emily dived. John, that is to say, dived properly, headforemost; Emily only jumped in feet first, stiff as a rod. But she, on the other hand, would go off higher boughs than he would. Once, when she was eight, Mrs. Thornton had thought she was too big to bathe naked any more. The only bathing dress she could rig was an old cotton nightgown. Emily jumped in as usual; first, the balloons of air tipped her upside down, and then the wet cotton

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Fruit and vegetables are now produced on the old pirate stronghold, Tortola Island.

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wrapped itself around her head and arms and nearly drowned her. After that, decency was let go hang again; it is hardly worth being drowned for — at least, it does not at first sight appear to be.

But once a negro really was drowned in the pool. He had gorged himself full of stolen mangoes, and feeling guilty, thought he might as well cool himself in the forbidden pond as well and make one repentance cover two crimes. He could not swim, and had only a black child (Little Jim) with him. The cold water and the surfeit brought on an apoplexy. Jim poked at him with a piece of stick a little, and then ran away in a fright. Whether the man died of the apoplexy or the drowning was a point for an inquest; and the doctor, after staying at Ferndale for a week, decided it was from drowning, but that he was full of green mangoes right up to his mouth. The great advantage of this was that no negro would bathe there again, for fear the dead man's duppy, or ghost, would catch him. So if any black even came near while they were bathing, John and Emily would pretend the duppy had grabbed at them, and off he would go, terribly upset.

Only one of the negroes at Ferndale had ever actually seen a duppy, but that was quite enough. They cannot be mistaken for living people, because their heads are turned backwards on their shoulders, and they carry a chain. Moreover, one must never call them duppies to their faces, as it gives them power. This poor man forgot, and called out "Duppy!" when he saw it. He got terrible rheumatics.

Lame-foot Sam was the one who told most stories. He told them the Anansi stories — Anansi and the Tiger, and how Anansi looked after the Crocodile's nursery, and so on. Also he had a little poem which impressed them very much:

> Quacko Sam
> Him bery fine man:
> Him dance all de dances dat de darkies can:
> Him dance de schottische, him dance de Cod Reel:
> Him dance ebery kind of dance till him foot-bottom peel.

Perhaps that was how old Sam's own affliction first came about. He was very sociable. He was *said* to have a great many children.

This was, fairly typically, the life of an English family in Jamaica. Mostly these only stayed a few years. The Creoles — families who had been in the West Indies for more than one generation — gradually evolved something a little more distinctive.

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They lost some of the traditional mental mechanism of Europe, and the outlines of a new one began to appear.

There was one such family the Bas-Thorntons were acquainted with, who had a ramshackle estate to the eastward. They invited John and Emily to spend a couple of days with them; but Mrs. Thornton was in two minds about letting them go, lest they should learn bad ways. The children there were a wildish lot, and, in the morning at least, would often run about barefoot like negroes — which is a very important point in a place like Jamaica where the whites have to keep up appearances. They had a governess whose blood was possibly not pure, and who used to beat the children ferociously with a hairbrush. However, the climate at the Fernandez's place was healthy, and also Mrs. Thornton thought it good for them to have some intercourse with other children outside their own family, however undesirable; and she let them go.

It was a long buggy ride. Both fat John and thin Emily were speechless and solemn with excitement; it was the first visit they had ever paid. Hour after hour the buggy labored over the uneven road. At last the lane to Exeter — the Fernandez place — was reached. It was evening, the sun about to do his rapid tropical setting. He was unusually large and red, as if he threatened something peculiar. The lane, or drive, was gorgeous. For the first few hundred yards it was entirely hedged with "seaside grapes," clusters of fruit halfway between a gooseberry and a golden pippin, with here and there the red berries of coffee trees newly planted among the burnt stumps in a clearing, but already neglected. Then, a massive stone gateway in a sort of Colonial-Gothic style. This had to be circumvented, for no one had taken the trouble to heave open the heavy gates for years. There was no fence, nor ever had been, so the track simply passed it by.

And beyond the gate an avenue of magnificent cabbage-palms. No tree, not oldest beech nor chestnut, is more spectacular in an avenue. It rises a sheer hundred feet with no break in the line before the actual crown of plumes; and palm upon palm, palm upon palm like a heavenly double row of pillars, leading on interminably, till even the huge house was dwarfed into a sort of ultimate mouse trap.

As they journeyed on between these palms, the sun went suddenly down. Darkness flooded up round them out of the

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The market at San Juan, Porto Rico, is a study in sunlight and shadow.

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ground, retorted to almost immediately by the moon. Presently, shimmering like a ghost, an old blind white donkey stood in their way. Curses did not move him. The driver had to climb down and push him aside. The air was full of the usual tropic din — mosquitoes humming, cicalas trilling, bullfrogs twanging like guitars. That din goes on all night and all day almost — is more insistent, more memorable than even the heat itself or the number of things that bite. In the valley beneath, the fireflies came to life; as if at a signal passed along, wave after wave of light swept down the gorge.

From a neighboring hill the cockatoos began their serenade, an orchestration of drunk men laughing against iron girders tossed at each other and sawn up with rusty hacksaws — a most awful noise. But Emily and John, so far as they noticed it at all, found it vaguely exhilarating. Through it could presently be distinguished another sound — a negro praying. They soon came near him. Where an orange tree, loaded with golden fruit, gleamed dark and bright in the moonlight, veiled in the pin-point scintillation of a thousand fireflies sat the old black saint among the branches, talking loudly, drunkenly, and confidentially with God.

Almost unexpectedly they came on the house, and were whisked straight off to bed. Emily omitted to wash, since there seemed such a hurry, but made up for it by spending an unusually long time over her prayers. She pressed her eyeballs devoutly with her fingers to make sparks appear, in spite of the slightly sick feeling it always induced; and then, already sound asleep, clambered, I suppose, into bed.

The next day the sun rose as he had set — large, round, and red. It was blindingly hot — foreboding. Emily, who woke early in a strange bed, stood at the window watching the negroes release the hens from the chicken houses, where they were shut up at night for fear of John-crows. As each bird hopped sleepily out, the black passed his hand over its stomach to see if it meditated an egg that day; if so, it was confined again or it would have gone off and laid in the bush. It was already as hot as an oven. Another black, with eschatological yells and tail-twistings and lassoings, was confining a cow in a kind of pillory, that it might have no opportunity of sitting down while being milked. The poor brute's hooves were aching with the heat, its miserable teacup of milk fevered in its udder. Even as she stood at the shady window,

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Emily felt as sweaty as if she had been running. The ground was fissured with drought.

Margaret Fernandez, whose room Emily was sharing, slipped out of bed silently and stood beside her, wrinkling the short nose in her pallid face.

"Good morning," said Emily, politely.

"Smells like an earthquake," said Margaret, and dressed. Emily remembered the awful story about the governess and the hairbrush. Certainly Margaret did not use one for its ordinary purpose, though she had long hair; so it must be true.

Margaret was ready long before Emily, and banged out of the room. Emily followed later, neat and nervous, to find no one. The house was empty. Presently she spied John under a tree, talking to a negro boy. By his offhand manner, Emily guessed he was telling *disproportionate* stories (not *lies*) about the importance of Ferndale compared with Exeter. She did not call to him, because the house was silent and it was not her place, as guest, to alter anything; so she went out to him. Together they circumnavigated. They found a stable yard, and negroes preparing ponies, and the Fernandez children, barefoot even as Rumor had whispered. Emily caught her breath, shocked. Even at that moment a chicken, scuttling across the yard, trod on a scorpion and tumbled over stark dead as if shot. But it was not so much the danger which upset Emily as the unconventionality.

"Come on," said Margaret; "it's much too hot to stay about here. We'll go down to Exeter Rocks."

The cavalcade mounted, Emily very conscious of her boots, buttoned respectably half-way up her calf. Somebody had food and calabashes of water. The ponies evidently knew the way. The sun was still red and large; the sky above cloudless, and like blue glaze poured over white-hot clay. But close to the ground a dirty gray haze hovered. As they followed the lane toward the sea, they came to a place where, yesterday, a fair-sized spring had bubbled up by the roadside. Now it was dry. But even as they passed, a kind of gout of water gushed forth; and then it was dry again, although gurgling inwardly to itself. But the children were hot, far too hot to speak to one another; they sat their ponies as loosely as possible, longing for the sea. Their pace grew slower and slower. It was no faster than a procession of snails that at last they reached the sea.

Exeter Rocks is a famous place. A bay of the sea, almost a

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The tired business man of St. Thomas refreshes himself at a roadside pop vender's stand.

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perfect semicircle, guarded by the reef; shelving white sands to span the few feet from the water to the undercut turf; and then, almost at the mid point, a jutting-out shelf of rocks right into deep water — fathoms deep. And a narrow fissure in the rocks, leading the water into a small pool or miniature lagoon, right inside their bastion. There it was, safe from sharks or drowning, that the Fernandez children meant to soak themselves all day, like turtles in a crawl. The water of the bay was as smooth and immovable as basalt, yet clear as the finest gin; albeit the swell muttered a mile away on the reef. No sea breeze thought of stirring. No bird trespassed on the inert air.

For a while they had not energy to get into the water, but lay on their faces, looking down, down, down, at the sea fans and sea feathers, the scarlet-plumed barnacles and corals, the black and yellow schoolmistress fish, the rainbow fish — all that forest of ideal Christmas trees which is a tropical sea bottom. Then they stood up, giddy and seeing black, and in a trice were floating suspended in water like drowned ones, only their noses above the surface, under the shadow of a rocky ledge.

An hour or so after noon they clustered together, puffy from the warm water, in the insufficient shade of a Panama Fern; ate such of the food they had brought as they had appetite for; and drank all the water, wishing for more. Then a very odd thing happened. For even as they sat there, they heard the most peculiar sound — a strange, rushing sound that passed overhead like a gale of wind. But not a breath of breeze stirred. *That* was the odd thing, followed by a sharp hissing and hurtling, like a flight of rockets or gigantic swans — very distant rocs, perhaps — on the wing. They all looked up. But there was nothing at all. The sky was empty and lucid. Long before they were back in the water again, all was still. Except that after a while John noticed a sort of tapping, as if someone were gently knocking the outside of a bath you were in. But the bath they were in had no outside; it was solid world. It was funny.

By sunset they were so weak from long immersion they could barely stand up, and as salted as bacon. But with some common impulse, just before the sun went down, they all left the rocks and went and stood by their clothes where the ponies were tethered under some palms. As he sank, the sun grew even larger; and instead of red was now a sodden purple. Down he went, behind the western horn of the bay, which immediately blackened till its

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water line disappeared, and substance and reflection seemed one sharp symmetrical pattern.

Not a breath of breeze even yet ruffled the water; but momentarily it trembled of its own accord, shattering the reflections; then was glassy again. On that the children held their breath, waiting for it to happen.

A school of fish, terrified by some purely submarine event, thrust their heads right out of the water, scurrying across the bay in an arrowy rush, dashing up sparkling ripples with the tiny heave of their shoulders. Yet after each disturbance all was soon like hardest, dark, thick, glass.

Once things vibrated slightly, like a chair in a concert room; and again there was that mysterious winging, though there was nothing visible beneath the swollen, iridescent stars.

Then it came. The water of the bay began to ebb away, as if someone had pulled up the plug; a foot or so of sand and coral gleamed for a moment new to the air; then back the sea rushed in miniature rollers which splashed right up to the feet of the palms. Mouthfuls of turf were torn away, and on the far side of the bay a small piece of cliff tumbled into the water. Sand and twigs showered down, dew fell from the trees like diamonds. Birds and beasts, their tongues at last loosed, screamed and bellowed. The ponies, though quite unalarmed, lifted up their heads and yelled.

That was all — a few moments — then silence, with a rapid countermarch, recovered all his rebellious kingdom. Stillness again. The trees moved as little as the pillars of a ruin, each leaf laid sleekly in place. The bubbling foam subsided. The reflections of the stars came out among it as if there could never have been a disturbance, however slight. The naked children, too, continued to stand motionless beside the quiet ponies.

But it was too much for Emily. The earthquake went completely to her head. She began to dance, hopping laboriously from one foot onto the other. John caught the infection. He turned head over heels on the damp sand, over and over in an elliptical course till before he knew it he was in the water, and so giddy as hardly to be able to tell up from down.

At that, Emily knew what it was she wanted to do. She scrambled onto a pony and galloped him up and down the beach, trying to bark like a dog. The Fernandez children stared, solemn but not disapproving. John, shaping a course for Cuba, was swimming as if sharks were paring his toe nails. Emily rode her

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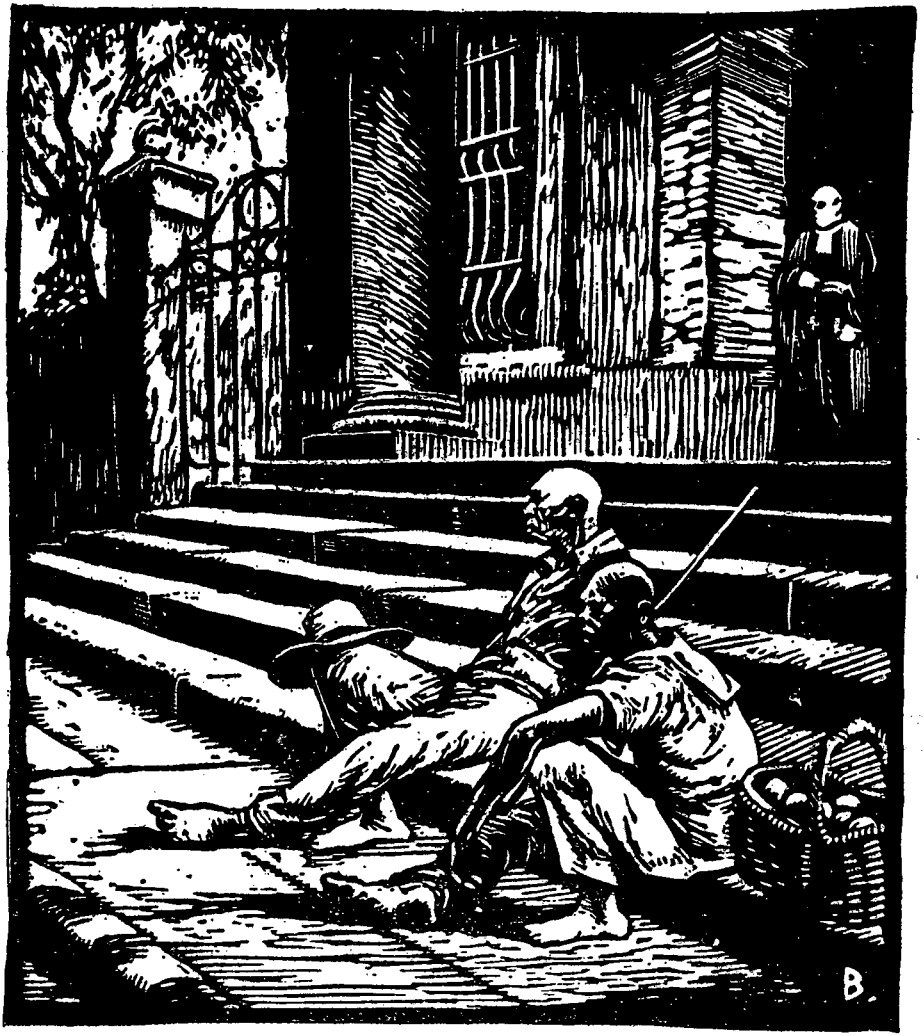

The church steps offer just one more excuse to postpone getting back to work after the siesta.

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pony into the sea, and beat and beat him till he swam; and she followed John toward the reef, yapping herself hoarse. It must have been fully a hundred yards before they were spent. Then they turned for the shore, John holding onto Emily's leg, puffing and gasping, both a little overdone, their emotion run down. Presently John gasped:

"You shouldn't ride on your bare skin, you'll catch ringworm."

"I don't care if I do," said Emily.

"You would if you did," said John.

"I don't care!" chanted Emily.

It seemed a long way to the shore. When they reached it, the others had dressed and were preparing to start. Soon the whole party was on its way home in the dark. Presently Margaret said:

"So that's that."

No one answered.

"I could smell it was an earthquake coming when I got up. Didn't I say so, Emily?"

"You and your smells!" said Jimmie Fernandez. "You're always smelling things!"

"She's awfully good at smells," said the youngest, Harry, proudly, to John. "She can sort out people's dirty clothes for the wash by smell — who they belong to."

"She can't really," said Jimmie: "She fakes it. As if everyone smelt different!"

"I can!"

"Dogs can, anyway," said John.

Emily said nothing. Of course people smelt different — it didn't need arguing. She could always tell her own towel from John's, for instance, or even know if one of the others had used it. But it just showed what sort of people Creoles were, to *talk* about smell in that open way.

"Well, anyhow, I said there was going to be an earthquake and there was one," said Margaret.

That was what Emily was waiting for! So it really had been an earthquake. (She had not liked to ask, it seemed so ignorant; but now Margaret had said in so many words that it was one.) If ever she went back to England, she could now say to people, "*I have been in an earthquake.*"

With that certainty, her soused excitement began to revive. For there was nothing — no adventure from the hands of God or

(*Continued on page 949*)

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CAN THE LOWER ANIMALS HEAR?

H. Munro Fox

THIS problem offers many difficulties. How are we to know, in the first place, whether an animal experiences sensations in the same way we do? Or whether he has any sensations at all? It is natural to attribute to animals feelings similar to our own, just as a child talks to animals or to inanimate objects, imagining them to understand. But how can we know for certain what goes on in the animal mind when we cannot put ourselves there to find out?

Two methods are open to us. One is to study the reactions of the animal. We can investigate whether it responds to sounds, for example, in the same way that we do ourselves. This will inform us whether sounds can be appreciated by the animal. It cannot tell us, however, what actual impression the animal has of the sound, even if it be perceived. It may be that sound is felt in totally different ways by the animal and by us.

For instance, when a tuning fork vibrates, we hear a note through our ears. The movements of the fork cause movements of the air which, by setting up vibrations in the ear drum, are appreciated by us as sound. But place the vibrating fork against the skin and we experience quite a different sensation. The vibrations of the metal affect the touch nerves in the skin and we feel a tickling sensation. If these touch nerves were more sensitive, the air vibrations caused by the fork would be appreciated as a tickling, even when the fork is held at a distance.

Might this not be true of insects? They would then be affected by the air waves of sound, even though one could not say they heard the sound. This is all the more possible because insect nerves function much more rapidly than our own. It is well known that the beat of an insect's wings is extremely rapid. The house fly's wings make over three hundred movements a second. Each beat is caused by a contraction of the fly's wing muscles, and each of these contractions is caused by a nerve impulse coming from the fly's brain.

In ourselves, such rapid nerve impulses do not cause separate contractions or twitches of the muscles. They cause a state of continued contraction, as, for example, when the biceps is made to work. In other words, the insect's motor nerves from the brain

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to the muscles work differently from our own nerves. It may be, then, that the sense nerves of the insect also act differently from ours. They may perceive and distinguish much more rapid and finer vibrations than the touch nerves in our skin can detect. The air vibrations which we call sound may perhaps be felt by the insect as very rapid but separate beats, causing something like a tickling feeling.

The second method of inquiring whether the same stimuli cause the same sensations in ourselves and in the lower animals is to compare the anatomy of their sense organs with ours. If the animal has something which is constructed like our ear, it is quite possible that the animal can hear. If nothing like an ear exists, more probably the animal, if it is affected at all by air vibrations, feels them in a different manner from ourselves.

In short, there are several distinct questions. First, do the air or water vibrations which we can hear affect the animals at all? Second, if the animal is influenced by these vibrations, what sort of organs are acted upon? The answer to this second query will give us some indication whether sounds are heard *as* sounds. But there is a third question, to which no certain answer can be given. Assuming that air or water vibrations are felt, and that some organ like an ear is present to hear it, does the animal have a real sensation of sound or music? We can find out by what kind of organ the creature receives the vibrations. We can see in what way the animal acts as a result of the sensation. But we cannot put ourselves inside the beast and discover whether or not it hears as we do.

First of all, let us see what the essential parts of the human ear are, before we start to compare the possible ears of lower creatures with it.

Sound is caused by longitudinal waves in air or in water. The particles of air vibrate to and fro in the direction of propagation of the sound. The distance moved to and fro is called the amplitude of the sound wave. The greater the amplitude, the greater the strength of the sound perceived by the ear. The height of the note depends upon the number of vibrations a second. The mechanism of the ear in hearing sounds resembles what is called resonance in a stringed instrument. When a note is sounded by a violin in the neighborhood of a piano, the vibration produces air waves which cause to vibrate just those strings of the piano which correspond to the note played.

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After this preliminary, we can understand the structure of the ear. The sound waves striking the ear drum cause it to vibrate. These vibrations are transmitted to the inner ear by three small bones called ear ossicles. The inner ear consists of a small closed chamber, which has a spiral form for economy of space. It is filled with liquid. Throughout the length of this spiral inner ear is suspended a membrane which consists of fine fibres. The fibres are numerous and are of varying lengths. It is these fibres in the spiral inner ear which act like the piano strings just mentioned. When a note makes the ear drum vibrate, the vibrations are transmitted by the three ear ossicles and cause the liquid of the inner ear to vibrate in its turn. As we know, to each note corresponds a certain rate of vibration. The particular rate of vibration of the liquid then causes the corresponding fibre immersed in it to vibrate, just as the piano string was set in motion by resonance when the violin was played.

How, then, is the vibration of the fibre in the inner ear transmitted to the brain? Over the membrane composed of fibres lie the ends of the sound nerves. When a particular fibre vibrates, the movement causes it to touch one of the nerve endings; thus the movement is communicated to the brain. A different note impinging on the ear would cause another fibre to vibrate and its corresponding nerve to be affected.

Like ourselves, all mammals have an ear constructed in this manner. So do birds; and among the reptiles the crocodile possesses one. But fishes have a much simpler arrangement in the ear; so simple, indeed, that one cannot conclude from its structure whether they can hear sounds. Fish are proverbially deaf and dumb, yet stories have long been told of fish that can hear. There is the famous example of the carp in the pond of a monastery garden in Austria, which came to the edge of the water for their food when a bell was rung. Yet this is no critical nor decisive test of hearing, for the fish may have been attracted by the sight of the approaching monk, or by the shaking of the water through his heavy footsteps.

Quite lately, however, positive proof has been supplied that certain fish at least can respond to sounds. They could not be frightened nor attracted by sounds, it is true, but an indirect experiment proved surely that they are capable of hearing. The fish were first blinded by an operation. It was then found that, as before, they swam toward proffered food, smelling their way to it.

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Next, a certain note was produced on a fife at the moment when the food was offered. After this had been repeated every day for a week, the blind fish would swim forward at the sound of the fife even when given no food, for they had formed the habit of taking food when the sound was produced. This is proof enough that they were affected by the sound.

But the question remains whether this was true hearing. Was the ear itself concerned? The ear of the fish, as we have seen, has a most simple structure. On the other hand, the fish has numerous sense organs in the skin which appreciate water movements. It is conceivable that the water vibrations are felt by the fish's skin as delicate touch shocks. How can this all-important point be settled?

The physiologist can detect the passage of a message along a nerve. For although the message is not accompanied by any visible change in the nerve, yet an electrical current passes through the nerve simultaneously with the message. By suitably delicate instruments this current can be detected and measured. Now it has quite lately been shown that such an electric current actually passes along the nerve from the fish's ear to its brain. The current passes at the moment when a sound is produced in the water. This shows quite plainly that the ear, not the skin, perceives the vibrations.

How does the matter stand with animals lower still in the scale of life? Insects alone will concern us, for crabs, lobsters, snails, oysters, and worms have no voices, nor have they anything resembling ears. But for certain insects the problem is different. At least, they make noises. Bees and flies hum and buzz; crickets may make a deafening sound. The former make the noise with their rapidly vibrating wings, the latter by scraping their legs against their hard bodies. But have any of them ears?

It appears that they have, although it is true that their ears are constructed on quite a different plan from our own. Yet the essential structures are the same. There is a drum which moves in response to the air waves causing sound. There are living cells in connection with this drum which have fibres of different lengths that can vibrate in resonance with the different notes. Each of these cells is connected by a nerve fibre to the insect's brain. Curiously enough, these ears are situated not on the head but in most unexpected places. In butterflies they are on the wings, in locusts on the abdomen, in grasshoppers and crickets on a joint of the forelegs.

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Crickets and grasshoppers react in three different ways to sounds. In the first place, the females seek out the males when the latter chirp, moving straight toward them. Secondly, the males can chirp at regular intervals so that the chirps of two males alternate with one another. They keep time together in a way that could not be explained if they did not hear the sound. And thirdly, the chirping can be caused to stop or to begin again by other sounds. The drums of soldiers, for instance, excite cicadas to begin their concert and the insects stop again as soon as the drums cease beating. On the contrary, clapping of the hands or shouting will make grasshoppers cease their noise. So they must be able to hear.

A word or two more would be in place here concerning sounds as a sex lure among the insects, for the facts are most curious. Undoubtedly in many cases the males sing, or stridulate, as the entomologists say, in order to excite the females. With certain kinds of grasshoppers, the male insect stridulates only when he is close to a female. Male crickets call the females from their burrows by their singing.

Rivalry in song may even be witnessed between males. Several male grasshoppers will sit around a female, each singing to her, and she will choose the best performer. Some kinds of flies, which recognize their mates by their humming, have been seen to make curious mistakes. A male fly has heard the buzz of a bee nearby and has mistaken the bee for his own partner and tried to mate with her.

There is a curious little beetle known as the death-watch, the two sexes of which attract one another's attention by banging their heads against the ground. This small beetle is most destructive to beams and other timber, for it bores into the wood. Inside its burrows it makes a regular ticking sound which long ago was thought by the superstitious to be a watch portending the death of some person and counting out his last hours. The fact is, however, that the males and females are unable to see one another in their dark tunnels in the wood, so they attract each other's attention by sound.

From all this it seems justifiable to deduce that insects can hear. Before we make up our minds that it is true hearing, however, we must be quite sure of one point. When the creature is on the ground, is it really the air waves that affect the insect's ears? Or are these organs perhaps influenced by earth tremors which

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accompany the sound, whether it be produced by other insects or by ourselves? In other words, is it true sound or is it mere mechanical shaking that the insect is perceiving — tremors such as we feel when a heavy truck passes the house?

This has been tested by a most ingenious experiment. As we have seen, a male cricket which is chirping attracts a female. She walks straight toward him, whereas she takes no notice at all of another male whose sound-producing organ has been amputated. Now, if the noisy male is placed far away from the female but close to the mouthpiece of a telephone, the sound can be transmitted along the wire to an ear-piece placed in the neighborhood of the female. When this is done the female walks straight to the telephone. This proves quite clearly that she hears the sound and does not merely feel fine earth tremors which might be caused by the male when making his noise.

A further series of experiments has proved quite conclusively that the insects really hear. Crickets, we have seen, often chirp alternately with one another. The one makes its noise at regular intervals; the second does so likewise, but its sounds fall in the intervals between those of the first insect. They beat time together, as it were. When the ears of the insects are closed with wax, they always chirp quite independently of each other. There is no longer any regular rhythm, evidently because they do not hear one another.

To be absolutely certain that sound waves in the air were really responsible, and not earth tremors, the investigator hung up each insect in a little paper box attached to a child's balloon. There was thus no earth connection at all between the crickets. Nevertheless, they chirped alternately with one another in quite regular rhythm.

Woodcut by H. Glintenkamp

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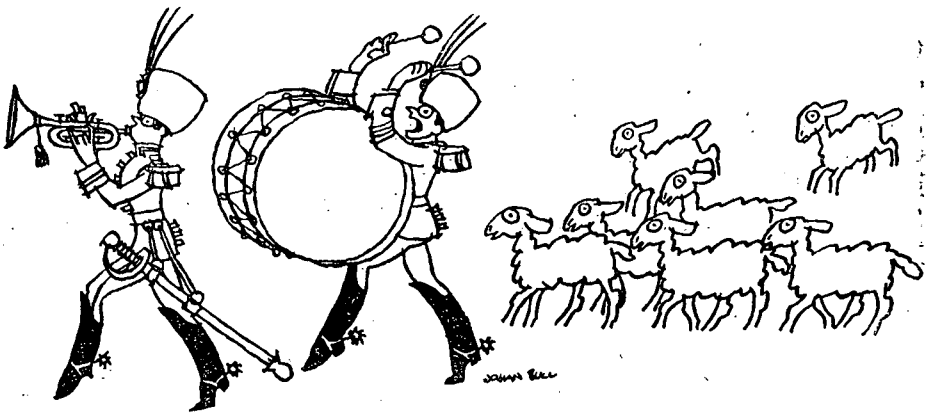

BLOW THE TRUMPET! BEAT THE DRUM!

DON MARQUIS

Forum Table Talk

BLOW the trumpet! Beat the drum! America is now definitely and unmistakably enlisted among the empires. Hayti is administered from Washington. So is Nicaragua. For the moment there is an obvious effort to conciliate Latin America. That moment will pass; it is the prelude to the Real Thing. Blow the trumpet! Beat the drum! The youngest of the empires needs patriots. Let us have oratory, flutes, arguments, cannon, golden romance, bayonets, sentiment, hautboys and kettledrums, poems, pageants, slogans, posters, machine guns, recruiting sergeants, tears and cheers for the flag. For the years of alarum and excursion begin; glory overseas awaits us. We are about to grasp, imperially nerved, the glaive of conquest; we enter upon our larger destiny.

Blow the trumpet! Beat the drum! We shall need recruits; we shall need ad writers, cinema wizards, college professors. We shall need archangelic thunder shaken from the winged incumbents of a thousand pulpits. We shall need inspired broadcasters. We shall need dedicated men of science. We shall need inspiration and fever — for there are certain things that cannot be done in cold blood, however coolly planned. Therefore, blow the trumpet! Beat the drum!

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Our people as a whole are not conscious of any feeling of enmity toward the other peoples of the Western Hemisphere; but they can be educated. They can be shown how they have been oppressed and tyrannized over by the miserable half-castes (foreigners, too, by God! speaking foreign languages!) who have illiberally hampered their access to oil fields, rubber fields, mineral fields, in flagrant defiance of the Justice of God, the Rights of Man, the Honor of the Flag, the Progress of Humanity, the

Sanctity of Womanhood, the Genius of the Race, the Traditions of Civilization, the Will of Destiny, the Safety of Democracy, the Inviolability of the Home, the Growth of Occidental Culture, the Freedom of the Seas, and the Audible Wishes of Heaven. Blow the trumpet! Beat the drum! Everything sacred, everything noble, everything American marches with us.

Let us enter proudly upon the new era, averting our faces from a dead nigger rotting in the jungle mud with the flies stinking round the bayonet wound in his guts. Let us not look at him at all, since he is not pleasant to look at, has no legitimate place on the posters, and might cast suspicion upon the sacrosanct character of our ultimate motives. Let us enter proudly and nobly; we shall need widows, they are appealing — an entire literature may grow up about their fidelity to the cross that marks a lonely grave in some far wilderness. And we shall need orphans, fingering the blade that father carried in South America, or the souvenir he sent home before he was potted from behind a palm tree by some copper-colored ruffian. These widows and orphans are romantic, and we shall need all the romance we can command marching along with us on our imperial road. We shall need reporters, editors, short story writers, to tell us how much better off the alien peoples are under our beneficent rule.

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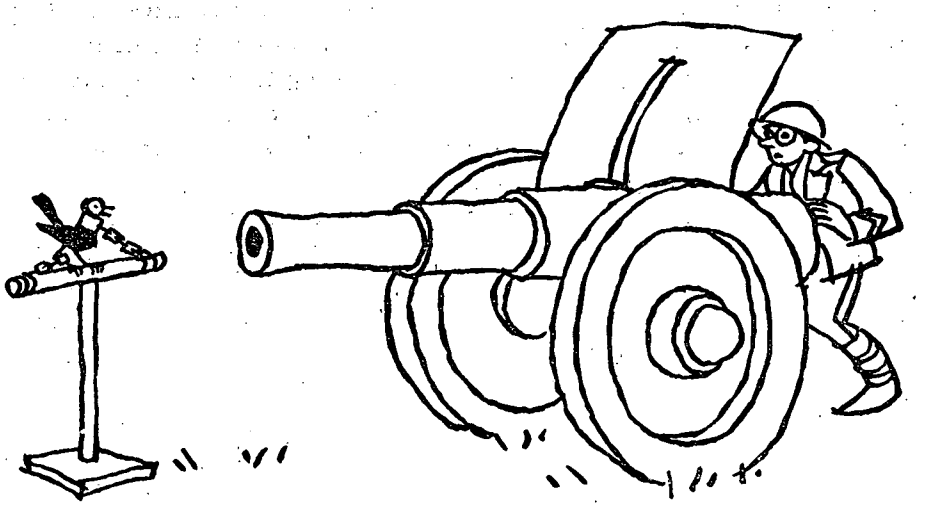
And, just to blood us a little at the start, we should have something like an Opium War to support, or something like a raid upon the Boers and their country to be enthusiastic about, or a series of Belgian-Congo ivory massacres to enlist our admiration, or a thousand Sepoys to blow from the gun muzzles to teach the natives their lesson. These things are necessary; God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. We cannot hope to carry enlightenment to the heathen without some reciprocal pains. As we mourn over these necessities, we can also reflect that it hurts them worse than it does us.

We have not entered idly upon the difficult path of high empire. We have been forced thereto. Our overlords of visible and tangible and ponderable wealth led us, nobly. They have needed raw materials. Raw materials to turn into wealth, which is power. Unless one has power, one is not an overlord. It is our overlords of the tangible, the material, the graspable who have been forced to lead us into these paths of glory and Christian self-sacrifice, for they must have raw materials, which are money, which is power. And power is social prestige among the kings of the world, and yachts, and delightful entertainments, and wonderful wives, and extraordinary, enviable mistresses, and that agreeable independence of mundane accidents and circumstances without which Life, damn it all, is really not worth living.

And look what they do for the Arts, for Science, for Education, for the Churches, for Civilization generally! Could we, the human race, get along without these overlords? We never have. It is they



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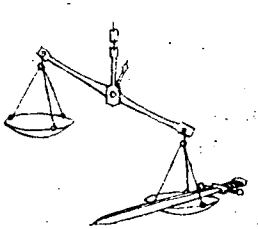
who have forced our politicians to embrace our imperial destinies. They need power. They are engaged in developing, out of their native and inherent crudity, an aristocracy based on such materials as oil, rubber, minerals, etc., etc., etc., which, when it arrives, should be the peculiar joy of the cosmos and all the rambling gods therein. But a material empire, stated starkly, has never appealed to the multitudes (whose numbers and toil are necessary to the support of any empire), and hence the necessity of inspiring a romantic, feverish enthusiasm through enlisting the services of all the drums, the trumpets, the orators, the wizards of pageantry, the poets, the sentimentalists, and all the masters of the revels. So blow the trumpets! Beat the drums!

So far, we have only throttled an asthmatic old crone or two in a dark alley and taken the pennies out of the poor hag's stocking; but that is a beginning! Our future lies glorious before us, and our sword is righteousness and our shield is honor. We need lint, gunpowder, gas, sermons, Service, devotion; we need Ideals, slogans, Dedicated Young Men, hounds of uplift, and hymns of salvation; we need laboratories for the quantitative manufacture of moral-cum-biological justification. We need (and we shall get) the laudation of ethical prophets. The bugs of empire are swarming in our veins. We need a censorship to conceal from us the character of the world we are making and the implication of our daily life and national deeds.

Blow the trumpet! Beat the drum! Yesterday we started, to-day we are on our way, to-morrow we shall be as one with. . . .

But even in Nineveh and Tyre there were these basic, impelling necessities. Is it not necessary that a hero, who has only succeeded in making himself worth $20,000,000 at home, should become imperialist in order to make himself worth $100,000,000? Of course it is necessary! It is only the defeatists who cannot enter imaginatively into the dreams and visions of these titans.



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Drawing by Harold von Schmidt

EXPERIENCES FACING DEATH

Part II

MARY AUSTIN

THERE are two general theories of the origin of human consciousness. One is that consciousness is the by-product of life-activity. The primary assumption is that life originates in an incidental complex of chemico-physical processes, and that consciousness is produced out of them in much the same way that heat or energy or any other of the more obvious by-products of chemico-physical activity are produced. It is not necessary to go into the details of this theory here, since it happens to be the one rejected by the writer. The other theory is that consciousness is energetic in its nature, that it permeates the universe, proceeding from an unidentified source, to lodge in the material complex which affords the necessary scope to its activities.

It is generally assumed by those who hold either of these two theories that early in the history of this terrestrial globe the conditions which favored life existed more abundantly than at present, particularly in the shallow borders of primordial seas where sunlight could penetrate and the water was continuously aërated by the movement of tides. If there is a stream of consciousness penetrating the universe, it found a receiving station in the

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particular mechanism of which protoplasm is the primary product. Once having taken up its residence in the preferred combination of chemico-physical elements, consciousness proceeded to modify its environment in a continuous scheme called evolution, until finally there was developed a mechanism by which self-consciousness became manifest.

The biologist will probably protest that this is an over-simplification of an immensely involved process. But the writer's purpose is merely to indicate that the theory of immortality here set forth is rooted in current concepts of life origins and processes, and that it ties up with much that is in everybody's mind about streams of energy, receiving and sending mechanisms, and their relation to what is known to go on in human consciousness.

Nobody now has the temerity to deny that consciousness, whatever its origin, behaves as if it proceeded out of inexhaustible reservoirs. It behaves like an independent form of energy that is capable of modifying its host and is modified in turn by the mechanism that exhibits it. It behaves as if Jesus were, on the whole, correct in assuming for it a universal source, the Father, a projection of it incarnated in the individual human being, the Son, and a natural passage — a wave length back and forth — a Holy Spirit between its source and the self-conscious entity. And within the human mechanism the modified self-conscious tip of the projection of the stream becomes something that may be differentiated by the term "human soul," if that term appeals to you. It behaves so much like the Father, Son, Holy Spirit, and the soul of orthodox religion that you will find that you can discuss it under those terms without abating a single jot of the severest scientific scholarship, provided, of course, you are not one of those unfortunate persons to whom words become crystallized into stumbling blocks.

The jumping-off place for the material scientist will be the point at which it is attempted to determine that the bud at the end of the individual projection, shaped by the mechanisms of mortality, the ganglia, glands, torts, and reactions of personal existence, is to be thought of as capable of continued personal adventures after the husk of its mortal existence has withered away. The scientist, not being able to demonstrate the soul objectively, jumps back; the writer, not requiring objective demonstration of what comes by way of the Sacred Middle, jumps ahead and accepts the responsibility of a soul. Somewhere out of

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the age-long experience of the autonomic system — so experienced and so competent to carry on its work without members, head, brain, or intellect, which it created to be its aids and instruments, so inseparable from the Source that I have often wondered if what Jesus meant to say was not that the Kingdom is in the middle of you, rather than "in the midst" — within that system, out of the substance of things hoped for, has evolved the undying spark of myself.

EOPLE who have been reading what has recently been written on the conditions of personal survival have noted a return to a concept which has come up in nearly every philosophy of such survival, remaining a permanent item in the philosophy of the Orient. This is the belief in an impalpable envelope for the spirit, developing along with the physical body, but remaining intact after death, called in the Theosophic philosophy "the astral body." The astral body is a replica of the flesh and blood body, capable of separating from it even in life, and of passing itself off for the very frame and presentment of reality.

Modern advocates of the spiritistic philosophy do not quite accept all the Oriental dogmas of astral existence, but no less a person than Sir Oliver Lodge seems to find in recent alterations of our thinking about the nature and composition of matter, ground for a reasonable presumption of some sort of indestructible envelope for the personal element which survives. Since, in the present state of our knowledge, it seems impossible to think of the individual consciousness as existing independently of some vehicle, we are more or less obliged to assume one, even though we cannot find any ground whatever for postulating its shape and capabilities.

It would be consoling to think of ourselves the day after death in full possession of an instrument of familiar shape and adaptability. It was because I couldn't think of it in those terms that I found myself daunted when I thought death was upon me. Suppose death finds us as the beginning of life did, with the envelope all to create again, a whole cycle of evolution on another plane to undertake?

Reduced to its lowest terms, we know that the substances of which our bodies are built exist primarily as positive charges of electricity, holding together various aggregations of ions. And

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suppose after death one exists solely as a positive charge of consciousness in a nest of ethereal matter — or whatever it is that fills the interstices of the universe?

Appealing as the idea is, of an ethereal or astral body of appreciable form within which the spirit of man is stayed and out of which he will one day shake the dust of his mortal frame, certain intensely personal experiences biased my intelligence against it. Because of physical idiosyncrasies which make it inexpedient for me to avail myself of the usual anæsthetics and anodynes for pain, I have several times been pushed to the farthest edge of self-help to escape its humiliations. Minor afflictions can be evaded, for it is no longer considered a symptom of incipient mental decay to admit that one does evade them, by pushing the responsibility far back into the region inadequately described as the subconscious.

Twice, by efforts of desperation, I had abandoned situations pronounced by the doctors — for one cannot go back of what one is told in these cases — to be of the utmost seriousness. Once, in a single night, I had shed a train of physical disabilities accumulated through several years of natural misadventures and inadequate medical attention — shed them as a tree sheds its leaves, and possibly by an analogous process of a complete withdrawal of consciousness. Experimentally acquainted with the method familiar to almost every creative worker, of flooding a neglected area with healthy consciousness, "turning on the juice" in deliberate efforts at self-renewal, I was ready to accept the superiority of consciousness over its material host — I was quite ready to accept even the possibility that it might pass from one envelope to another.

Anyone remotely acquainted with the phenomena of hypnotism, trance, and some forms of auto-suggestion will recall that under those conditions consciousness behaves as though it could abandon its physical host for periods occasionally prolonged into months, or that it can apparently retire completely from definite areas, or even appear to take up its residence in some object wholly outside the body. Medical science is making wide use of these behaviors of consciousness to promote health and aid in the repair and renewal of tissues that have been rent by surgery.

The writer has never been clever at utilizing these widely admitted possibilities as an aid to health, partly because there has been little demand for it. But in this emergency, unable to make use of hypnotic drugs, I discovered that the recurrent intervals of

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pain could be escaped by projecting my consciousness into a remote blue spark, where I tucked up my feet, so to speak, and waited for the occasion of pain to pass. The blue spark was not imagined; it was discovered when I was fleeing not so much from pain as from the terror of the drugs which would have stopped the bodily pain only to leave the abused consciousness wandering in a private hell of its own, and more to be dreaded than any physical pang.

Once discovered, the spark was always available for relief; but if I put off jumping too long, hoping the pain would turn out a false alarm, or waiting to see what the nurse could do, I had to take several running jumps before I could make it. Once inside, however, I was safe *so long as I remained conscious of being there.* But if, through the natural physical relaxation of relief, I fell asleep, I woke up presently in the here and now, with its attendant agony. I learned by practice to secure a certain amount of rest by keeping, as it were, one eye open on the spark, blue and infinitely small and isolated. But if I failed to be to some extent constantly aware of it, I fell into my body again, and had to submit to the humiliation of dope.

After this experience, there began to creep upon me a question as to whether escape from the ills of bodily existence might not involve a similar return to an original state of nature, stripped to the dimensions of a spark. I began to realize that though there remained intact, as the very core of consciousness, the knowledge of Immaterial Reality, which for convenience we call God, all my ways to and from that certainty were along mechanisms which death would more than likely dissolve. I was appalled to realize the extent to which most of those appreciations of natural beauty which make up the greater part of my spiritual experience came through the sensory apparatus, which often becomes inoperative during life. And what warrant is there that conscious intelligence, which is a late outgrowth of the spirit, will not also disappear with the brain in which it is installed?

I began to recall that the Greeks, always a straight-thinking people, conceived the country of the dead as drab and colorless, except for those whose offenses against the gods singled them out for exemplary punishment, or for a few heroes who, it was hoped rather than believed, might attain a sketchily limned Happy Isles. Otherwise they imaged the innumerable host of the dead as flitting through a gray world emptied both of desire and the crea-

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tive will. When you think of how many of the living seem to go about in a similar state, this begins to appear as a reasonable inference. Taken in connection with the teaching of all the great prophets of survival, like Jesus, who taught that immortality is more or less contingent upon maintaining a certain spiritual awareness in this life (Except ye abide in me . . . ye shall not see the Father), my experience with the blue spark as the resort of relief began to seem also prophetic.

HENEVER I try to recount what was in my mind at this juncture, someone suggests a resort to the current popular forms of what are alleged to be communications from those who have already passed through the experience of dying. To which there is but one reply possible to the inquiring mind: that the more subtle personal experiences, of which I have had my share, in which one seems to feel the vital nearness of the beloved dead, convincing as they are emotionally, are never capable of being reduced to the dimensions of proof.

And to one who has already accepted the evidence of the Sacred Middle that consciousness is in its nature ever-living, what somebody's wife's sister has communicated to Mr. Sludge, the medium, is relatively unimportant. Moreover, the appalling triviality of these alleged communications suggests that one really does leave one's intelligence behind along with the brain in which it was housed.

Allowing the utmost to the sort of experiences which are most frequently reported as evidences of disembodied existence, one sees how slender and unhelpful is the revelation that comes through spiritistic research! First, the dead appear to be nearer to the bereaved than formerly, spiritually more accessible. Old intimacies are renewed unmarred by minor misunderstandings.

Next in frequency of such anecdotes are those which seem to indicate that the discarnate cling for some time to the neighborhood of their demise, or to neighborhoods with which they have some emotional association; or they are discerned in familiar places, going on with accustomed tasks. Many of these tales suggest that the disembodied ones do not immediately realize what has happened to them. Finally, there is a large collection of incidents seriously vouched for, in which the vanished friend reappears in moments of stress, bringing consolation and aid.

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Except for the last item which brings up the possibility that one might somehow continue to serve the living, there is not a glimmer of desirability held out to an active modern mind by such pictures of the life to come. What I wish to know — and I consider this the absolutely essential item — is whether it is the life of here and now or the next life which represents the high peak of experience in self-consciousness. When we think of the long and intricate path of evolution which has been traversed in order to produce a mechanism able to sustain intelligent self-consciousness, even of the rudimentary degree displayed by man, the achievement begins to take on heretofore unimagined connotations of importance.

Consider a man in a snowstorm contemplating a single flake, realizing its six-sided perfection, of such infinite variety of pattern that no two have ever been found alike, knowing the flake's metamorphosis out of a previously fluid state, in the exact proportion of two gases, realizing the relation of that fact to the world about him and the universe of which it is a part, knowing that he knows, and being aware at the same time that his feet are freezing, and that if the experience is unduly prolonged he may either cease to exist, as the snowflake in his breath, or swing out into a new state of being of which he is capable of thinking all the things we have just thought. Does it not seem possible that death is after all a regression from a state so hardly attained and imperfectly realized?

At this point I had a vision of the beach at Carmel, opal shining with the bubbles of successive wave marks, by which it seemed that the Sea of Consciousness leaped and dropped without attaining any more objective permanence than the scuds of foam, poor ghosts, that after storms fled briefly in the fitful wind along the shore.

AFTER all this alternation of shock and doubt and surmise, finding myself still fast to my Middle and its conviction that life can but change its house and cannot die, I began to ask myself: "What, explicitly, do we know of consciousness that serves as a starting point for a new life-cycle, supposing that we get through with nothing else?"

To answer that, we have to consider consciousness as displayed in the whole scale of evolution as well as in the individual span. One can scarcely think of individual consciousness at all except as

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characterized by self-awareness, desire, and will. All consciousness, even in the rudimentary form in which some biologists, and some phychologists too, are willing to admit it occurring in plants, is possessed with an urge toward form — objective form. I am not sure myself that this urge toward objectivity isn't present so universally that it makes itself known in the spiral nebula and the infinite six-sided variety of the crystals of H_2O. At any rate, it is present in all the forms of consciousness that we dare talk about, along with the will to create that form. Whatever the substance in which a spark of consciousness is lodged, it immediately begins to work upon that material; vegetable tissue, flesh, and blood it adapts and modifies to its desire.

And that brings us to another characteristic of consciousness as we know it in evolution — obedience. It works always with the law of its material. Every working artist, every chemist and physicist, every inventor and mechanician, will understand how I began to find consolation in this remembered amenability of consciousness to the law of materials. However aloof and lonely, the disembodied spirit could at least lay hold on the familiar realities of natural laws, however imperfectly recalled. If one knew a great deal of such law, one might possibly go forward with celerity.

Then there is our latest discovery about the nature of consciousness: namely, that it is highly suggestible. The individual consciousness takes the shape that is imposed upon it; especially it takes the pattern of the house of life in which it has resided for some three score and ten years, the moods determined by glands and nerves, the appetites and motions induced by our limited mechanisms. Worse still, individual consciousness is acted upon by the instruments it has created to be its servants, and cripples itself again and again by settling in the mold prescribed for it by the intelligence and the senses.

If we conclude, then, as seems the only reasonable hypothesis, that individual consciousness is susceptible of survival, it would be likeliest to survive with these attributes — suggestibility, the urge toward form, obedience to natural law, desire and the will to move in the direction of its accomplishment.

So, then, it seemed reasonable to suppose that as soon as death is realized, the liberated spark will at once set about creating itself a new envelope, a new evolution. Above everything else, the human consciousness in survival would remain aware of itself, its identity, and a variable range of its capacities, since it does not

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seem logical to imagine, as many people do, that the individual will be aware of much more the moment after death than the moment before. Self-awareness naturally implies a degree of memory — that is to say, a degree of awareness of experience, the kind of memory at least that the fingers of a musician have of the skill they have been forced to acquire, the kind of memory that is implicit in the quality of suggestibility.

It is this quality of suggestibility which seems likely to make difficult the path of the discarnate. Would not a spirit which has accepted no suggestions from life but those of the carnal appetites suffer immoderately in being obliged to exist impotent of any means of expressing the impulses thus created? Would not obstinately entertained erroneous concepts of life after death be equally productive of discarnate arrest and bewilderment? If you had bound up all the human span of your spirit with notions of after-life which implied floating about in a state of ecstasy playing on a harp, or rapping tables; if your belief took that shape, wouldn't you have a "hell" of a time getting on by yourself as a small, blue spark?

All psychologists are disposed to see in the myths and symbols by which man's most intimate problems are primitively objectified, expressions of reality intuitively perceived. What, then, are the death myths, the soul journeys, judgments, ordeals, purgatories, torments, the successive circles of heavenly bliss, but projections of what the individual consciousness intuitively perceives about itself, its nature and possibilities? As for the theory that all these arise out of man's wish to survive, there is no psychological hypothesis which makes this reasonable that does not necessarily include the opposite theory, that the belief in extinction is the outgrowth of a *fear* to survive — the projection of a secret, unadmitted lack of the spiritual vitality necessary to meet the conditions of disincarnation.

Often, in talking with avowed extinctionists, I am struck with the quality of their resistance, touched as it appears to be with a mingled fear and resentment of the implied demands of a condition which they feel unprepared to meet. And that's that for Mr. Bertrand Russell and all those who have nothing but pride with which to fill the gap created by turning out their intuitions — a gap impossible to be filled by the intelligence.

But why should science, in the failure of the intelligence, call upon the emotions, except for the obstinate refusal of human con-

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sciousness to accept a destiny at odds with its inherent quality? Most of us can recall when not even the acutest intelligences knew anything of relativity, radio-activity, and ions. Why should we so persistently accept the limitations of our own ignorance?

I HAVE tried to set this down in illuminative order, though in fact it came intermittently like a revolving light, now red, now blue or green, flashing now and again all together in a white flare of certainty — the certainty that survival is inherent in consciousness and therefore susceptible of being known intuitively. The more the individual becomes conscious of himself, the more he is aware of his own undying quality. Here and now he *hath* eternal life, and perhaps it is not possible to evade it. The revelations of intuition are valid to the extent that we keep them distinct and uncolored by the intelligence which works always under the limitation of the human span. It is probable that eventually the intelligence may master a sufficient number of facts about the nature of consciousness and the way it works to bridge the gap; in the meantime there is this spark in me, which, though I may not be able to perceive it in any communicable way, knows how to ride out the swelling of Jordan.

There were moments, during the time of which I write, when I knew the way with my mind, had quite certain and workable glimpses of the technique. It came so blindingly and went so soon that I have forgotten the details and remember only the certainty. Sometimes I think I could explain the method to a genuine, working Christian versed in the vocabulary of Jesus. But I understand that the intellectuals of to-day are off Jesus for the term of their natural lives. They are unable to separate his vocabulary from the things they haven't liked in the behavior of his present-day followers, and there isn't any other even approximately adequate. Moreover, I gather that many of them have had so thin a time in this life that they contemplate any other with faint interest. But I have come back from the far side of this adventure with certainties that it is worth while being badly scared to reach. It is quite possible that fear also is one of the mysterious ways of life to accomplish its own ends.

In the next issue Bertrand Russell will discuss the attitude of children toward the fear of death.

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FRIENDS OF MINE

JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR.

NOT least among a sportsman's joys are memories that come on winter evenings, when smoke is rising from his pipe, and a log sputters in the fireplace. At such a time the true hunter tastes again the triumph of an antlered head brought low; the true fisherman feels again the weight of bulging creel. Alas, such joys are not for me! When fish sulked and ducks flew out of range, I rested on my oars and shared the laughter of the loon. I remember best the shameful hours when my gun was resting against a tree and I was throwing crumbs to a hungry squirrel.

I think it all began many years ago when I got acquainted with a snake. Perhaps that snake was the beginning of my failure as a sportsman.

Before she came into my life, I was ruled by a single passion — to lure black bass from a little lake in Illinois. Men from the city had fished too well, and bass were scarce. But the faith that moves a mud scow along five miles of shoreline when fish are not biting must produce something in the end. For me it produced a ritual, born of failure and nourished by regrets. Among other things I had learned that honest finny flesh with a live wiggle is more convincing than a wooden minnow with all the endowments of art. I knew that a race of giant minnows haunted the weed beds far from the lesser tribes of the shallows. An old Englishman had told me how to catch them and how to bait them for bass. A piece of liver and a handful of bran were placed in a tin can in the sunlight. After a few days the liver became fly-blown; maggots grew and fattened in the bran. Another day saw them creamy in color and firm enough for a fish hook. Shiners could not resist them.

Before the sun had cleared the tree tops, and the lake was hot glass ruddy with dawn and smoking with mist, we would glide to the edge of the weed beds, peering through the fog for the play of shiners. Bluegills in a feeding school slap the water, but shiners are silver blades that cut cleanly and almost without noise. A school would be sighted and cracker crumbs tossed about to keep it near the boat. The shiners were caught on tiny hooks baited with maggots and hung on a crow quill to sense the Lilliputian nibbles. Two dozen shiners might be in the bait can before break-

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fast, shiners as long as one's hand and as brilliant as sun on water. Even when all other methods failed, bass could be taken with these by slow trolling along the edge of the weed beds.

It was while breeding maggots that I met the snake. Garter snakes lived in the swamps on the west shore of our lake. With other boys I had often gone there to kill and to boast of the tally afterward. When a boy sighted a snake, he would run to it and place a firm heel below the reptile's head. Grasping the snake by the tail, he would break the victim's back by that same quick motion of the wrist used in snapping towels at each other after swimming. One day I found a large garter snake pilfering my liver can on the dump heap behind the hotel, where more sensitive folk had banished it. Perhaps this was the first time that curiosity quieted the killer in me. I had never seen a serpent at table before. Next day the snake was in my liver can again. This time I caught her and put her in a cracker box covered with chicken wire.

She charmed us with her strange ways. Gophers, field mice, frogs, toads, flies were lavished upon her. These she refused or accepted demurely, almost reluctantly. She ate one large green frog every three days. We remembered our own appetites and marveled at hers. When at last she grabbed a frog, we stood around for hours, held by the fascination of the meal traveling slowly down her long body. She gradually became accustomed to us and would pick flies from our fingers and let us handle her. But she languished in spite of our devotion, perhaps because of it, and died in less than a month.

Then followed a craze for small garter snakes. We knew a field where the little chaps were plentiful. I managed to catch eight of them, each one about six inches long and no thicker than a pencil. A few had recently sloughed their skins and were beautifully marked. Every morning I found two or three of them, freed in some mysterious way, lying under their prison box. They never tried to escape farther. If these snakes did not become friendly, they at least grew accustomed to me. They learned to eat from my hand and to sit in my shirt pocket, darting their forked tongues and flashing their beady eyes at strangers. One, more accomplished than the others, could hang by his jaws on my finger. They all died before their time, no doubt from overhandling. Somehow this experience modified my loathing for snakes. Since then I have let the harmless ones go free.

I think it was the same summer that turtles began to interest

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me. Ordinarily these creatures are more warming as soup than as comrades. Perhaps because of their very deficiencies, we boys grew fond of them. We sought them in a weed-choked channel that linked our lake to another. Turtles of many styles and sizes plied their business in the dense water grasses. We went to the hunt on rare summer mornings when the south wind held her breath. On such days the weeds near the inlet poked their heads above the water, and so did the turtles. We learned to distinguish weeds from heads, and to choose quickly the head of greatest promise. Then the boy at the oars would push the lithe duck boat slowly and silently nearer. At the proper moment the boy in the bow would slip over the gunwale into the tangled growth. Slowly he would work his way, chest deep in ooze, partly crawling, partly swimming toward the quarry. Sometimes the head would stay above water until the amphibious Nimrod was within five feet. Then with a forward movement, he would bring his body flush with the surface of the water and pounce upon the unsuspecting reptile.

Adventure lurked in the sedges of our turtle grounds. A slimy live thing would sometimes squeeze from under our intruding feet. Water snakes, whom we distrusted as poisonous, would sometimes squirm our way. Most of the turtles were of the "soft shell" and "mud" varieties. One day the knotty head of a large "snapper" was sighted. We approached in the usual manner, but discreetly used a small fishing net for the final bag. In the boat the monster escaped the meshes and ran up and down deck, snapping viciously at our bare toes. Now it is well known among boys that a snapping turtle holds tightly to a good thing when he finds it, and holds on as long as life is in him. We got that turtle out of the boat as fast as we could.

A derelict scow furnished an aquarium for our captives. We garnished it with the comforts so dear to the indolent soul of a turtle. There our pets would sit all day long, just blinking and looking with professorial calm. We prized the small ones because they were more difficult to find. Bunt caught one that could hide under a quarter. I remember making the experiment with a quarter earned by selling frogs to an itinerant fisherman. Bunt was envied by all the boys along two miles of lake shore, until he killed his pet with devotion.

But turtles, at best, were unsatisfactory friends. Their sluggish natures responded only to flies. When Fatty got an air rifle, we set

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all our young turtles free and devoted our best efforts to shooting their parents off logs along shore. It may be that one of my erstwhile pets will escape accidental death. If he does, I know he will still be blinking at the sun when my children's grand-children are burned out, and in all those years he will never have loved and never have hated, and never have longed for a high-powered automobile.

I did not realize it at the time, but my decline as a fisherman was well along several years ago when I played with the minnows in a lake back in the North Country. I should have been seining them for bait; but instead, I lay for hours on the warm sand with my feet in the water, while the small fry gathered about, nosing and nibbling my toes. Emerson made much of the fact that Thoreau caught fishes in his hands; but Emerson did not know how easy it is to gain the confidence of a fish. Before the afternoon was over my companions in Blue Lake ate bread crumbs from my fingers, and swam into my cupped hand without fear.

On another occasion, paddling a canoe near the shore of an Adirondack lake, I discovered a family of horned pout. There under the edge of a bog was the fat, black head of God's ugliest creature, looking at me through yellow, bead-like eyes. On the next day two of the fish were under the bog. At first they disappeared in the mud when I approached too close. Slowly their fear left them, until I could come within a few feet. I am sure that if I had remained long enough to learn their language, they, too, would have eaten from my hand.

Birds, likewise, can be approached. Many of the bolder ones of orchard, woodlot, and meadow will make the first advance. The chickadee, the titmouse, the junco, and the nuthatch draw away from gray skies and driven snow to the warm odors of the farmyard. They have been tamed. Wrens, martins, robins, jays, woodpeckers may even take certain liberties with human beings. The camp robber, with the soul of a mosquito, will surely pester the human who ventures far into the woods.

Hunted birds are the wariest. Only once have I succeeded in quieting the fear of a wild duck. I was camped on a cove off the northeastern end of Lake Champlain. Each morning at daybreak a female mallard came to the water in front of my tent and quacked at me. She was apparently defying my trespass upon ground sacred to ducks. A man may be awake at five in the morning, but his sympathies aren't. I disliked that duck. Her

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alarum broke through the mist each morning at the same time.

Despairing of sleep, I tried to imitate her with a quack of my own. I must have interested her, because after a few days she seemed to wait for my quacks before continuing her own. Her curiosity at last enticed her out of the water to my tent, no doubt to learn the source of such depraved quacking. I heard her quacks approach, and saw an inquiring beak. Slowly a duck's head appeared between the flaps. I threw her a raisin, which she ate. For several mornings she answered my quacks and came for raisins. One day she failed to come. Days grew into weeks, until I began to fear for my duck. But she was quite all right. She sailed by the cove one afternoon, head erect and beak pointing stiffly ahead, eight ducklings in the offing. Only the trees across the bay answered my call with a feeble, unimpassioned quack. It hurts to be jilted.

I once had a similar experience with a marmot. Furred animals are more amenable to kindness than reptiles, birds, and fishes, perhaps because of their higher intelligence. They run away because they see us as death; but they respond almost instinctively to friendly advances. In our national parks, bears, deer, elk, and ground squirrels in their fondness for peanuts and candy become fearless nuisances.

Last summer I was hiking with a companion over the high trails of Glacier Park. On the rocky summit of Piegan Pass we stopped to eat lunch, tired from the climb, wearied with peaks and sunlit distances. Gradually we became conscious of our immediate surroundings. Frost-blasted shale was everywhere, and scarcely a blade of any growing plant. The subterranean homes of that mountaineering woodchuck, the marmot, tunneled the rocks in many places. We had been seated but a short time, when a large marmot poked his head from a den not thirty feet below us and whistled shrilly in our direction.

Now, of all the more plentiful animals in the park, the marmot is the most fearful of man. We were surprised when he ate the food tossed to him and when he came slowly toward us for more. Quite unabashed, he joined us and chewed on an old glove, salty with perspiration. He let us pet him. I have told this story to seasoned park guides. They listened courteously.

A man meets with odd things in the woods. The wood thrush is a friendly bird in the South, where he enters towns and vies with robins on lawns. Farther north he shrinks into the deep woods. I

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once found the home of a wood thrush in a thicket on the upper Mississippi. Spring was young and it was nesting time. The beauty of an April day was being born again. The ground was damp with dew and birds were active. A dove was sobbing somewhere in the distance, while nearby a little wren was noisily jubilant. A towhee was pecking in the brush.

My attention was arrested by the nervous antics of a male wood thrush. He was trying to lure me away from the nest, but I knew his game. I found the nest hidden in the branches of a bush not far from the ground. The mother thrush was sitting. I moved toward her with the caution that all bird lovers learn, so quietly and slowly that I might almost have been the stump of a tree. She watched my approach with fear in her eyes, but not until I was within three feet did she join her mate in a near-by tree. Both hurled anathemas at me while I investigated the contents of the nest. I found two thrush eggs and the larger egg of a cowbird. I removed the parasite and retreated. Perhaps the favor was not appreciated, but on the next day when I approached, the mother thrush did not seem to fear me. At the time, I could imagine she welcomed me, she let me come so very near.

I came back several mornings. One day I saw that something was wrong. Little, rhythmic quivers ran through her spread wings. Slowly I drew nearer, nearer than I had ever been before. I stretched my arm toward her, so slowly that the muscles ached, and, with a trembling hand, lifted her from the nest. I found her trouble — a new egg that refused to join the others in the nest. I had to work a little to remove it, but she made no struggle. Her mate, who did not understand, tried to raise his courage to peck me.

I watched the nest until all the young birds had left. The mother thrush accepted me as no other wild bird ever has. She took food for her family and for herself, and would almost never fly from her perch on the edge of the nest when I came near. I have my doubts about many things, but I believe this bird and I were friends.

Of course, wild animals must struggle to live, and empty stomachs do not make full hearts. Wiser heads than mine can vouch for the relentless push of life. Sadder hearts than mine will deny any friendliness in nature. But a man sees some odd things in the woods. Oddest of all, perhaps, is the animal who kills for hate or for fun, who walks erect and speaks a foreign language.

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DOES FRANCE HATE AMERICA?

PERTINAX

THE bitter feelings toward the United States, which, of late years, have found expression in France, may be accounted for by the contrast between what the American people were commonly expected to do in war and peace and what they actually did.

The Americans did not join in the war until a direct American interest was at stake; but when they did, they were expected to play the part of allies, taking their full share of the sacrifices that had to be made, as well as the profits that were secured in common. Although, in practice, they refrained from any territorial acquisition and did not accept what was offered to them — for instance, in Turkey — they won great advantages through an unprecedented transfer of wealth. At the same time, they strictly limited their liabilities and refused to enter into partnership with the other victorious nations. In short, they put forward their own terms and obstinately stuck to them when the settlement of war debts had to be faced. In accordance with all European standards, they thus laid themselves open to the accusation of not playing the game.

As to the peace, the Versailles Treaty of 1919 bore very strikingly the stamp of American conceptions. Mainly in deference to the United States, the Covenant of the League of Nations was framed and inserted in the articles of the treaty. In other words, the European nations were compelled to conform to the American precedent and to look for salvation in the setting up of a United States of Europe. The experiment is now developing, and nobody would dare predict how it will end. It had not yet begun, however, when American statesmen washed their hands of the whole business; and should it fail, should a big price have to be paid for it in the form of a resumption of past imperialist aggressions, no responsibility whatever will be admitted by Washington.

At the time of the peace conference, many people in Paris and London urged compliance with the American demands on the plea that in that way, if in no other, the alliance of the United States would be enlisted to support the new European structure. These people now realize that they have been fooled.

But a new light is dawning in the minds of many Europeans.

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Already they exhibit some readiness to recognize that, after all, their ignorance is to be thanked for a good deal of what happened. They overlooked the real nature of the American commonwealth. Being a continent by herself and having no neighbor she needs to be afraid of, America has never had the least use for any foreign policy in the European meaning of the word. How, then, could she have been expected to do in Europe, for others, what she does not do for herself on her own side of the ocean? Is it to be wondered at that she felt shy of all European formulas?

Sooner or later, the United States will evolve a foreign policy of its own — a foreign policy consonant with European notions — because the power and resources of America are bound to prove of world-wide application. But the processes will probably be long and painful. The country will first have to consolidate internally to get a clear consciousness of its purpose. It will have to scrap or reform some portion of its governmental machine. In the meantime, the French nation, which undoubtedly wishes to continue its traditional friendship with America — for that feeling runs very strong indeed — had better aim at a convergence rather than at a partnership of American and French policies. After all, a mere convergence in the fates of both republics was enough to bring about the miracle of 1917, the entrance of the United States into the war at the very moment when the French cause might have succumbed. Frenchmen must rest well satisfied with that achievement and not be too hasty in asking for more.

Uncle Sam as Pantagruel

At the time of the keen Franco-British-American controversies about war debts, whenever I listened to people inveighing against "the Shylock on the other side of the Atlantic," I could not help remarking: "No! The appellation of Shylock does not apply to America. If you really want a simile from the literary repository, you had better take Pantagruel!" Afterwards, on thinking it over, I found the reference to the Rabelaisian hero very helpful in understanding the position of the United States in the post-war world.

There are only too many interpretations of the fantastic novel of Rabelais. But on the whole, the breed of giants — Grandgosier, Gargantua, and Pantagruel — which he brought into the world, was representative of the man of the sixteenth century, slowly emerging from the Middle Ages, freeing himself from the shackles

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of the period, and at last finding an outlet for fundamental instincts which had long been repressed. He reveled in the enjoyment of human life, in the thirst for knowledge, in the strife for a freer political and religious society. From our European point of view, we cannot be expected to admit that America is the home of unhampered thought and individualism. Tennessee and pussyfootism loom too large against the stars and stripes for that. But in spite of anti-Darwinism, narrow theological tenets, prohibition, and the constant overruling of the private citizen by the community, America stands to-day in a position quite different from that of all the other nations. Like Pantagruel in the sixteenth century, America faces a new universe. With her, a new civilization is endeavoring to come into its own, and it already radiates new ideals and new precepts of action on all possible planes — international, national, and private.

It is not relevant to inquire whether that new civilization will ultimately compare favorably or unfavorably with what exists to-day in other countries, or whether a richer and more comprehensive life will flow out of it. The only point worth keeping in mind is that something original is shaping itself very quickly with the support of overwhelming resources, and that, given sufficient time, it cannot fail to influence humanity at large for better or for worse. Moreover, the fresh force that is making itself felt has not yet assumed its final complexion. The young giant is still far from being an adult. He is being swayed by contradictory elements which will not be completely fused for a long time.

There is a marked contrast between the imperative mood of public opinion in America and the heterogeneous parts of the population; between the efficiency achieved by the political or economic organisms at the top and the inveterate, out-of-date conservatism too often manifested by the component cells at the bottom; between the eagerness to exalt and possess spiritual values and the engrossing material realizations; between the impulse to create and the lack of patience which frequently baffles all attempts at creation; between the striving for a reform of international relations and the unwillingness or incapacity to bind oneself in advance to slowly maturing schemes of action, while, at the same time, cheap, meaningless, worn-out formulas are used as a substitute; between the vast opportunities for wielding influence abroad and the helplessness at Washington which arises out of the dual control of foreign policy by the President and the

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Senate; between the high public leadership of a man like Mr. Hoover and the fantastic demagoguery of Mayor Thompson of Chicago; between the rich stream of life circulating through the manifold ethnical strata imported from Europe and the scarcity of artistic expression; between the noble idealism which Americans talk so much about, and which is no doubt real, and the egoistic incapacity of Americans to adapt themselves to the ideas of others, to say nothing of adapting themselves to the legitimate interests of others.

This enumeration of opposite tendencies could be prolonged endlessly. Such incoördinate movements bear witness to a society that is not yet in the possession of its soul.

When the European nations were as young as America, they were placed under the absolute rule of little cliques who governed them, and this at a time when the business of governmental management was infinitely less complex than it is to-day. It is America's originality to seek her national consolidation under a democratic régime, with all the means of material civilization at her command, and with huge multitudes of citizens actively sharing in the experiment. Many phenomena which are special features of the modern era, and which, in Europe, followed the crystallization of the national body, are preceding it in the New World. To mention only one of the many examples that might be cited, written constitutions were attained by European countries only after centuries of evolution; the United States began its history with a written constitution. And mind you, while America is growing into her full stature, it is her unique experience to enjoy the possession of practically a whole continent; she is safely guarded against interference by neighboring states, which, in the past, prevented nations from being left to themselves when they had to work out their own personality.

Pantagruel and Marianne

It is obviously fitting that America should be referred to as a giant, for the word conveys not only the notion of superhuman greatness but of a creature foreign to all common standards. It is no wonder that a youthful giant who is still uncertain about what his manhood is likely to be and who is overflowing with an impetuous and mobile temper should bewilder the outsider and startle him into extravagant admiration or despair. It is no wonder that he can spring from affection to enmity in an instant,

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and no wonder that his relations with all the other states are widely different from the relations of the latter with each other. And since many European statesmen are, or at any rate, were for a long time blind to that situation, it is no wonder that a real comedy of errors has unfolded its vicissitudes before us.

Such is the view of the American people that I have been setting forth in the press in order to make French leaders realize how uncautious and foolish they were at the time of the Congress of Paris, when they built the whole peace treaty on the assumption that a close association would be maintained between French and American diplomacy, when they reckoned that the United States would do for the sake of France what it did not need to do for its own sake — that is, carry out a finely calculated foreign policy. For uttering such a warning, I have been branded as anti-American. As a matter of fact, I have always felt very deeply the attraction and even the charm of American civilization, of the unexampled experiment that is in progress beyond the ocean. At the same time, I sternly refused to think that America could be made amenable to European rules and concepts, could be induced one way or another to play the European game. And although I always realized how important it was for the French government to remain in moral convergence with American public opinion — which, after all, was responsible for the salvation of France in the catastrophe of 1914 — I tried to discourage any close connection that lay outside the scene of practical politics.

Because I never expected from America more than she could reasonably give, due account being taken of her traditional outlook, I was not disappointed by the course she pursued in many matters, such as disarmament and war debts. On the other hand, those Frenchmen who followed the opposite line, who never ceased to preach that the American alliance was within our reach and had to be enlisted at all costs, who propagated throughout France the picture of an America ready to fight and suffer for the cause of justice all over the planet and to act as a wandering warrior in the service of Article X of the Covenant — these Frenchmen, I say, do not deserve any thanks on behalf of the Franco-American *entente*. It is really little short of miraculous that they did not succeed in destroying forever the regard and respect that France has always had for America.

That such deeply ingrained feelings are still alive here and that they have withstood to a surprising extent the painful trials of

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recent years is very noteworthy indeed. This fact demonstrates in the very face of all disappointments and misunderstandings that the gratitude born of the common war is very far from having spent its force. There may be a disposition to poke fun at the giant and to cavil at dollar supremacy; but on the whole, it is good-humored and seldom reflects upon the conduct of the nation's spokesmen. In spite of the many ties which can be seen to bind together the upper classes in France and England, the man in the street here readily prefers the American to his Anglo-Saxon cousin, because the American is not so aloof and his ways and manners savor more of the South than of the North.

Then, too, the romantic legend of America still performs its work. The last word of civilization has not yet been spoken and there is something still to be born! The old hope for the millennium still flares up faintly. It would not be easy to find a Frenchman who would write in the vein of John Morley: "As I stood in front of the statue of Christopher Columbus at Genoa last Christmas, I had my doubts about his being man's benefactor." The only consistent detractors of the United States gather under the ægis of the League of Nations and of the pan-European theory. This became clear during the recent controversy about the outlawry of war. These people have supplied themselves with an alternative millennium. They forget, perhaps, that it was begotten by the opposition — that is, by Woodrow Wilson. Under the War President, America, more than any other nation, set up with her own hands the Geneva machine, which can now be seen operating with a slightly anti-American bias.

Pantagruel's Ambassadors

In her dealings with the United States since the end of the war, France has needed the assistance of efficient ambassadors — French ambassadors in Washington, American ambassadors in Paris — clever and independent enough to tell the truth, to correct the false notions that were so deeply rooted in governmental circles about the course the United States was likely to pursue in foreign affairs. I am sorry to say that ambassadors of this kind have been conspicuously absent.

Old M. Jusserand entirely lost his judgment and even his common sense in the Wilsonian brainstorm. A very few weeks before the separate treaty between the United States and Germany was signed, he was still of the opinion that, after all, the

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Senate would perhaps put up with the Treaty of Versailles! He followed as passively as a dwarf in the track of huge Pantagruel, and, at times, he even ran in front of him ringing his little bell. When he passed through London at the end of 1918, his belief that the Kingdom of God was at hand so frightened our old ambassador there, Paul Cambon, that he said to me, "Jusserand has gone mad!" The advice he gave to the Quai d'Orsay can be summarized in very few words: stick to Wilson at whatever costs and you will be richly rewarded at the end. As late as the autumn of 1926 he formed the naïve idea that the American people, confronted with his recall, would express their affection for him by presenting him, on the homeward boat, with the nicest of all war debt settlements! In that way he released all sorts of illusions, which, a twelvemonth later, sent M. Caillaux on his futile journey to Washington.

On our side, Mr. Myron Herrick is wielding the same sort of influence. He has endeared himself to the French people by a theatrical gesture: in August, 1914, he refused to leave Paris and escort the government to Bordeaux, saying that a dead ambassador might be more useful than a live one. Every time he is called upon to speak in public, he delights in sentimental platitudes. He would perform a much greater service for the Franco-American cause if he would set himself to interpret more accurately, and even forcibly, the views of the State Department as they are probably made known to him. Instead of executing their missions with the realism of diplomats, these "poets" have managed to evoke an image of France in America and an image of America in France which merely reflects their own whims.

Rabelais never wrote the history of Pantagruel as a mature creature who had settled down quietly among ordinary men and whom they no longer found so very queer and unruly. But in the three succeeding centuries European civilization wrote for itself the sequel to the story, and the American people will probably live through the final chapter in the next fifty years. Then the enigma will have explained itself and it will be possible to draw the balance sheet. Whatever it may be, as we look back toward the past we shall no longer regard Pantagruel as an unfathomable giant, but probably as one of our family; and we shall laugh heartily at the wild imaginings that swayed us formerly. Meanwhile, we shall have been enriched and transformed by his contribution to the common heritage.

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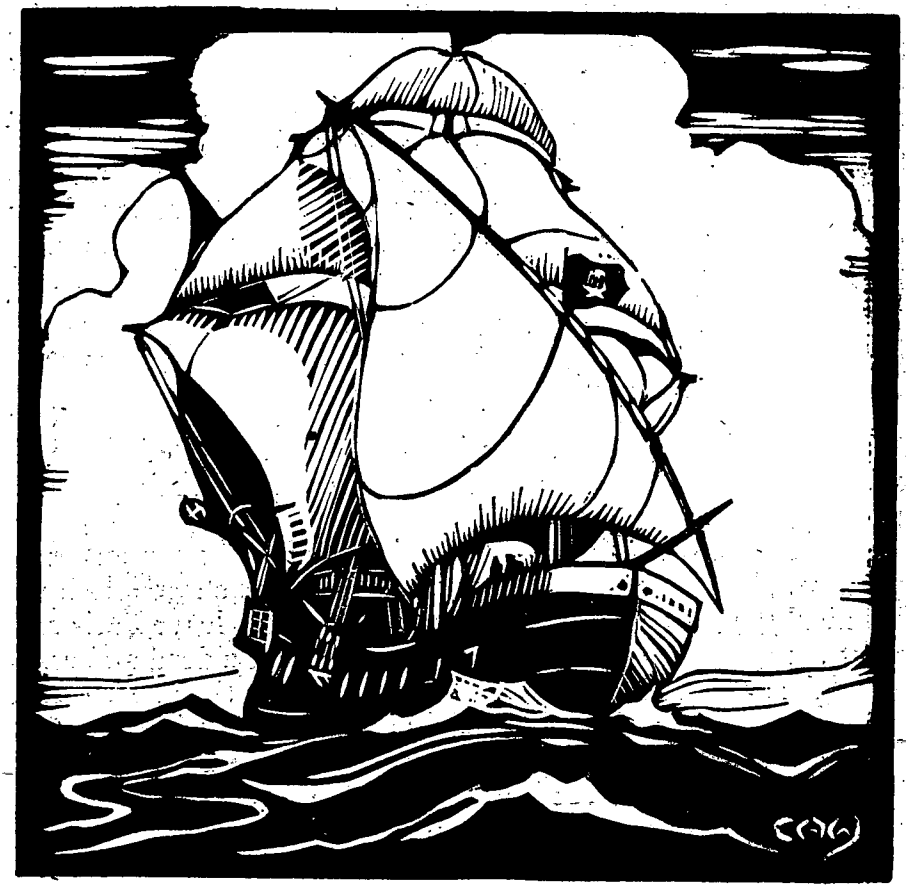

AFLOAT

WOODCUTS BY C. A. WILKINSON

A BARBARY CORSAIR

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BANKSIDE

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WESTWARD-HO!

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'THE RALEIGH'

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OUR PRESSING NAVAL PROBLEM

THOMAS PICKETT MAGRUDER
Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

WHEN Congress meets in December, the Senate will have to pass upon the measure already voted by the House providing for a moderate increase in the Navy. Intelligent citizens will want to know why the Navy needs to be enlarged, and how an increase in our naval strength will bear upon the question of limiting armaments. Admiral Magruder is well qualified to explain this highly important matter, because he is a "moderate" — one of those who desire a Navy that will command respect without inspiring fear.

IN 1918, all the great powers of the world were fighting for existence. Victory came to the Allies, and with it came President Wilson's earnest endeavor to seek a solution for the outlawry of war. The result was the League of Nations. The Covenant of the League provides for a "reduction of national armament to the lowest point consistent with national safety." In keeping with this purpose, though apart from the instrumentality of the League, a conference of the great powers was called in Washington in 1922 and a definite limitation of naval armaments was agreed upon. For the most part, this agreement was concerned with the limitation of capital ships. That this conference was so largely successful must be attributed in part to the mutual confidence and respect of the assembled delegates. Let no one forget, however, that the measure of success was due even more largely to the fact that the United States voluntarily and generously relinquished all thought of naval superiority and rested content with equality.

The limitation of naval armaments established by the Washington Conference has been observed faithfully by all the signatory powers. Unfortunately, however, no limit was placed upon certain elements of naval strength. Still more unfortunately, the great powers, with the exception of the United States, began building cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. One might infer that the same reasons and interests which determined a limitation of capital ships would have led to limitation for all categories of vessels. But this was not possible at Washington because of the varying needs of the nations for different types of warships. Consequently, the Washington Conference was followed by an immediate resumption of naval competition in the classes of vessels not limited by the treaty.

For several years after the Washington Conference, no new con-

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struction was authorized by the government of the United States. In 1926 two cruisers were laid down. The increasing inferiority of the United States in certain types of ships was readily recognized by the naval authorities and recommendations were earnestly made for a programme of moderate naval increase. The recommendations were not approved. Doubtless the reason for this was expressed by President Coolidge when he said, on February 10, 1927: "The conviction that the competitive augmentation of naval armament has been one of the principal causes of international suspicion and ill will, leading to war, is firmly held by the American government and people."

In order to restrain competition, the President invited the five great powers to a conference at Geneva for the purpose of continuing the work of the Washington Conference. That meant a conference to discuss and, if possible, to agree to place a limit on the building of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. Two of the powers — France and Italy — declined.

In accepting the invitation, the Japanese government stated: "In order to insure the success of the proposed negotiations, it seems highly important that in the matter of these conditions of the limitation of armament, all parties to the negotiations should approach the subject with an open mind, being always guided by a spirit of mutual accommodation and helpfulness consistent with the defensive requirements of each nation."

In the British reply was the statement: "The view of His Majesty's Government upon the special geographical position of the British Empire, the length of inter-Imperial communications, and the necessity for the protection of its food supplies are well known and, together with the special conditions and requirements of the other countries invited to participate in the conversation, must be taken into account." Thus, already, there was a drift away from the spirit of the Washington Conference.

Why the Geneva Conference Failed

A perusal of the records of the conference proves that the American delegates did what was in their power to reach an agreement. In spite of this, the conference was a failure. But at the same time, the policy of the American government in respect to expansion was clearly pronounced. This policy, as it was manifest at Geneva, may be briefly summarized as follows:

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1. That there should be no competition in naval armaments.
2. That the Navy should be maintained at the lowest level compatible with national security and never of a size to engender suspicion of aggression.
3. That for wise governmental economy, naval programmes should be held to a minimum.

Broadly speaking, the failure to reach an agreement at Geneva was due to the irreconcilable differences between the American and British delegates concerning the number and size of cruisers. An impasse was reached at an early stage of the proceedings. The British delegation went to London, discussed the situation with the British Cabinet, and then returned to Geneva. On July 27, a statement was read in the House of Commons by the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and in the House of Lords by the Marquis of Salisbury. The following is an excerpt: "Anything resembling a quasi permanent formula adopted at Washington for battleships is quite inapplicable to vessels designed for purposes which not only may, but must vary with the geographical and economical position of the several powers concerned."

A few days later, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a public speech, said: "Therefore we are not able now, and I hope at no future time, to embody in a solemn international agreement any conditions which would bind us to the principle of mathematical parity in our naval strength." From this it is apparent that the exhortation, "Britannia, rule the waves," does not express a tradition only. It defines a vital, living policy.

On July 28, 1927, the British delegation made final proposals of which the following are the most important clauses:

1. The combined total tonnage of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines below the age-limit for replacement is not to exceed:
   (a) For British Empire and U. S. A. 590,000
   (b) For Japan 385,000
5. All other cruisers are to be divided into two classes:
   (a) 10,000-ton cruisers.
   (b) Smaller cruisers of a maximum displacement of 6,000 tons and mounting a gun not exceeding 6 inches in calibre.
6. 10,000-ton cruisers to be limited in number:
   (a) For British Empire and U. S. A. 12
   (b) For Japan 8

From a consideration of these proposals it will be seen that the British were aiming at these targets:

1. To keep Washington cruisers limited to twelve.
2. To have large numbers of small cruisers with 6-inch guns.

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3. To raise the ratio of auxiliary vessels between the British Empire and the United States on the one hand and Japan on the other to 5:3.26.

What would have been the result had the American delegation agreed to this proposal?

The United States now has 70,000 tons of submarines, 290,000 tons of destroyers, and 146,000 tons of cruisers: a total of 506,000 tons, leaving only 84,000 tons available to build cruisers, destroyer leaders, and destroyers. It is obvious that the American delegation could not even give serious consideration to such a programme. Britannia would still rule the waves. To reach an agreement, nations must waive the rules.

The large destroyer tonnage of the United States Navy is a result of an exigency in the World War. The one great menace to the Allies was the German submarine. The destroyer was the type of warship designed to meet the submarine threat. The United States built 260 destroyers with a rapidity that reflected credit on the ship-building industry of the country. Many of these destroyers have a small radius of action. Many more have not been kept in commission, because of a lack of personnel and funds. Many of them have deteriorated. In spite of this, however, the principal effect of the British proposal to combine cruiser and destroyer tonnage would have been to restrict seriously the number of cruisers in the United States Navy — this at a time when cruisers have been, and still are, the Navy's greatest need.

Following the Geneva Conference, a determined effort was made by propaganda in the press and otherwise to attribute the failure to the American delegation. This propaganda was so vehement that even a foreign minister reflected on the knowledge and fitness of the American delegates. That the American representatives did not have the rank of the other delegates is true. Yet, in judgment, intelligence, vision, and moral courage they were not surpassed. They had the benefit of advice from the best strategists and technicians in the Navy.

Especially was the American delegation criticized for demanding that the United States should have 10,000-ton cruisers mounting 8-inch guns. These are the vessels that are frequently called "Washington cruisers." In criticizing the American demand, it was said that the United States wanted cruisers for *offensive* purposes, while others desired only those fit for *defensive* purposes. That, of course, is nonsense. Ships armed with guns

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are all designed for offensive action. They may, at times, be placed on the defensive. The defense of lines of communication and the protection of convoys are basically offensive measures.

Why America Needs Large Cruisers

The United States, lacking naval bases — having none west of Honolulu or east of the Virgin Islands — needs a navy possessing a great radius of action. That means units of the largest practicable size. Unquestionably, if two nations have 300,000 tons of cruisers, one with sixty ships mounting 6-inch guns and the other with thirty ships mounting 8-inch guns, the latter nation would have a superiority in cruiser strength. In any discussion of the relative strength of navies, the consideration of merchant liners, which can be easily converted into cruisers with 6-inch guns as provided by the Treaty of Washington, cannot be ignored. If there were absolute mathematical parity in the strictly naval units of the fleets of any two nations and one nation had, in addition, a large merchant fleet capable of war service, that nation, of course, would be superior on the seas.

The Navy of the United States is maintained to prevent invasion, to defend insular possessions, to protect commerce, and to insure respect for the nation's rights. If this means anything, it is that there is a strength for the navy below which it would be the height of folly to accept a limitation. In war, a second-best navy is about as useful as the second-best hand in a "jack-pot." One has only to remember the fate of the German Navy in the World War. It was a second-best navy. The United States now has a second-best navy. At the conference called by President Harding at Washington in 1922, it voluntarily forewent having the largest navy in the world.

But it is not as a belligerent alone that the United States has need of a navy. As a neutral, and in order to protect its foreign commerce and to insure the continuation of its foreign trade, upon which the prosperity of the country directly depends, the United States needs a good, strong, efficient navy — a navy well balanced as to various types of warships. This does not mean that it must be the strongest navy, nor necessarily one second to none.

The most potent measure in warfare between naval powers is a commercial blockade. The blockade can be successfully used only by a nation having superiority on the sea. The defeat of Napoleon by England's sea power, the blockade of the Southern States dur-

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ing the Civil War, and the effect of the blockade on the Central powers in the World War are notable instances of the use of the blockade. To use a blockade effectively often requires ignoring the rights of neutrals. As a neutral, the United States may be called upon some day to protect its commerce from the rigors of an illegal blockade. To do that, large cruisers are a necessity. A convoy guarded by a cruiser with 8-inch guns cannot be interfered with by small cruisers or converted liners mounting 6-inch guns.

Just here, one must remember that sea power, as a whole, is not dependent upon the size of a navy. Sea power is made up of a large number of elements that differ in every country. There is no such thing as parity of sea power. Briefly, the sea power of a nation depends upon (1) the navy itself, (2) the merchant marine, (3) population and wealth, (4) industrial strength, and — above all — (5) geographical situation. Nor, in any evaluation of sea power, can the industrial genius of a people be ignored. Geographically, the United States is superbly situated. To a large extent it is protected from possible enemies by two oceans. That fact, together with the development of aircraft and the submarine, makes the United States secure from the possibility of invasion or attack upon its large coastal cities.

Large Programme Rejected

Following the Geneva Conference (whether as a result of the failure of the conference I do not know), a programme for the increase of the navy was submitted to Congress about a year ago. It was proposed to build 25 cruisers, 9 destroyer leaders, 31 submarines, and 5 aircraft carriers. The cost of that programme would probably have been a billion dollars or more. To man the proposed ships would have required about 1200 officers and 20,000 men. This personnel would have cost annually about $20,000,000. The cost to the taxpayer, taking into consideration operating expenses, repairs, and depreciation, would have been over $100,000,000 annually. This huge programme met instant opposition. It was rejected by the House Naval Committee, and, instead, a modest programme providing for the building of 15 cruisers and aircraft carrier was submitted to and passed by the House of Representatives. That bill is now awaiting action by the Senate.

While the programme was under consideration, President Coolidge referred to it in a speech at Washington. "The construction will be carried out," he said, "as conditions dictate and

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treasury balances warrant, with no thought of entering into competitive construction with any other nation." It is well to note that the plan endorsed by the President "will be carried out as conditions dictate and treasury balances warrant," and I invite particular attention to the fact that the programme carried no thought of competitive construction.

It is the Congress of the United States that determines the details of naval expansion. It is Congress that appropriates the necessary funds. A large programme spread over a great number of years is not an excessive one, although the same programme would be a great expansion if completed within a few years.

Here let one remember that building programmes on the part of one power may well require corresponding programmes on the part of others. That, obviously, is true. The naval needs of the great powers vary widely, because of the inherent conditions of geography, naval bases, and other elements of sea power. To reconcile these differences is difficult. But it should not prove impossible. If the principle of the reduction of naval armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety were the only consideration, I am of the opinion that further limitation could be attained. The conferences at Washington, Locarno, and Geneva directed attention to the fact that when statesmen meet in an atmosphere of mutual confidence there is success.

In a little over two years from the present time, according to the Treaty of Washington, there must be a further conference. No programme for expansion which may be authorized now can be completed prior to the next conference, and the results of this conference will inevitably affect the naval plans of participating powers. Accordingly, any programme adopted now is tentative.

A Moderate Programme

My conception of a navy is one commensurate with vital national interests — one that will safeguard the country from any possibility of invasion, will secure respect for just aspirations, and will defend the nation's rights as a neutral. Such a navy must be one behind which, in the highly improbable event of war, the country may mobilize its tremendous resources.

Considering the foregoing, and the fact that the numbers of our capital ships and aircraft carriers are limited and that the navy has enough destroyers, I advocate a moderate increase in the types of war craft needed for a homogeneous fleet. In other words,

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COMPARATIVE ESTIMATES OF WHAT THE NAVY NEEDS

	The "Big Navy" Advocates Demand:	The Present Bill Provides For:	Admiral Magruder Wants:
Cruisers	25	15	10 to 15
Destroyer Leaders	9	0	6 to 8
Submarines	31	0	10 to 15
Aircraft Carriers	5	1	3

the country needs for its navy — cruisers, destroyer leaders, submarines, and aircraft carriers. Further, an insistent need is for more men. It were futile to build ships and not to provide trained crews.

Concretely, my personal opinion is that a reasonably moderate naval programme providing for ten to fifteen cruisers, six or eight destroyer leaders, and ten to fifteen submarines, to be constructed over a period of several years, will give us a navy that will entirely safeguard the interests of the nation. Even more insistent, I think, is the need for aircraft carriers. Aviation is in its infancy. More and more it will be a weapon peculiarly fitted for certain functions of warfare. Under the Treaty of Washington, the United States can have 135,000 tons of aircraft carriers. We now have three aircraft carriers. One of these is a converted collier and is not suitable for war. Within the limitation of the treaty we are permitted to have three more. They should be authorized and built as soon as practicable.

Nothing requires more skill and experience in design and construction than do destroyers, destroyer leaders, and submarines. In order to be in a position at any time to construct these vessels, it is essential to possess organizations having the required skill and experience. For that reason, it is the part of wisdom always to have under construction a few vessels of those types. This, so that in case of war there is a nucleus ready for expansion. If legislation and money are necessary, they will be forthcoming. My judgment is that our people, through their representatives in Congress, have always been sympathetic and generous to the navy. As a result, naval officers are jealous of the reputation of the navy with their fellow citizens.

With the sympathetic help of an enlightened public opinion, the navy will be that which it should be — the first military line of the country's defense. The *first* line of defense has been, is now, and always will be diplomacy.

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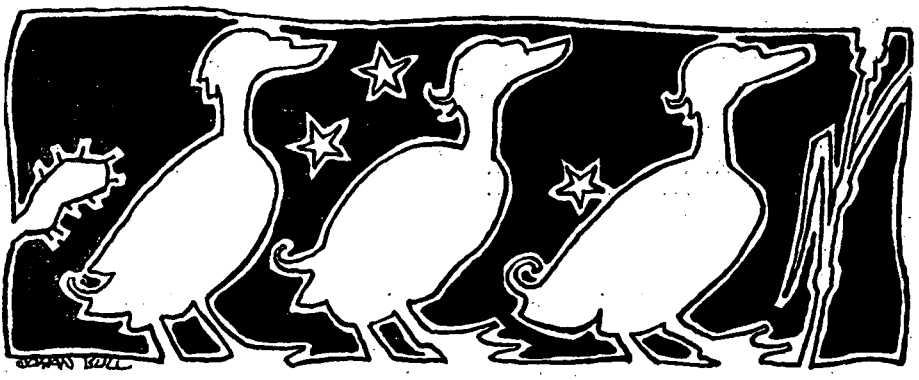

GOODS AND CHATTELS

LAURA BENÉT

Drawings by Johan Bull

THOMAS PETENY was for many years the public auctioneer of Eltry, and a rare bird in his chosen field, until his back became bent like a gnarled spruce and younger men stepped into his shoes. A fine figure of a man he was when he walked the street, and as necessary to the setting of the village as the town pump. He had a merry blue eye, an unsuccessful nose, and a generous, wide-lipped mouth. He was one who made a fine art of his calling and took as much interest in the articles he put up for sale as though they had been his own tender children. Thomas Peteny was the sole auctioneer that ever I knew who was not ruthless but religious. He was forever attending auctions early and wandering about among the objects, touching and looking at them and sizing up their possibilities — "Getting acquainted," he would say, "with all their quirks." And when his hammer struck the block, in spite of its heartiness, his appraisal of the things he auctioned off was never cheap. Once, in confidence, he told me that before every auction he spent hours on his knees.

He lived in a little low-raftered house, full of odds and ends left over from various auctions that no one else could be persuaded to buy. Years before, he had been a sailor and had taken many long voyages. "Never can tell what one may be able to do with driftwood," said he, "nor what kind of flames will spring out of it. Everything has a soul," said he, "and battered bodies often the

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freshest ones. There are kegs and barrels that float up out of the sea with strange things in them. Treasures — aye — treasures. Did you ever look over roof tops and see what the wind brings?" And then he would smoke his pipe and tell stories.

Those looking through the diamond-paned windows of his small house, where he often worked until late at night, would have seen a strange sight. He would putter and tinker with a chair or a sofa until I'll swear it almost took on a personality. If it was a short, soft sofa or a squat chair, he would address it as "Madame"; if it was a lanky highboy or a learned-looking desk, it was "Sir." How carefully he handled the things, rubbing and furbishing their worn sides, mending rents in their upholstery or steadying their feet! "Poor bits, poor bits," he would say, gazing at them as sympathetically as though they had been beggars or outcasts. He talked a lot to himself, did Thomas Peteny. Well, the upshot of the matter was that everything he handled seemed to win a personality, and his little house took on a prosperous air from the fine old things he had collected.

Then all at once he decided to take a voyage. Whether it was that he was an aging man and hadn't bustled enough on his own account, or whether the town grew fickle, he began to be supplanted by one Robert Marmion. And he took this very hard, did Thomas Peteny. He went off on a ship that was going to far parts of the world. But before his departure two dozen or more of the old pieces he cherished so fondly were loaded aboard — or handed on board, you might say, as though they'd been his relatives — by the men who were assisting him. He stood close beside them when he sailed, looking for all the world as though he were about to conduct an auction on shipboard. And off he went. The sea is a mighty soother when the universe and your own niche in it have gone back on you.

It was nigh a year when one of our townsfolk, who had been to the nearest port, said Thomas Peteny was come home in a great, fine ship — "but not alone," he added with a wink. "He's got lots of companions." The day the coach brought him and his retainers home was a circumstance. Such a body of them! Where he picked up the poor folks and how he persuaded them to come with him, nobody knew. And imagine the surprise when we heard he intended to auction them off as if they had been rabbits — except that in looks they answered to the description. They

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were as odd a lot of junk as the household goods collected for a sale; some of them with bent backs and crooked spines, and no smile on their lips, and sway-backed like an old table or sofa; and some squat and determined like a chest or a churn that has sat too long in one place. One old lady looked for all the world like a worn-out spinning wheel. Few of them had any beauty. But there were several with a genteel dignity that refined them to their very bones. The clothes — or rags, I should say — that they had on were as well worn as their bodies.

Mrs. Lavely Becker said it was the slave trade and they must have Negro blood, and she wondered the Town Council didn't take it up with Thomas Peteny. But the Town Council took matters into its hands instead, and said they were not going to attack and lock up a jolly old man who had never done them any harm — especially as he lodged and fed the folks in his own house. The Council met him one evening over a bottle of Madeira.

"Look here, Peteny," they said, "where did you get these people?"

"From folks that didn't want them," murmured Thomas Peteny. "I came back with more than I took away. *These* have souls. I found greater things in strange corners of the East. Dived into its secrets."

"Do you think it's right and just to do what you are doing?" continued the Council. "Shall we have the parson over?"

The old auctioneer looked bewildered.

"But they needed homes," he said, "they needed someone to look after them. I just had to get them."

"Tables and chairs are a somewhat different proposition from folks," grumbled Deacon Bradley.

"They've got to have good homes," said Thomas Peteny firmly, "otherwise they'll be trampled on. I've done no wrong."

"Look-ee," said the Deacon, "what do you propose to do with the money for which you've bargained their immortal souls? Answer me that, Thomas Peteny."

"There'll be no money," said Thomas Peteny, looking him as square in the eyes as though he'd driven a nail there. "The people that take them will guarantee them a job and pay them wages."

The oddest thing about the whole circumstance was that on the day of the auction, the folks looked rather eager and pleased to know they were going to be placed at last. They were as-

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sembled in the courthouse, but there was a carpet on the floor, and when conversation dragged, the Dorcas Society passed around coffee and cookies. The majority of those Thomas Peteny had brought across the great deep were not young enough to do extra heavy work. But as auctioneer Mr. Peteny was in his best fettle. He described all the kinks in the characters of those men and women as if he were taking account of their souls.

"Here's a stiff back for clerical work," he would say, "and a hand that looks small but is apt at grasping a quill pen." He pointed to a stately, gray-haired man.

"And this hand and this back," he'd say, patting another and younger man, "were meant for long evenings under the lamp, putting together fine bits of gold. Jeweller's fingers, upon my word."

After a minute he beckoned to a tiny, dumpy old woman, who had a figure like a bag tied in the middle by a string. For all the world like a rocker she was, and folk burst out laughing behind their hands. "A cushion in a hard world," said he, "all the comforts of home put up in little." And the old woman nodded. One of the citizens that had a houseful of children and a fretful wife took her, by the by.

Well, Peteny got all but one placed before the day was over, and farmed out with their new masters and mistresses. When he stopped for a last drink, there was only one young girl left sitting on the block, her hands clasped about her knees, a blue apron tied about her waist, and the oddest patched clothes on her back, which was slightly deformed. Her face had a sorrowful and wistful expression like a delicate thing that has early been dimmed by coarse hands rubbing it. "Too doleful," said the housewives and passed her by.

At last up came Mrs. Casimere and spied her limp hands and the long, fine fingers of them. She walked right up to the girl and spoke very plain. "Can you take care of fine, nice things?" she said.

As if you'd shaken her awake, that girl's head lifted and her eyes gleamed. "Yes," she answered clearly.

It ended by Mrs. Casimere's taking her at ten dollars a month. She was the richest woman in town, and people chuckled at her having a raw, green girl, out of the poor house most likely, to tend her choice belongings. She was the envy of the countryside for the house furnishings she had. She'd inherited a solid mahogany

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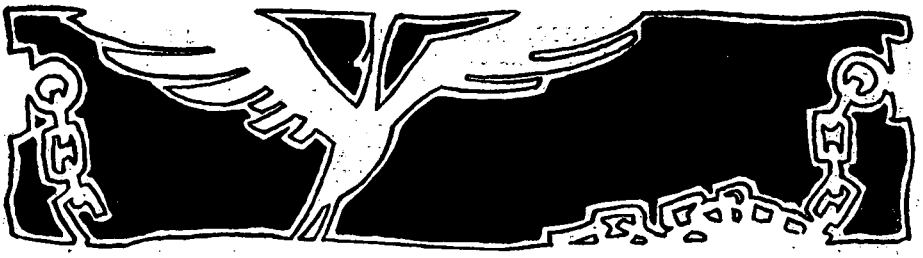

sideboard that cluttered up one side of a room, and highboys that took a polish you could see yourself in clear across the floor. Her chairs were Chippendale and Duncan Phyfe. Her deep-drawered chests smelt of cedar and had carved figures on their sides. And once a month, a supply of china and glass came out of her cupboards that would have set the dames of to-day dancing and prancing. There was a full dinner set of old Nankin, tureen and all; there were Lowestoft bottles; there were pieces of Slipware; there was the finest of fine Wedgwood, and a glass centre-piece with six little vases in it, that held roses on state occasions.

"Not long she'll have her pretties," everyone thought. But though they invented errands to go and call at the house, they never caught the new girl — Lucy, Mrs. Casimere had christened her — idle for a minute; nor did she break or injure a single piece. She did housework as you would have gathered flowers or embroidered silk. She moved and dusted console and butterfly tables as if they had been delicate old ladies taken for an airing. She wiped and washed china as though she were bathing new-born infants. She beat Oriental rugs as you would whip cream — always with a curious, searching look. Mrs. Casimere often found her singing at her work — a curious, soft ditty like a call; and that was annoying. But the girl's strange looks and ways, and her knowledge of house and dairy, won her mistress over. She gave her good, decent gowns and a warm cloak, and even began to put money in the bank for her — for she was a lone woman.

It was a grievance to Mrs. Casimere that Lucy would go nowhere, save when her mistress drove miles into the country to buy some new treasure and took her along to hold the horse. Maybe it was because strangers always looked so curiously at Lucy because of the little lump on her back. A faint color had begun to flare up in her cheeks, and sometimes it seemed as if you could peer into her spiritual body. "Ever ready to flit," said the old grannies and Peters, "ever ready to flit."

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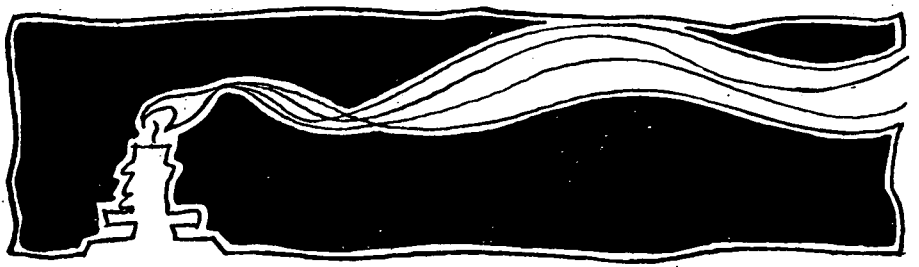

It was mid-March when Mrs. Casimere took to her bed with a cold. She was a proud woman and difficult to please, so it's doubtful if any neighbor would have been willing to nurse her — even had she asked them. But there was a strong right arm — frail as it was — stretched out over her all the time. That arm was Lucy's. Such broths and desserts as the girl made! And it was a funny whimsy of her mistress's during that illness that such nourishment as she could take must all be served up to her on the best china. Even Doctor Grindle laughed one day when he saw the piece of flowered china Lucy brought up filled with custard.

"You place great faith in your handmaid, madame," he said to her.

"I do," said Mrs. Casimere defiantly.

"She looks fragile. Don't break her," said he as he bade her good-morning.

Mrs. Casimere pretended not to be worried. But that night, to make sure that Lucy was sleeping soundly, she called across the cold hall to the wing in which the girl lodged, "Lucy, fetch me an extra shawl!"

There was no answer. Lucy must be asleep. So that determined old lady, her mistress, stepped across the hall. No Lucy lay upon the bed or drowsed in the chair. But after a minute, Mrs. Casimere's eyes rested on an exquisite, blue vase, like an urn of some old, transparent ware, unfamiliar to her. By Lucy's rocking chair it stood, and had evidently recently been purchased. It was full of lavender, rose leaves, myrrh, or something that gave forth a sweet, sweet odor. Mrs. Casimere forgot to be chilled. She forgot to faint. She gaped. It seemed as if she were looking at something sacred. "The child bought it for a keepsake," she muttered.

But where was Lucy? Back to bed she stole and called her again. In a few minutes she heard the familiar feet come pattering. But she did not ask her about the treasure. Mrs. Casimere was a grand old woman after all, and merely said that she must have a

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hot drink. She was cosseted and tended and tucked up as if she had been a flower in a jar, and no harm came of the episode. Her neighbors and kinsfolk didn't know of it until years afterwards.

Spring was slowly coloring all the lanes. Lucy came to her mistress, now quite well and bustling about her house, with a lame arm. She had hurt it on the mop and broom, she said, while they house-cleaned. There was a look of great suffering in her blue eyes, so she was sent (or taken, I should say) to the best bone setter in the next village. She'd always been a docile, tight sort of a lass, reserved and self-contained, so Mrs. Casimere was surprised to see how she blanched and flinched, and how the salt tears ran down her cheeks when the gruff old bone setter, peering at her over his glasses, stripped her arm and took hold of it. It looked straight and shapely, though somewhat mottled, so when he said, "Why — it's broken," Mrs. Casimere, in her black jet bonnet with the plumes, fell to quivering and shaking like a dish of jelly, and Lucy looked as if her last hour had come.

The doctor felt of Lucy again, none too gently I heard. "A bad dislocation of the shoulder," he said, "And" — passing his hand over her back — "a malformed spine!" He growled and took snuff. "Well, well," he said, "This is very, very dangerous — must be seen to immediately, madame, and the proper remedies applied. Have you had a fall, girl?"

"Yes," said Lucy in a voice like a beaten mouse.

The bone setter cleared his throat and looked important. "You step out of this room, madame," he said to Mrs. Casimere. "I'll summon my apothecary," and he rang a bell. "The small bones of the arm must be put in place at once and a splint put on it. Don't cry, girl." And he held a vial of camphor to her nose. "This is mere child's play. But what will have to be done later, madame," he lowered his voice confidentially, "is to put her into a jacket waistcoat to straighten the twisted spine."

In bustled the young apothecary; but when the two turned to hold poor Lucy, with Mrs. Casimere looking in at the door in misery, Lucy lay at their feet in a cold swoon and had to be revived and taken back in the gig more dead than alive. Her arm had been set and bound with old linen and put into a sling, and she was forbidden to do any work at all. Her mistress sat by and talked to her like a kindly, gentle mother about her own good, and how she needed her. That day week was set for the bone

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setter to come over and attend to the arm, and Lucy was given bitters and cordial and aniseed cakes. But she lay or sat on her bed, mute with fear, and would not agree to anything. I have no doubt she would have pined away in a short time; she was veering that way. But the very night before the bone setter was to come with the jacket and torture her, the wing of Mrs. Casimere's house caught fire!

They talk about that fire to this day. None knew how it started. It began creeping around in the roof, and must have smouldered very slowly for hours before Mrs. Casimere and the extra girl and man she had hired to do Lucy's work smelt the smoke. The stairs to the wing went almost at once and the poor old lady could not get up. She lost all her grand air and just stood outside on the lawn, wringing her hands and crying to Lucy to jump and save herself. Neighbors and firemen put up ladders and rushed through the burning rooms. But nothing could they find of Lucy. And pretty soon the roof fell in and that ended the search. Poor Mrs. Casimere! She had had silk gowns that would stand alone for richness stored in that wing along with some old family pieces, but her mind didn't seem to dwell on them at all. She just moaned and wept for Lucy.

To the grief of the village, Thomas Peteny's last illness was the next disaster — and it was not a lingering one either. The women who sat up with him heard him mutter during the day when the fever was on him, "Aye, a delicate thing, fetched oversea from a land where they know the soul. Hard work I had to get it," he said, "magical work — more than with the others. But it's late, too late. Careful handling it needed — careful handling." And then his talk wandered off to a ship and how he must get on board with his gear. . . . And at the end, the gay, bright old man died uncomforted. Two months before, he had destroyed all his papers; so we knew no more as to the origin of that gang of folk he'd carried so proudly over the water.

He was no sooner under the earth than rumors flew as fast as the flames that had caught Mrs. Casimere's house that different ones of the men and women Mr. Peteny had disposed of in neighboring townships had disappeared. Bodily and altogether, not leaving even a shred of clothing behind them, and after serving so faithfully too. The employers were sorely put out about it. One of the men bound over to an antique dealer was said to have had

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the most wonderful skill; and the dealer wrote quite a letter about it and what the loss meant to him. The man had left a huge carved chest behind him, and the figures on it grinned oddly.

Another grand excitement was that Mrs. Casimere had had a parcel of men to dig out the ruins. "I must give the poor child decent burial," she said, and offered a reward to the first one of the men who should find the charred remains of a body. So you may well believe that they dug with a will, though it took two days to uncover that little room that had been Lucy's. Every piece of the noble old furniture was charred sticks, the rugs matted rags, the curtains and knickknacks charcoal. But in the centre of the room, blackened by smoke, lay a delicate blue vase, broken into six pieces. It showed the marks where it had been mended and riveted again and again by cunning fingers. The men lifted the pieces carefully and brought them in a cloth to Mrs. Casimere.

"All we can find, ma'am," they said — and one of them whispered behind his hand that the pieces quivered when he touched them.

Mrs. Casimere looked. It was the selfsame vase that she had seen on Lucy's floor. She gave the men money and hurried them away, and whether there was a funeral rite or not, no one but herself ever knew.

But alack, her houseful of wonderful treasure went to a nephew who did not value them at all! Poor old lady, her mind began to go soon after that. It was the township of Eltry, Connecticut, wrote up the case. The queerest in the Town Records.

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THE BABBITT IN HIS WARREN

An Indictment of Rotary, Kiwanis, the Lions, and All Their Cubs

BRUCE BLIVEN

LET'S be fair about it. Luncheon clubs are by no means altogether bad, and I do not propose to pretend that they are. No institution which has won the allegiance of so many thousands of men could fail to have some elements of value. When I say — as I do say most emphatically — that they should be abolished, I do not suggest that a vacuum should be left. I propose that they should be supplanted by something better. My contention is that as they now exist, they do not justify the time, energy, and money which are spent on them.

My first indictment, and one of the most serious, is that many of the things done at their meetings are simply downright silly. Numerous commentators have pointed out in recent years that American life is cursed with infantilism, the refusal of adults to accept a grown-up point of view. The luncheon clubs, with their kindergarten singing, their paper dunce caps, their insistence on the use of first names, their fines for this and that, their practical jokes, are certainly one of the most infantile features of the current scene. And it is no defense to say that if this is the level on which the members want to amuse themselves, then this level is good enough. On the contrary, the whole history of civilization from the Cro-Magnon to the French Academy has been brought about by operations under the alternative theory.

Neither is it adequate rebuttal to reply that business men, keyed up and tense from their labors, get wholesome relaxation out of horseplay. Having long been a business man, and having associated with many others of the breed, inside luncheon clubs and out of them, I can testify that this famous tenseness is largely mythical. The life of the average business man, especially in the smaller cities where the luncheon clubs have their greatest hold, is reasonably easy-going — and often unreasonably so. After all, only about four occupations actually deserve to be called nerve-wracking. Telephone operators, jugglers, information bureau clerks, and city editors have some right to complain; but the tense business man is a rare exception. Usually he is a neurotic and should see a doctor.

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Another reason for doing away with much if not all of the infantile amusement is that, down in their hearts, many of the members don't like it, and would say so if they only dared. Watch their faces while it is going on and you will see that they are bullied into it by a loud-mouthed minority, by professional song-leaders and masters of ceremonies. Some of them may get valuable relaxation, but I am skeptical. Certainly they could get far more out of half an hour playing handball in a gymnasium — which would have the additional merit of being much healthier than the luncheon meetings, where men eat too much, too fast, and then sit in a smoke-filled room trying to understand speeches while the digestive process is going on.

In an even more serious way, these clubs constitute an invasion of the personal liberty of their members. Some of my readers may be under the delusion that membership is optional, that no man need join unless he wishes. On the contrary, in scores and scores of cities, especially the smaller places in the Middle and Far West, you simply *must* get into one club or another or be seriously handicapped in your business or profession. The man who for any reason preferred to stay aloof would be looked upon as having something seriously wrong with him. It might even be said of him — most damning of all criticisms — that he was not a booster. I know from personal observation, checked by discussions with numerous other people, that many men join these clubs, just as they sometimes do the fraternal orders, just as they buy tickets to the policemen's ball or advertise in the high school annual, not because they want to, but because they are afraid not to.

Not only is membership almost compulsory, but to a considerable and undesirable degree the clubs enforce upon the individual a single attitude of mind. Tacitly, and on the whole good-naturedly, but with sharp claws behind the velvet paw, they demand conservatism in politics and effusive optimism in everything. Disagreement with the majority on any serious issue is hardly less than a crime. And in similar manner, the clubs have a tendency to swallow whole the opinions of their wealthiest and most important members. If these men's economic and social views are naïve or harmful, if they are labor-baiters or are opposed to badly-needed legislation — as not infrequently happens — the members of the clubs to which they belong are likely to take the same line. The organizations, of course, will assure you

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that they don't, that they keep away from controversial questions. As a rule, this is technically true. But technically only. There are other ways of making opinions felt than by passing formal resolutions about them. Quiet, word-of-mouth influence is sometimes the most effective of all.

Even if the defense were true, it would not be a very striking tribute to the clubs, would it? One may concede that with a membership of both Republicans and Democrats (and an occasional very lone Socialist), they are wise not to go in for partisan politics. But on important questions involving the welfare of city, state, or nation, it seems to me regrettable that these clubs should make so little effort to arrive at an informed, intelligent opinion and give it public utterance. And this is especially true when you recall that for many of their members they are the only activity followed, other than business, home, and amusement.

Because of this situation, the clubs very often actually stand in the way of the municipal progress of their cities. No statement would move them to more indignant and vehement denials than that; yet it is true. While they fuss about with little projects for a better-lighted Main Street, or getting their town made a stopping point for the Overland Limited, they leave untouched many other things of far greater importance — decent housing for the poor, for instance; or a city plan not operated for the exclusive benefit of the land grabbers; or hospitalization for the middle class; or adult education; or electoral reform; or the preservation of civil liberties — to name at random just a few of the scores of things most of the clubs are too timid, or too ignorant, to touch. Few important civic reforms or developments can ever be made without treading on somebody's toes, and the clubs never do that — particularly, as I have suggested, if the toes belong to some of the local demigods, who are probably members.

The habit of doing business, whenever possible, only with fellow members, is an uneconomic and otherwise undesirable practice. I am told that this custom is no longer officially encouraged as it once was; but everyone with any first-hand experience knows that it is still going on. To an extent, I grant, it is normal to trade with men you know and like; but the thing is carried much farther than that. It constitutes, in a way, the creation of trade barriers of just the sort which, when set up be-

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tween countries (in Europe) causes the International Chamber of Commerce to rise, shake an admonitory finger, and say "Naughty! Naughty!"

Club members, if they are candid, will agree, I am sure, that not very many of the speeches delivered at the average meeting are worth the time and trouble of hearing. "Controversial" questions being barred, and the clubs being unable to pay the fees asked by professional lecturers, these talks must perforce fall into one or the other of two classes. First, there is the product of the rank novice, the prominent business man, of your own or some near-by city, who takes a long time (and it seems longer) to deliver a "ten-minute talk" on "Main Developments in the Cold Storage Industry, 1920–1927," or "The Trust Company: Your Friend, Your Counselor, Your Guide." This gentleman is usually suffering from an acute case of exhibitionism, with nothing to justify it. He dearly loves to read in public the papers written for him by his advertising man, who has been careful to work in generous reference to his own company, its resources and facilities.

The other standard type, just as bad, is the "inspirational" address. Even to-day, after all the ridicule that has been rained upon this weird product, it is still being uttered, day in and day out, North, East, South, and West — especially West. Every member of every club ought to know it by heart — but seemingly he doesn't, for he tolerates its endless reiteration. Sometimes the speaker is a professional, who goes from city to city "pepping up" salesmen at annual conventions, and he speaks at the club luncheon because of the free advertisement. Sometimes he is even worse, a semi-professional — a local variant on the Narcissus theme in love with his own voice, or a "live-wire" minister who makes it a point of honor to be the last man in the room a stranger would identify as being of the cloth.

It is no answer to my criticism to say that most of this inspirational stuff is true. What if it is? It is also true that the world is round. But that is no reason why men should get together once a week in a badly ventilated room, bolt down a heavy and indigestible meal, smoke more than is good for them, and hear this ancient truth expounded with fist-wavings and bellowings, for half an hour if they are lucky and an hour if they aren't.

Neither shall I be crushed if someone produces a long list of eminent men, ranging from George Bernard Shaw to President

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Coolidge, who have spoken at meetings of one club or another. I admit the exceptions; what I am talking about, as I have indicated, is the average.

The clubs make a great point of their philanthropic and charitable activities. They are proud of their Christmas work for the poor, their orphans' homes, their assistance to struggling genius, and so on. Some of this is fine, and I remove my chapeau to it. But ask the expert social workers in their cities about the club philanthropies as a whole, and you will learn that these amateur efforts are regarded by them with the gravest misgivings as being, at best, likely to do as much harm as good. Their work is wasteful. It involves a risk of pauperization. Often, it aids a small group of poor people at Christmas and ignores them the other fifty-one weeks of the year, or singles out a few unfortunates and ignores all the others. It never, of course, inquires into the causes of poverty — economic, social, or psychological. Worst of all, the club member tends to assume that when he has participated in this effort, to the extent of a few dollars or a few hours of time, he has fulfilled all his obligations to the community. He then seals his pocketbook and his heart for another year.

And finally, the clubs are bad because they make the members take themselves too seriously. Not in the meetings, which, as I have said, seem to me to be less serious than they should, but all the time, and in general. America is "organized to death." Every thoughtful student of our national life knows that we suffer from mass-mindedness, from the inability to think for ourselves as individuals. These clubs encourage a tendency which would be quite bad enough without them. They exalt business into an end, whereas it ought to be only a means. They help support the false thesis that the machinery of life is more important than life itself. They prevent a proper and healthful humility on the part of their members.

It is perhaps natural that any group should exaggerate its own usefulness, to itself and to others; but this is doubly unfortunate in a country where the material aspects of life have, for the time, so completely outrun the intellectual and spiritual. I don't expect the clubs to begin to cultivate humility just because it is suggested that they should; I merely stand by the thesis that until they can do so, they will not have earned the right to survive.

For a defense of Rotary, see page 953.

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THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

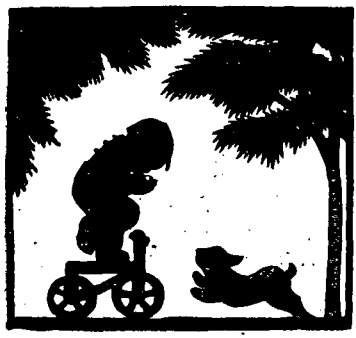
ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Scissor-cuts by Lisl Hummel

I

He couldn't toot the bugle horn
  Or carry the big sword
Or ride the horse, so he's the place
  Where our buns are stored.

The last man is the baggage van,
  He knows he is to die:
We let him be it in our war
  So he wouldn't cry.



II

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John —
Now I lay me down to sleep —
Daddy, God, and Santa Claus —
Turn this dog into a sheep!

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III

Big brothers know the only ways
To make a horse step high;
Sisters do not count at all
No matter how they try.

Horses aren't a bit like dolls,
They never let you think;
They go up in the middle so
And come down in a kink.

IV

I wonder why the birds with wings
Like so much to sit on things?
I wouldn't sit upon my mother
Or an umbrella of another
If I was chickens or a linnet,
I'd be ashamed to for a minute.

V

I think a lamb is just the way
God gets down on his knees to play.
His wool is made of cloth and feels
Like the toys that run on wheels,
And the tail he has behind
Is just the sort that you would wind.

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OUR MUDDLING WORLD

Brigands and Diplomats

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

THE wife of the Dutch Consul in Janina was kidnapped by brigands last summer. Janina brigands have a peculiar taste for enterprises of an international character. A Janina brigand it was who murdered General Tellini in the summer of 1923, while the said general was collaborating in the commission entrusted by the Council of Ambassadors with the arduous task of drawing a frontier between Greece and Albania. In those sunny regions, a frontier is a matter of the very first importance, particularly to brigands and smugglers; and it is not surprising that the Italian general, who was suspected of favoring Albanian claims, should have fallen a victim to the shots of a Greek brigand who, apart from his patriotism — for there is no reason why a brigand should not be a patriot — was entitled to definite views as to the kind of frontier he wanted.

The Council of Ambassadors sent a commission of inquiry, the conclusions of which were, of course, respectfully noncommittal. And so was its procedure! Breaking boldly with silly prejudices, the commission decided to hear not merely such important officials as the Attorney General of the Court of Appeals and the military and civilian heads of the local administration, but also "at Janina, the bandit Menos, a man of Greek origin who had taken refuge in Albania, after having been sentenced to death in Greece," and "at Argyrocastro, the bandit Stefan Cerea, who was arrested on suspicion by the Albanian authorities."

In this remarkable document, the function of the brigand in public life is at last officially recognized. A most important function. The brigand often acts as a kind of voluntary collaborator of the state, both in a financial and in a judiciary capacity. Financially, he helps toward a more equitable distribution of wealth, taking from the rich goods and currencies which ultimately go to the poor. Moreover, in his judicial capacity, the brigand restores the balance which has been upset by the systematic wrongdoing of the powerful. It is true that the balance of justice which the brigand sets up is inspired by a sense of equilibrium not unlike that of the gipsy who, noticing that his donkey's

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left hind leg was broken, proceeded to break his right leg in order to make him even. Yet balance it is for all that, and it is difficult to see how primitive societies could keep a fairly even account of crime and countercrime without the help of this most important of social agents.

Let me add that in all primitive societies the brigand is one of the mainsprings of religious feeling. He is a devout believer and seldom forgets to tempt Heaven to his side by appropriate offerings payable, of course, out of the spoils of his contemplated enterprises. A man with a high sense of honor, he never fails to pay his promised quota to the particular image in charge of Heaven's affairs in the district on which he bestows his attention. Nor is there anything the matter with this feature of the brigand's religious creed. All the Deity wants of us is that we give It our best. There is a charming tale by Anatole France, "The Juggler of Our Lady," in which a young monk who can neither study, sing, nor cook in honor of the Holy Virgin, offers Her his only talent — juggling — and is caught by his brethren performing his best tricks before Her smiling image. Why shouldn't the brigand endeavor to catch the eye of God by offering Him a prize such as would appeal to a Superbrigand?

After all, is not this conception of God as the Superbrigand the most accurate conception of all? For no one in the world acts with more freedom and purpose than the Deity, and freedom and purpose are the purest characteristics of brigands. This religious sense which he derives from whatever there is of the divine in his profession, the brigand diffuses around him inasmuch as he helps to create a sense of insecurity — one of the most favorable conditions for the development of a true religious life. Brigands are therefore always respected by the Church, and they make a most edifying death. When their funeral crosses the town, every male citizen takes off his hat and every female citizen bows reverentially. His soul enters Heaven by the Grand Diamond Gates reserved for public personages.

In a sense, the evolution of societies may be described in terms of the evolution of brigandage in them. But it may be just as well at this stage to define what we mean by "brigand." A brigand then is a man who uses violence for a definite purpose and of his own accord, without acting on orders from a social authority on behalf of the community. Viewed in this light, brigandage pre-

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sents a variety of forms which, though coexisting, correspond to quite distinct stages of evolution.

Thus, if one wishes to measure the distance between Greece and Italy, one may take at random either the distance between Mr. Venizelos and Mr. Mussolini, or that between the Greek brigands who captured the Dutch Consul's wife at Janina and the Fascist *bravi* who kicked and beat a messenger of the British King in Milan. The Italians hold that "if a Greek shakes you by the hand, you should always count your fingers afterwards." I have no doubt that the Greeks have coined remarks just as friendly about the Italians. But the fact remains — and historical truth forces me to place it on record — that, in this particular case at any rate, the Greek brigands asked the Dutch Consul to pay 500,000 drachmas for the privilege of recovering his wife — which offer, I understand, the Dutch Consul is still carefully considering — while the Italian brigands kicked and beat the Englishman for the sake of Fascism and to give him a taste of what a self-conscious people can do when it sets its teeth to do it.

No man with a healthy sense of values can fail to see the rise in the evolution of the type which this difference implies. In the Greek case, a woman is kidnapped for money — *i.e.*, for material reasons; in the Italian case, a man is kicked and beaten in order to impress him with the majesty, the vigor, and the *giovinnezza* of Fascist Italy — an aim the spiritual character of which is obvious to all but perhaps the beaten man, whose views can hardly be detached enough to command authority. We are therefore in the presence of a collectivity more advanced in its evolution, for while Mr. Venizelos needed the subtlety of Ulysses and the experience of Nestor, with possibly the collaboration of not a few brigands, to secure a crushing success in a general election held in perfect freedom (freedom for all, including brigands but excluding opponents), Mr. Mussolini was able to obtain a safe and sound parliament by highly organized methods which guaranteed unanimity by excluding the minority.

Yet brigandage can develop even higher than in the Janina or Milan cases. If your curious eyes will turn to Poland, you will see there a glorious man — General Zeligowski — who is deservedly famous. A few years ago, when Poland, enmeshed in the inextricable nets of international law, dared not bag Vilna by the well-known method of the *fait accompli*, General Zeligowski de-

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cided to sacrifice his discipline to his patriotism and rushed into the coveted city at the head of a "rebellious division." The League of Nations frowned at the Polish representative, who, on the shores of the Lake of Peace, had to face the music of world indignation at his unseemly act. But the Pole in Geneva was all sad purity and powerless sorrow. "Weeping holy water with his penitent eye," as the admirable Frenchman put it forevermore, he declared that the ways of generals (and particularly of Polish generals — a brand new breed) were as inscrutable as those of Providence, and that not even Poland could keep a Polish general right when he had made up his — whatever a Polish general makes up in such cases — to go wrong.

So there it was, and there it remained. General Zeligowski held Vilna until the world — all but Lithuania — got used to the idea, and then, as it was put to me at the time in Geneva, he resigned his position of rebel, leaving Vilna in Polish hands. Here brigandage takes on a truly sublime air; rising above petty consuls' wives or kings' messengers, it rushes over its frontiers and bags a town.

Having attained these heights, brigandage acquires a considerable political importance. Statesmen the world over meet to discuss its ins and outs, and eminent jurists sit and argue indefinitely over the significance of its *status quo ante*, its *faits accomplis*, its *de facto* and *de jure*, and many more abstruse and refined conceptions to which its wonderful fertility gives birth. The land in which this kind of brigandage reaches perfection is of course China. The Chinese are known mostly as the inventors of puzzles, the most intricate of which is their wonderful script (which some ill-advised folk keep calling an alphabet, as if the Chinese could condescend to express their recondite thoughts by such paltry means as letters). Just as a Chinese cabinet differs from its Western counterpart — the Western piece of furniture being built on a geometrical conception, with its two axes of symmetry, its doors and drawers vertically and horizontally aligned as Euclid directed, while the Chinese thing is all zigzags, nooks and corners, arches and dragons, with all kinds of unexpected quirks at odd places — so the Chinese state differs from our Western centralized and axial administrations, and shows provinces cut about zigzag-wise by *tu-chuns* and other misgovernors, and unexpected wars leading up to unbelievable peaces in puzzlelike disorder. In China, towns are nothing more

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than the tokens of exchange, or the pawns, in a wider game, and the spoils of the sport are provinces. A brigandage of a high order indeed.

Sublimer still the brigand who bags a whole nation! At this point I am afraid I must wax nationalistic and roundly declare that Spain possesses the best specimen of this category. General Primo de Rivera had tried every possible way up the ladder of power, beginning at the very beginning. First, he chose the right family relationship. With a shrewdness the precocity of which is perhaps the most marvelous feature of his career and his strongest claim to admiration, he decided to be born the nephew of a field marshall who had no sons. A man who could begin life with so keen a sense of strategy was bound to rise swiftly in the military hierarchy, and so Primo de Rivera became a general when his college comrades were still struggling asthmatically up the slopes of lieutenant-colonelcy. It was then that he began to hear voices like Joan of Arc and to talk through his helmet like . . . — you can fill this gap with your favorite name — until one day, finding the nation did not rise to the occasion wasted on her, he made up his — again whatever a Spanish general makes up when he decides something — and assaulted the state and bagged the nation.

It is not easy to imagine how brigandage could rise to higher levels, and of course it does not. Moreover, brigandage of this particular character is much less frequent than might be thought. You may read news to the contrary now and then, but more often than not the news is misleading, owing to an unwarranted use of this highly technical term *brigand*. Thus, it is not rare to read in American newspapers that Nicaraguan brigands have attacked a few American marines who happened to be out in the bushy hills analyzing Nicaraguan votes to test their purity. Yet a mere glance at the situation reveals that the use of the word in this connection arises out of a well-meant but evident misunderstanding; for it is an essential condition of brigandage that force should be used with some definite aim in view, such as the exchange of 500,000 drachmas for a missing wife, the assertion of a great nation's *giovinezza*, or the bagging of a town, province, nation, or territory.

Now it is obvious that General Sandino and his followers are afield for no purpose whatsoever known to the American press. Indeed, were we to judge by the criterion of brigandage just de-

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fined (*i.e.*, the existence of a definite aim for the violence used), not Sandino's men but the American marines might — at least by hurried people — be mistaken for brigands. For they, at any rate, are using force with a clear aim in view — namely, to guarantee that the Nicaraguan election shall come up to the highest possible standards, say those of Chicago. The nobility of such a purpose would then entitle American marines in Nicaragua to rank with the highest and most reputable categories of brigands known in history. Unfortunately for them, it is doubtful whether even the American marines in Nicaragua can be considered as brigands, despite their gallant efforts, for they can hardly be said to answer to the second requirement of brigandage — that the brigand must use violence of his own accord and not in response to orders from a social authority on behalf of the community. Now there is one thing, if nothing else, which is perfectly clear about the Nicaraguan situation: the marines are not there of their own accord, but as a result of orders received from Washington. Wherever the brigandage — if any — lies, it lies not in them.

By this rather meandering road — for we are men of leisure and the whole world is our estate — we achieve the upper reaches of our idea. Our vista suddenly widens out and we begin to discern the possibility of extending our views of brigandage from the world of men to the world of nations. Let us remember our definition of the brigand: the man who uses violence for a definite aim and of his own accord, without carrying out orders given him by a social authority on behalf of the community. In the world of nations, the "brigand" nation would be that nation which uses force against another nation with a definite aim in view and without acting upon orders from an international authority on behalf of the world community.

Nothing in our definition prejudges the quality of the aim in view. The brigand may attack a coach in order to bag the spoils or in order to right a wrong. Brigand he remains if he takes "justice" in his own hands instead of trusting the judges of the community. The "brigand" nation may — in her own eyes she generally does — use force with the noblest possible motives, usually in order to confer on the victim nation benefits which the poor thing is too backward even to understand, still less to be grateful for. Yet, "brigand" nation she remains. The issue is simple. It has been unnecessarily confused by a red herring about

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"entanglements." A nation has a right to refuse entanglements — positive engagements to do this or that thing. But has she a right to play the apostle, the brigand, or the giddy goat of her own accord without coming up to the standard of civilized people, and therefore without arguing the matter with the other nations of the world community?

The brigand, we know, was a useful social figure in primitive times. In the civilized world he has become obsolete. When is brigandage among nations going to become obsolete in the world community?

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ESCAPE AND PURSUIT

Being a Note on the Novel

J. B. Priestley

FICTION is notoriously hard to describe and define. That is because fiction itself describes and defines so much. It is easily the largest mirror of life we have in literature. And of course, simply by calling it a mirror, you can if you like say at once why we find so much pleasure in fiction. Its reflection of life enchants us, and there is an end of the matter. But we do not want an end of the matter because, in all such inquiries as this, it is the journey and not the destination that is of real value. We want to be able to say why our interest in fiction is different from other interests, why it seems to give us a peculiar pleasure, and why some novels please us more than others. And the very scope of the art defeats us.

Fiction can be approached and enjoyed in so many different ways that it is almost as bewildering as life itself. We can regard it as a simple record of events, something that satisfies our eager curiosity to learn what really happened. This is certainly our attitude toward detective stories. We can regard it as a picture of manners, a movie of life in a certain kind of society. We may see it as an exhibition of character, a portrait gallery, an introduction to all kinds of entertaining people: a very sound view, this, and one that has done duty for a long time in the criticism of the best novels in English. We may see it as the vehicle of a certain philosophy of life, as critics began to do when such novelists as Meredith and Hardy came upon the scene. We may approach fiction with none of these things in our minds but with an intense desire to be better acquainted with the personality of the novelist himself; for many people think literature is valuable simply because it expresses so many unusual personalities, and fiction does this as well as any other form of literature. I could extend this list until it filled all my available space, but there is no need to go any further.

We approach fiction in many different ways, impelled by many different interests, and though one way may be better than another, though all these interests are not necessarily on the same level, we have no right to say that they do not exist and have

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nothing to do with fiction. Those critics who tell us that we go to a novel for this or that alone are merely telling us what their own interests happen to be. It is a habit of critics to imagine that they are explaining literature when, in truth, they are only explaining themselves. The present writer can only plead that he is at least aware of the fact.

There is another way of looking at fiction, quite different from any of those noted above, and a brief consideration of it might possibly throw yet one more beam of light on the art. We do not read books in a kind of vacuum, as if we were disembodied spirits existing in some timeless void. We read them in our hours of leisure, here and now, with our own life surging on, making a background, a standard of reference, for whatever we read. These are obvious facts, but they are frequently overlooked.

Underlying those interests that take us to fiction — some of them mentioned above — there are two main impulses, which may be compared with the desire for narcotics and stimulants that land some people in the saloon or the drug store. The first of these is the wish to escape from life — that is, from the life we know, the life that is going on all around us and in which willy-nilly we have to take part. We want to take a rest, a holiday. It is a delight to find the pressure of things suddenly removed, to take leave of every limiting circumstance with which we are so familiar, to make the acquaintance of a life entirely different from our own. This is what simple people mean when they say that they like an occasional novel or visit to the theatre because "it takes you out of yourself." It is the secret of most popular story-telling, the kind that gives factory girls a glimpse of high society and takes mild little clerks into a ferocious and quite imaginary Wild West; and it is careful, in order to complete the escape, to accentuate the difference, making high society higher than it ever is and the Wild West wilder than it ever was. Even the daydreaming appeal of this popular fiction, enabling the reader to identify himself or herself with the astonishingly successful hero or heroine, is only part of this general escape.

The novelists themselves are frequently daydreamers who plunge with relief into the worlds of their own invention. They too escape, and with many of them the desire to be rid of ordinary life, which may press very heavily upon them, is frequently their strongest motive for writing at all.

Some of these facts have been noticed before, but they have

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only been noticed in connection with very crude forms of fiction. Actually they apply to every form. The more imaginative we are, the stronger is our desire, at times, to escape, and there has grown up a vast literature — some of it very good indeed — that offers us first and foremost the satisfaction of this desire. There is no better example of this literature than the eternally delightful *Arabian Nights*, which conveys us into a world the like of which we have never seen — a world in which every particular is strange and no circumstance of any importance in our own lives makes an appearance — an ideal holiday place for the mind.

But every good piece of fiction is partly an Arabian Night. We go to it — at least, if we are ordinary, sensible novel readers we do — asking for the means of escape, for some little window for the imagination. And this does not necessarily involve what is called romance. In such tales, of course, the opportunity is obvious. We can wander with Scott's Jacobites or the Musketeers of Dumas; there could be no simpler translation out of our own lives. Conrad takes us voyaging on little schooners to remote islands, and asks us to share a kind of life entirely foreign to us. If you want two contemporary American examples, there is Mr. Cabell, whose imaginary kingdom of Poictesme, with its mediæval furnishings, is a deliberate contrast to any kingdom his readers have ever known; and there is Mr. Hergesheimer, whose Java Heads and other highly decorative places are not of this world.

When we leave the romancers for what are called the "regional" novelists, who take such pains to show us what life is like in Kentucky or Indiana, we are still given the same opportunity to escape. To read about these distant mountaineers or plainsmen is to take a holiday from our own life — unless, of course, we should happen to live in these "regions" ourselves, in which case such stories have a very different appeal and must stand or fall by their ability to satisfy that companion desire to which we shall come later.

And now we arrive at more subtle but even more effective ways of escape. It is clear that no novelist can give us the whole of life. A great deal must inevitably be dropped out of their chronicles. But some novelists have quite deliberately constructed little worlds of their own, from which, for certain purposes of their art, they have omitted most of what makes up this world we know. They have taken, if you will, cross sections of real life, and worked simply with them and nothing more. Such novelists, most of them

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of major importance, offer us unusual opportunities of escape, rest, and change in abundance.

Consider, for example, the world of Jane Austen's fiction. It is really a highly artificial little microcosm, from which most of the great realities have been banished. War, politics, business, poverty, violence, disease, death — all these are absent, having been deliberately shut out. It is a little world of perfect ease and security in which a shower of rain becomes an event, and it is possible to talk for a month about the invitations to a ball. Some people appear to imagine that because Jane Austen was a quiet maiden lady who led a comparatively uneventful existence, she was really describing life as she saw it. But this is absurd, for it assumes that nobody in her neighborhood ever died or committed a crime or went mad or became bankrupt or was lost in that war which was raging practically the whole time she was writing. We forget that the very people she describes were actually living in daily expectation that the country would be invaded by the French.

She knew all about these things, but she kept them out so that her delicate and subtle comedy might be played in peace. If we replaced her tea table with a camp fire or a deathbed, all her exquisite strokes would be ruined. And what was for her simply a necessary condition of her art (she was a great and quite deliberate artist) becomes for us a source of enchantment. To enter her quiet little world is to take a delightful holiday, and that is why so many of us found ourselves turning to her during the war.

Henry James, who also dealt so largely in fine shades, moved in a not dissimilar world in most of his fiction, which shows us people who seem to live in a kind of hothouse, completely protected from the frosts and nipping winds of ordinary circumstance. But as he is less thoroughgoing than Jane Austen, so too he offers us less ample opportunities of escape.

There could be no greater contrast to these two novelists than such a one as Dickens — a very robust and masculine genius. But the world of Dickens' fiction is palpably unlike the real world. It is not that time has lapsed or manners changed, for his world — the delightfully grotesque creation of a genius that has something childlike in it — was just as far removed from the one his contemporaries knew as it is from our own. It is, indeed, a Victorian Land of Cockaigne, a Cloud-Cuckoodom of pity and laughter, where gigantic comic characters exist out of time altogether, be-

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yond change, like gods. To visit this world is to lift from our minds most of the pressure of common reality. Indeed, *Pickwick Papers* might be given a place beside *The Arabian Nights* as one of the supreme examples of the happy literature of escape.

Such, then, is the first of these two main impulses. The second takes us in a contrary direction. Just as we wish at times to escape from life, so too (if we are healthy-minded) we wish to go, so to speak, in pursuit of it. We do not want to take leave of the life that is stirring all around us; we want to get closer to it, to bend upon it a long, searching look. A thousand questions hammer at us. What is it all about? What are the essentials? Where are its values? We ask that life shall be interpreted for us. We want to be made more intensely aware of its urgency and significance.

I have mentioned the simple people who, bent on escape, tell us they like an occasional novel because "it takes you out of yourself." We discover their fellows in the earnest readers who forever look for "a great message" in fiction, who see "a lesson" in every chapter, who demand that novelists should concentrate upon social abuses, should denounce this and praise that, and produce a Day of Judgment in every final chapter. If easy escape is the secret of most popular story-telling, this bold and crude interpretation of ordinary life is the secret of a great mass of fiction hardly less popular. And just as we may escape in so many different ways, as we have seen, so too through the agency of fiction we may grapple with life in many different ways.

But this does not necessarily involve "great messages" or what used to be called "novels with a purpose." A novelist has only to throw into relief some particular phase of human conduct and relations, and then handle his chosen material sincerely and with intelligence, to hold life steadily before us for a little time and enable us to reflect upon it. He brings into the foreground certain relations — those between man and society at large, those between lovers, those between the various sides of a man's own character — and keeps a strong light playing upon them; and when he has done, we find ourselves looking at our own experience in a new way. He has made us more sensitive, has shaken one part of our mind out of its sleep.

For, if it is true to say that the pressure of things is frequently bearing so hard upon us that we demand a holiday in the imagination, the rest and refreshment of an escape through fiction, it is also true — so strangely are we made — to say that most of our

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time we are half asleep and it is not a narcotic but a stimulant we need. To certain sides of life, varying with the individual, we are forever growing blind, deaf, insensitive, until the good novelist comes along to give us eyes and ears and the responsive mind. He takes us by the scruff of the neck, as it were, and points with the other hand, saying: "Look at that! That's how things are!" And though we may not agree that things really are like that, the trick has been done and for a time we are wide awake and looking about us. For this service we are grateful, just as we are when he comes along and cries: "Want a rest and a change? Well, walk through this little door" — when, in fact, he helps us to escape. It is likely that we shall be more grateful for one than for the other, though for my own part I think a wise reader will give neither one nor the other the preference.

Thus we see fiction satisfying two apparently opposing desires — taking us away from (what is to us) reality and bringing us closer to it. But does this mean we are considering two entirely different kinds of fiction? It does not, for I maintain that the most satisfying fiction *is* most satisfying just because it performs the miracle of fulfilling both of these two contradictory desires, obligingly hurrying us out of our lives and yet at the same time compelling us to look more closely at them. It rests one part of us and exercises another — which is precisely what we want.

We have already seen how some great novelists allow us to escape. We will return to them now and see how they also bring us sharply face-to-face with life.

There is Jane Austen again, whose artificial little world, we have seen, gives us a holiday from our own. That world is only artificial in the sense that it has shut out so much; but what it has *shut in*, what it reveals so clearly by isolating it, is the very essence of reality. On that miniature stage, certain matters that we might be inclined to overlook — the tiny details of conduct and manners, the little egoisms and follies — are mercilessly thrust into the limelight, so that we are compelled to notice them.

The world of Dickens allows us to escape from a good deal; nevertheless, with its bold outlines and sharp coloring, it throws one part of life into relief and inevitably leaves us more sensitive to its humor and pathos, its cruelty and kindness. We go voyaging in eastern seas with Conrad, leaving far behind our own workaday world, our problems and worries and doubts. Nevertheless, once he has us on board, we are compelled to share his tragic-heroic

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vision of things, his conviction that the soul of man exists by virtue of his attachment to certain loyalties, and we find life roaring terribly around us.

I mentioned two contemporary American novelists, Mr. Cabell and Mr. Hergesheimer. Both these writers, as we saw, open wide, with the most inviting gestures, the doors of escape. But even in Poictesme and at Java Head you have to question life with their creators and do not get much profit out of your visit if you refuse. Indeed, the difference between the early Mr. Cabell and the later is that the first only offered escape, whereas the latter, in his own way, offers both escape and pursuit. It is the novels that fail on one side or the other that leave us irritated or depressed. The satisfying novel always shows us a balance of the two qualities.

It is possible, of course, for a novel to be one thing to one set of readers and another thing to another set. For example, Mr. Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*, which still remains his best novel, has very little appeal to me as fiction of the interpretive and critical order. But to hundreds and thousands of readers, I imagine, it is essentially fiction of that order — a novel of what we have agreed to call pursuit. I see *Main Street* primarily as a novel of escape, for the simple reason that I am not an American, have never set eyes on its Zeniths, do not know if Mr. Lewis is reporting or inventing, and — to be frank — do not care, and simply find entertainment in this panorama of somewhat fantastic life that he unrolls. To spend a day with Mr. Babbitt is a holiday to me, just as a day with Arnold Bennett's Mr. Prohack is probably a holiday to the average American reader. But as *Main Street* happens to be a good novel, it does reveal itself afterward to me as a novel of pursuit because it fastens upon some of those characteristics of provincial life that are the same in every country.

And if any readers of THE FORUM wish to amuse themselves with a little critical exercise, I suggest that they examine, in the light of this little theory of fiction, the novels of Willa Cather (whose little masterpiece, *A Lost Lady*, will be found to be perfectly satisfying), of Theodore Dreiser, Booth Tarkington, Zona Gale, Christopher Morley. (And these novelists, I may add, have not been chosen at random.) If anybody is wanting a new method of approach to fiction — and all the old roads are apt to be crowded — here it is, and I can promise the man who travels by it some views he may not have noticed before. More than that I do not claim nor promise.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

TEA–TOTALERS

IT has long been a commonplace that the English know how to live. Just at present they are slightly nervous about the relatively unimportant problem of making a living, and Americans, unquestionably adepts in that matter, have been rather prone to assume a general superiority because of one particular advantage. But it is not really the fault of the Americans; it is the fault of the English for flirting with the American delusion, for giving plausibility to the superstition that one-third of the day is more important than two-thirds.

The balance, however, is still on the English side. In spite of a nervous, restless London, the great body of English people outside of the metropolis are unshaken in their devotion to the "durable satisfactions of life" — to tea, for instance, instead of to cocktails. It is true that cocktails have an enormous vogue just now, but the cocktail fury, I venture to predict, will not endure (especially if they persist in serving them tepid and sweet!). The consumption of tea, on the other hand, proceeds with undiminished assurance; like cricket, it is not a game, but an institution. Even in London, when the hour strikes, behold the veneer of mad endeavor fall away; go to the tea shops and observe the English revealed in their true colors. Business is after all so incidental that it does not outweigh the business of tea.

Now a great many solemn people, in looking for English civilization, profess to find it in such respectable institutions as the Bank of England, the public schools, Oxford. But the true symbol, to a pedestrian mind, is Tea. Even cricket stops for tea! Alas, if tea should become an unwelcome interruption of business or cricket, a mere momentary punctuation of those activities — well, Englishmen might draw the eyeteeth of Yankee businessmen, but English civilization would fall.

Consider for a moment what tea is. Too many people suppose it to be a cured leaf which, infused with water, produces a pleasing

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beverage. The Japanese make it fresh and weak without sugar and milk and drink it with a formal reverence that suggests tea for tea's sake. Americans strain it and dilute it till it contains less than one-half of one per cent and then complain that it makes them nervous (whereas, in reality, they make it that way because they are already nervous). The English, stark realists in this as in other matters, take it not for its own sake but for themselves. They do not strain it and, as a large supply of leaves gets into every cup, they may be said to eat it. Presumably it keeps on steeping inside them. Evidently they are afraid that they may escape from its influence and, like their American cousins, may keep at sordid business long after respectable people ought to relax and begin to live.

If tea is food and drink, then, why confine it to the late afternoon? The English have answered that question. They eat tea on rising and, thus stimulated for the day, they do not feel any indecent hurry to break their fast before nine o'clock. That puts business in its place, somewhere between ten and four, with a few minutes off for tea at eleven and an hour out for lunch at one. Two dishes of tea at five ordinarily complete the Englishman's allowance, but the Scots, who are always so afraid of getting ahead of the English, have a way of eating it again at nine in the evening — just to hold themselves down.

Now if those solemn people who think I ought to be talking about Oxford or the Bank of England consider it flippant to lay so much emphasis on the sanctity of tea, let them reflect what it symbolizes. More than any one thing, it liberates the Briton from a narrow concentration and specialization; in spite of Oxford, which would make him a horrible theorist, or of the Bank, which would make him a devotee of Mammon, it keeps him aware of the more important aspects of life. Hence broad interests, toleration; smaller incomes and larger conversation. He doesn't talk just for the sake of talking, of course, but if he has any brains at all, he is rather interested in ideas and points of view, whereas many Americans with an extra supply of brains are interested only in one narrow pursuit and must resort, for conversation with a stranger outside of their "line," to a competitive and unprogressive recitation of anecdotes.

This opinion, that Englishmen are friendly to ideas, is not commonly held, I know, just as it is not commonly understood that they are courteous to strangers. The error springs, I think,

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from the false supposition that habits are ideas. An Englishman isn't going to change his practices for ways that some bumptious outsider tells him are better than his (just try to get breakfast at eight o'clock if you don't believe it), but any traveler has abundant evidence of the Briton's courtesy and of his interest in ideas — that is, in the relation of one fact to another. That he has little rapacity for mere facts, as facts, is only another sign of his high civilization; and that he balances his courtesy by being outrageously gruff to his own people is a sign of his sense of humor — after all, the acid test of civilization.

The results of this unerring attention to things that really matter may be seen on every hand: good food, good inns, competent servants; above all, an orderly life. London, it is true, is no longer the most genial and comfortable city in the world. A restlessness, which I am told set in during the war, still persists. What makes it rather pathetic, moreover, is that the visitor senses an aimless oscillation rather than dedicated dash. New Yorkers may be going to hell (I strongly suspect they are), but they are going with a fine confidence in their destiny; whereas Londoners give you the impression that they haven't yet bought their tickets. One Englishman explained it to me on the ground that his people are conscious of broken traditions, sense a new order coming, are naturally restless in an unstable period of change and adjustment. If that is so, the consciousness of it has not reached rural districts, which, to the casual visitor at least, appear unchanged and just as delightful as ever.

Nor do I think it has really gone below the surface in London. They may flirt a bit with the idea of devastating changes, but their hearts are still sound. On every side one meets outspoken condemnation of the genuine improvements in Regent street; that is a good sign! Also, they still ride bicycles in Piccadilly and the Strand and park cars on the wrong side of the street. They even respect pedestrians (*Punch* is all wrong about this; he should visit Chicago, *via* Detroit). Fans of white paper still go into the grates on May 15th and fires are taboo till September 15th, just as they always were — the natives offsetting the rigors of the climate by wearing 7/8" underwear and the Americans by drinking whisky. English menus, moreover, are still in pidgin French, just as they were twenty years ago; and *à l'Anglaise* still means "served just as God made it, without culinary caress."

Let a personal experience be symbolic of the whole. Arriving

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from Paris, with a memory of *Petit Gervais* and wild strawberries, I asked a London waiter what I might have.

"Why, you can 'ave anythink you like, sir."

"Well, what have you got?"

"'Ow about a little chickenanam, sir?"

"Haven't you anything else?"

"Oh, yes, sir; we 'ave some very nice roast mutton, sir; an' potaytoes an' string beans — I can 'eartily recommend the beans, sir."

"But what else?" I persisted.

"Why, as I say, sir," he replied cheerfully, "you can 'ave anythink you like, sir. You don't care for the chickenanam, sir?"

"Yes, but what else!"

"Well, sir, the mutton is very good, sir; I can 'eartily recommend the mutton, sir."

"Oh, very well," I said resignedly, "I'll have mutton."

"Yes, sir. An' the beans an' potaytoes, sir? . . . Very good, sir."

No, I wasn't really irritated. In fact, I was rather pleased. The mutton *was* good, of course, as it always is. More important yet, the heart of England was still sound, still unwilling to capitulate to the meretricious variety of foreign delicacies. The language of the menu is just their little joke. One exhilarated British menu-maker has produced *Pommes Chips*, another *Orange de Souffle;* and it is quite within the bounds of their jocularity that a strayed American might find himself breakfasting on (or off) *Blé Shreds* or *Pain Grillé de Post.* But it might be *Gourmandises;* when in doubt, British invention falls back on that, or on *Frivolités.* So, though I found the mutton paraded as *Grenobloise,* the potatoes as *Pommes Duchesse*, and the beans as *Haricots Verts*, the whole lot was unquestionably *à l'Anglaise.*

No, serious degeneration has not set in, even in London; and I don't believe it will so long as they stick to tea.

— *Walter S. Hinchman*

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WHAT IS PROGRESS?

Forum Definitions

PROGRESS is a slippery word. Like Charity, it often covers a multitude of sins. Like its kindred spirit, Evolution, it may be said to be implicit in everything. Thus contributors to this month's contest likened Progress to a ladder, a yardstick, a jackscrew, birth control, Hoover, THE FORUM, Racial equality, Hell, a sled, a wild pig, a disease, a dream, an undefinable something, a rose, a monument, a ship, a memory, a stream, a tortoise, a treadmill, a milestone, a soul, a journey, a moving picture.

One contributor, Mr. Thomas L. Masson of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, defined Progress as "A cumulative accumulation of sufficient failures to produce success — the last word in an unprogressive series — another wife — another husband — a new Christmas joke — a trust company without vice-presidents — spring — summer — autumn — winter." Another contributor, Mr. E. Dodd Condit of Norristown, Pennsylvania, says that "Progress is that which a committee appointed to do something reports when it has done nothing." Still a third, Mr. Hooper Lewis of Point Isabel, Texas, gets out his dictionary of rhymes and, laying stone on stone, erects this monument to Progress:

Trial marriage, television,
Taxes, taxies, prohibition,
Propaganda, profiteering,
Radio and racketeering,
Boards of Temperance and Morals,
Modern-Fundamental quarrels,
Alienists and aviation,
Sex and Shaw and sanitation,
T.N.T., synthetic food,
Halitosis, Hollywood,
(Ye gods, *now* they give us noises!)
Mencken, mediumistic voices,
G. M. C. and K. K. K.,
B. V. D., Y. M. C. A. —
Heavens, who's this Orful Ogress? —
Hush! She's calmly christened "Progress."

Aside from these whimsical and poetical aspects of Progress, we may say that the very idea implies motion — motion *from* something *to* something. In short, Progress implies a direction, a purpose toward which things are thought to move. There is surely no more abused word in the English language than this word Progress. It has been bandied about so glibly that it has come to have no more meaning than that pale adjective Interesting. These two words are in the same boat: their meaning, if any, depends upon an intricate series of relationships. Thus anything may be Interesting or anything may spell Progress if one is minded to see it so. But if the relationships are lost sight of, the words immediately become just so many letters with which to fill a thought vacuum. Hence the importance of trying to find out what Progress really is.

The following definitions win prizes:

1. Progress is movement in a spiral instead of a circle. (*Esther Vinson, Normal, Illinois.*)

2. In a generally accepted sense, Progress has come to mean forward, purposeful action toward something better. But Progress also means steady advancement toward an end, whether that end be good or bad, constructive or destructive. (*Louie Croft Boyd, Denver, Colorado.*)

3. Progress is to each individual the trend toward or accomplishment of what is to him ideal or desirable. The term is wholly relative and, consequently, its meaning is as variable as the minds and hearts of its users. (*Edmund J. Moore, New York City.*)

4. Progress is going forward with the wisdom of the past toward the vision of the future. (*Anna R. Crever, San José, California.*)

Next word to be defined: — CHARACTER. *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by December 26. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in* THE FORUM (*value not exceeding $5.00*), *for each winning definition.*

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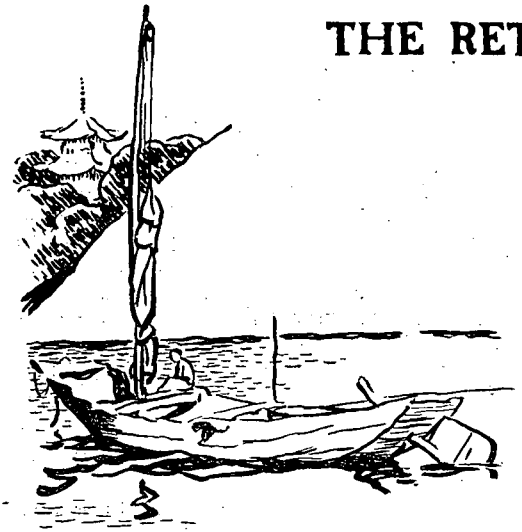

THE RETURN OF CHRIST

POEM BY
ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

Drawing by
C. Le Roy Baldridge

CONSIDERATIONS of space make it necessary to paraphrase briefly in prose certain sections of the poem. The complete text will appear in Mr. Ficke's book, "Mountain Against Mountain," to be published shortly by Doubleday, Doran and Company.

I lay myself at your feet,
I, the twice-crucified.
And I beseech you, my belovèds,
Not to accept me.

For I have already endured
Too many martyrdoms.
Let not another sorrow be laid
On the heart of the man of sorrows.

I

TAI SHAN, the Most Sacred Mountain,
Rises gray
In mass after mass of forbidding stone.
Under the fierce sunlight of summer
And in the blackness of winter nights
Its splintered bastions of granite
Loom enormous
Over the hills and valleys and plains
Of Holy China.

Fields lie at its feet —
The wide, parched fields of Shantung, wherefrom
With toil and patience, like that of their fathers before them,
Men and women wring food for their mouths
And for the mouths of their children.

The Mountain looms
Over a land of recurrent life
And of recurrent death.

II, III, IV

(Tai Shan, the Most Sacred Mountain, raises its crags over the plains of China's Holy Land. In those ancient fields, generation after generation of men struggle to wrest a bare existence from the harsh earth.

On a certain night, the peasants of the plain are terrified by an unearthly storm which veils the summit of the Most Sacred Mountain. At dawn the storm ceases; and in the clear light a Stranger comes walking down the long road of the Mountain.)

V

Where the plain begins — harsh, unfruitful —
And the mud-walled houses of the peasants
Cluster, six or eight together, in small villages —
There the Stranger paused
And stood a long while in silence
Looking back at the bright summit of Tai Shan.

Then he turned
And surveyed the houses
Of this village wherein he stood.
And he approached a house
And through the open door he said —
"Will you give me a cup of water?"

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An aged man came and stood in the doorway
And looked at the Stranger.
He answered, "Yes," and for a moment he was gone.
Presently he returned with two small cups and a large steaming tea-jar
From which he poured into the cups, for the Stranger and for himself.
And seating himself on the bare ground beside the doorway,
He motioned the Stranger to a seat beside him.
And the two sat in the clear dawn,
And drank tea, and smiled quietly at each other.

The old man said at last — "You are a stranger?"
The Stranger nodded.
"You have come far?" the old man said.
"Yes, very far," the Stranger said.
"You are tired: then rest!" said the old man.
And they drank tea, and smiled quietly at each other.

After a little while the old man
Looked curiously at the Stranger.
Gently he asked — "Are you a Holy Man?"
The Stranger answered: "I do not know."
Whereupon the old man again smiled, and drank tea.

At length the old man raised his arm
And pointed to the rocky summit
Of Tai Shan, the Most Sacred Mountain.
"There," he said,
"Once stood the feet of Confucius: did you know that?
There Confucius, looking down on the world below,
Felt in his heart the dawning of that wisdom
Which has made for us our Holy China."
The Stranger answered — "Yes, there once stood
The Ancient, the Most Holy Teacher.
The Mountain remembers his words.
The Mountain shall forever echo with his words."

A silence came upon him.
The eyes of the old man sought the eyes of the Stranger in vain.
Presently the Stranger arose,
And embracing the old man with a grave tenderness,
He walked onward.

VI

(The Stranger moves slowly northward, through the plains and villages of China.)

VII

On the highroad, passing slowly northward,
In the noontide of a spring day,
The Stranger stopped — for a sudden voice
Was shrilling in his ears.
And lifting his gaze from the dust of the highroad,
He saw, crouching by the roadside,
A begging leper.

The leper cried out — "O Holy Man, O Holy Man!
Have a little pity on this most miserable of creatures!
Look at my hands!
Look at my feet!
Look at my scalp — look, look!
Who more miserable on earth than I, O Holy Man?
What man of all mankind more worthy of your pity?"

The Stranger approached the leper, and said —
"Man, I pity you from my heart."

The leper's eyes gleamed with a voluptuous joy.
"O Holy Man!" he cried,
"Out of your holiness, out of your goodness,
Sit down a while and let us talk of leprosy.
And then you will give me a little charm,
A little amulet, or a lock of your hair,
Or at least you will spit on me your sacred spittle."

The Stranger said — "The body of this death is upon you, poor man,
And there is no healing of this corruptible flesh for you.
But let the days that remain to you be lighted by the light of your own spirit:

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Turn homeward to the fastnesses of your
own heart.
There shall you find a different healing.
There shall you find a healing."

The leper shrieked — "O Holy Man,
give to me something, anything!
Let me touch your hand!
Let me touch your robe!
Let me lie within your shadow!
For the love of mercy!"

The Stranger said — "Not even for the
love of mercy
Shall you lie within my shadow."

And the Stranger moved swiftly away
Through the noonday sunlight,
And with stern eyes
Walked onward.

And as he went, there followed after
him the cry —
"O Holy Man, a miracle! Perform a
miracle! I am a leper!"

VIII, IX, X

(The Stranger encounters a bandit, whose ferocity melts away before the aloof gentleness of the Stranger.

A child begs alms from him; he weeps, for he has nothing to give.

He comes to the Yellow River, then a devastating flood; and disregarding the plea that he aid in rescue, continues northward.)

XI

The vast twelve-gated city of Peking
Lifts its prodigious walls
In the midst of a sandy plain.
Within its gates the lives of a million
beings
Mingle and meet and part.
Three thousand years have passed since
its first stone
Was laid; the palace of Kubla Khan
once stood
Within its walls; within its walls still stand
Temples and palaces, altars and effigies,
Hovels of beggars and cloisters of great
sages.

The Stranger entered through the
Southern Gate,
Threading his way among the jostling
crowds,
And moved, as one to whom his path is
known,
Through labyrinths of streets and hordes
of men —
Until he came to where, by the North
Wall,
The ancient Temple of Confucius stands.

It was the day of the Festival of the
Third Month,
And the broad courtyard of the temple was
filled
With the rich and the poor, the high and
the low,
Celebrating the rites
Of Confucius, the Ancient, the Most
Holy Teacher.

The Stranger crossed the noisy court-
yard
And came to where, in the porches of
the temple,
Clustered the priests, who, their sacred
duties over,
Gathered in little groups with quiet talk
Or stood in silence looking down on the
people.
The Stranger approached a calm, elderly
priest
And asked — "Are you the Abbot of this
temple?"
The priest replied — "I am but the
Keeper of the Sacred Archives.
The Reverend Abbot — that is he."

The Stranger approached the Abbot
and addressed him.
"I have come," he said,
"A long way — from beyond Tai Shan,
the Most Sacred Mountain.
I have come to speak grave words
Unto the priests and the people.
And it is in the courtyard of this temple
That the words are to be spoken."

The Abbot looked at the Stranger with
eyes of astonishment.
His lips opened as though to speak.
But he remained silent, and his brow
darkened
With unuttered thoughts.
The Stranger, looking not at the Abbot
but at the throng in the courtyard,
Said in a low voice —
"Have I your leave
That I speak to the priests and the
people?"

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The Abbot, on whose face
Were indelibly graved the lines of an old wisdom,
Looked again into the eyes of the Stranger,
And hesitated in a moment of indecision.
Then he said — "You have my leave.
For I see that you are no common wanderer,
But a good and wise man — perhaps a sage
And brother to the Sages of the Bamboo Grove, and to the Hermit of the Gorges.
Perhaps you have come to us
Out of your solitude and meditation
To teach us anew the learning of the Ancients
And refresh as from a cool spring the purity of our faith.

"Yet the mouth that utters wisdom
Finds not always the ear of understanding.
Will you not rather say what must be said
To me and my priests alone? —
That the multitude be not confused
With the lightning of a too great tempest,
And that the beneficent rain of gentle showers only
Shall touch their fields?"

The Stranger answered — "It is to the priests and to the people that I must speak."

The Abbot said — "I have suffered many things to-day
In a dream because of you!
But it shall be as you will."

And he turned away, and with trembling lips
Bowed his head before the Altar of Confucius.
And the Stranger turned
And spoke to the priests and the people. —

XII

"I beseech you that you reject the body of this death,
And that you let not this sting come upon you before there shall come death's inevitable sting,
And that you permit not this victory before there shall come the grave's inevitable victory.

"I lay myself at your feet,
I, the twice-crucified.
And I beseech you, my belovèds,
Not to accept me.

"For I have already endured
Too many martyrdoms.
Let not another sorrow be laid
On the heart of the man of sorrows."

XIII

The Stranger paused and hid his face in his hands.
And a tremulous sigh of bewilderment
Passed over the multitude.
Then the Stranger lifted up his head,
Clear and calm in the afternoon sunlight,
And spoke again to the people. —

XIV

"Who I am, I know not.
I am a Stranger.
I am sent hither in love,
And in terror, and in sorrow.

"I come to you from beyond Tai Shan, the Most Sacred Mountain.
I speak to you with fear and pity,
But I speak what must be spoken.

"Dearly belovèd friends, I beseech you
That you yield not —
That you close your ears to the words of those who would betray you —
And that you reject the Lord Jesus Christ.

"For nothing save evil has been wrought on earth in that name.
Oh take not to your bosoms so perilous a serpent as Christ!

"I say unto you — Yield not to the betrayers,
No, not though they come armed with a Name and a Gospel.
For there is no wisdom in all the prophets so great as the wisdom that lies in the heart of each of you.
I, a Son of God, say this unto you, my equal brothers.

"In the long course of the seasons
It is my fate to come unto you
And prophesy unto you the fate of dogs that die in gutters
If you avow not the sovereignty of your own hearts.

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"I beseech you to strengthen your hearts
And to yield not up the fortress,
Nor let the traitor who dwells within you open the gates —
Nor listen to the voices that cry out to you
Proclaiming the Savior Christ.

"In the lands of the West
Shrewd men have seized upon the name of Christ
And have made for themselves a church that is not Christ's church
And a priesthood that he would scourge from the altar.
They have made for themselves a temporal power
Where he left to them a spiritual power.
They have contrived fetters for the weak
Where he left to men a sword against the mighty.
They have given false meanings to his words, and with them stopped the mouths
Of men who were Sons of God — men who were Christ's brothers.
They have blinded the eyes of Christ's brothers and cut out their tongues
Lest the Word of God be spoken.

"What is the Word of God?
Is it a writing upon old parchment?
Is it inscribed upon tablets of brass?
Is it graven upon stone?
Is it a secret whispered to one another
By the great fishes in the depths of the sea? . . .
O ye of little faith!

"I say unto you that the Word of God
Has been uttered many times and in many tongues.
Wherever a free man speaks from a generous heart,
There the Word of God is spoken:
There the Great Wind blows through the branches of the Tree,
And the leaves rustle with utterance.

"But if you ask, Where is God? — I say unto you: Seek not to find him.
He hides too far;
He hides too close:
You shall not see him.

"There is God, and there is man; and they are one.
Also, there is God and there is man, and they shall never be one, or know or even pity one the other.
This is a mystery which I deliver unto you.
Seek not to fathom it. Nor God nor man can fathom it.

"Are these words bitter to your hearts?
I would that I could make them sweet.
But it is better that man gnaw granite
Than that he dream of cool fruits that are not.

"Man, miserable man, who lives among terrors and pain,
And toils in the sweat of his brow and in the loneliness of his spirit,
And dies into the general darkness of the grave —
What hope shall there be for him,
What assuagement,
What salvation?

"Dearly beloved friends, I deliver unto you the truth:
There is not for man any hope, nor any assuagement, nor any salvation.
When the hour comes, he shall die into the general darkness of the grave
And the places that knew him shall know him no more.

"Yet sometimes shall come incommunicable moments
When a man's own fate is as nothing to him;
And he grows aware that he is a Leaf of the Eternal Tree,
A Wave of the Infinite Ocean,
A swift Moment of the Life Everlasting.

"And that the heart of man may wander not in darkness,
I beseech you to have courage,
And to permit not again the old tragedy
And the old perfidy and the familiar betrayal.
Accept not what is offered you,
But abide in the faith of your fathers
Until that day dawns within you
When you shall rise up free men.

"And now I give unto you the Three Great Commandments

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Which you shall live by and die by.
And if you fail in this, then can nothing aid you.

"Firstly — and this is the greatest Commandment —
I say unto you that each man shall be himself and no other man.
For that a man live not the life of his own spirit,
That is the ultimate sin,
That is the sin against the Holy Ghost which is in him.
Let him not speak another's words or think another's thoughts or live by another's laws,
But be a stern law unto himself, and look inward for the light that is law in his own heart.

"Secondly, I say unto you
That no man shall lay upon another
His hand or his will or his laws
To constrain that other.

"Thirdly, I speak the last Commandment —
That you worship nothing —
Neither the thunder that is over you nor the earth that is under you
Nor the gods that are made in your or another's image
Nor even the Power that blows through all life
As the wind blows through the leaves of the tree.
For it is not fitting that a man should worship or pray.
It is fitting that he should marvel, and live."

XV

The Stranger spoke no more.
The priests and the multitude stood silent.
The Abbot rose with ashen face
From before the altar of Confucius
And stood silent.

Then, as a slow wind bows the tops of a pine forest,
The people standing before the Stranger in the crowded courtyard of the temple
Knelt, and a murmur swept through them — "Holy One! —
Great Teacher! — O Holy Words! — Save us! — O save us!"

The Stranger lifted his head
In a high gesture of anger.
"Reverence me not!" he cried.
"For I am that which you are!"
But a great wave of wailing again swept over the people —
"Holy One! Holy One! Vouchsafe us your blessing!
Your hand! Your robe! The touch of your shadow,
That we be saved! The touch of your shadow!"

There came into the eyes of the Stranger
The look of a stricken creature
That sees its doom closing in upon it.

XVI

The Abbot, with slow steps,
Crossed the wide terrace of stone
To where the Stranger stood.
And reverently taking the Stranger's hand in his own,
He turned and spoke to the people.

"Your hearts are moved, my friends of many years,
By the great light suddenly vouchsafed us.
My heart, too, is moved and shaken and uplifted and illumined.
And I say to you, Fall down! Bow your foreheads to the earth!
For this is the New Sage, come down from the Most Holy Mountain!
This is the Day of the Great Miracle!"

The Abbot lifted his hands for a moment toward heaven
And then knelt humbly before the Stranger.

All the multitude in the courtyard,
Crying aloud their despair and their hope,
Bowed their heads to the pavement,
And a tide of lamenting and rejoicing rose from their dust-kissing lips.

And as the clamor abated,
The Abbot raised his hand for silence, and spoke —
"Let no man have doubt of this new wonder.
For out of far regions there has come unto us
The Sage of Sages whom we have long awaited,
And this is the Day of the Great Miracle."

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He has come unto us to be our Sacred Teacher
And to lead our Living Faith into rich valleys.
The World of the West has rejected and betrayed Him.
He has come home now to His chosen people.

"Blind and dumb emissaries have gone before Him.
Gross and ignorant creatures out of the Western World
Have preached a gospel that is not His gospel
And polluted Holy China with their breath.
But here at length is the Living Sage, the New Buddha:
And it is the Learned Lord Jesus Christ Himself before whom we kneel to-day!"

The Abbot bowed his body
And touched his forehead to the hem of Christ's robe.

Christ turned passionately away
And addressed the people. —

XVII

(Christ begs the people to reject him utterly. Commanding them that they never speak his name again, he covers his face with his robe.)

XVIII

The Abbot again knelt
And touched his forehead to the hem of Christ's robe.
Then he rose and stood, tall and somber and beneficent
In the late afternoon sunlight.
And he spoke to the people. —

"Humility is the virtue
Which our Lord Christ makes manifest unto us to-day
Let no man forget this day:
Tell it unto the uttermost generation,
How Christ, as an example unto us,
Took upon Him our weakness and our sorrow,
And deigned to be Man as well as God."

Christ stood alone,
Hearing not the words that were spoken.

And the Abbot spoke again —
"This is the Appointed Day,
And the Spiritual Throne of all Asia awaits Him.
For Him has long been prepared the rich field of Holy China
And the hearts of the believers.

"My friends, we are a patient people.
We hold the secret of the long silences.
But when the hour has come, we know it as the awaited hour.
And in that hour we become one with the dragon-winds and the tiger-seas
And the words of the Sages and the solitudes of the mountain.

"This is Christ, the Sage of Sages!
This is the Hour!
Holy China shall become Holy Asia!
To-morrow we shall go forth as an army with banners!

"And You, O Lord over all Asia,
We Your priests and protectors bow before You.
And with the love of chosen disciples
We entreat You to enter into Your Glory!"

The Abbot knelt;
And a wild clamor of adoration arose from the people.
Christ turned to the Abbot, and said —

"I am Christ, the Son of God —
But only as the leper by the well and the dog that eats offal in the road
Are the Sons of God likewise.
Worship me not!"

The Abbot said —
"Lord, reject not Thy loving servants!"

Christ turned and said to the people: "I will give to you a parable.
At the foot of Tai Shan, the Most Sacred Mountain,
In the parched fields of Shantung,
Dwells a peasant who tills his small plot of earth,
And eats his daily food, and rears his children,
And deals justly with his neighbors, and with tranquillity greets each new dawn.
When the hour of death comes, he faces the darkness with composure.

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After his death, he is buried with honor,
and his memory is venerated by
those who knew him,
And no man commits evil in his name.
Go worship him, not me."

The Abbot said — "Lord, we beseech
Thee!
O Lord of Asia!"

Christ turned upon the Abbot, and
said harshly —
"Get thee behind me, Satan!"

XIX

The face of the Abbot grew gray as
weathered stone.
He lifted his hand for silence and spoke
to the people. —

"You have my holy blessing,
If it be of any virtue or holiness, after this
day —
This day on which the powers of evil
have arisen
And wrought their will.
This day the gods have been absent
And the omens inauspicious.
To-day I have dreamed a terrible dream,
And behold! it has come true.
My friends of many years, demons have
beset me.
But now my eyes see clear.
For now I perceive that this man is a
liar and an impostor —
And I deliver him into your hands!"

And lifting his hands,
He thrust Christ from the temple platform
And into the midst of the people.

And a great cry arose from the people —
"Impostor! Betrayer!
A cheat! A lying beggar! Kill him!"
And a man smote him, and a child smote
him,
And a woman spat at him.
And he staggered onward through the
crowded courtyard of the temple
Amid curses and blows and maledictions.
And every man's hand was against him.
And they drove him onward
With cries and taunts and the casting of
stones
And insults and filth, till he was blind
and bleeding
And staggered against walls and against
the foremost of those who beset
him.
Until at last one of them jostled him
fiercely with his shoulder
So that Christ fell headlong and lay
stunned on the ground.
And the mob trampled upon him,
And then thinking him dead, scattered in
fear and left him.

XX

After many hours, Christ's spirit awoke
from its swoon.
He painfully dragged his bruised and
broken body to the city gate.
And there a homeward-bound peasant
Took pity on the half-dying man
And lifted him gently into his cart
And bore him to his own hut
And gave him food and water.

For many weeks thereafter
Christ lay stricken
And uttered no word.

At length on a day his wounds were
healed.
And he arose, and looked into the eyes of
the peasant
With a look of such gratitude and love
and sorrow
That the man, to his dying hour,
Never spoke of that look save with awe.
And Christ went forth.

XXI

Thereafter he journeyed slowly south-
ward,
And at length came to the province of
Shantung,
And ascended Tai Shan, the Most Holy
Mountain.

And a storm arose out of the Yellow Sea
And enveloped the Sacred Mountain
In a night of swirling clouds and terrible
thunders.

When dawn came, the sun rose clear.
But Christ was seen no more.

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YOUR FIRST SHORT STORY

IN each issue of 1929, this page and those immediately following will be reserved for your first published short story. The story by Miss Altha Gray, which begins on the next page, is the seventh First Short Story to appear in The Forum by writers who have not had stories published before. This contest will continue as long as suitable material is submitted, and The Forum will feature First Stories in addition to its other fiction. The rules are simple:

1. To be eligible, you must never have had a story published anywhere. This overcomes the most severe handicap under which the unknown author labors: he does not have to compete for acceptance with John Galsworthy, D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolfe, and other established novelists.

2. To be considered, you must mail your story to the First Short Story Editor, The Forum, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York City. All manuscripts should be typewritten on only one side of the paper, and must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope.

3. To be accepted, your First Short Story must satisfy Forum standards of literary excellence, of which the Editor shall be the sole judge.

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"—AND HE SHALL HAVE ABUNDANCE"

A First Short Story

By Altha Gray

Drawings by Julian De Miskey

WHEN Milton Abercrombie decided to marry Miss Miranda Mears, his children's nursery governess, he was actuated by motives more practical than romantic. The prospect of a future devoid of the presence of this worthy woman was not, in itself, appalling, nor had her proximity to him ever in the slightest degree accelerated the staid pace of his middle-aged pulse. Nevertheless, he felt that she was indispensable to his happiness. He had watched her, after his wife's funeral, as she swooped and snatched and clucked at his four motherless little girls, wiping their noses with large, efficient sweeps of a sort of family handkerchief, straightening their frocks, tweaking at their hair ribbons, counseling, reproving, ordering. It had been, indeed, so magnificent a display of successful discipline that the thought of losing it — of being left suddenly in a vast, bewildering chaos of wet noses, sticky hands, buttons, tears, curls, and all that goes with very young female offspring — caused Milton to break out all over in a cold and cowardly perspiration.

For he was sure that he could never find anyone so good, so steady, so authoritative as Miss Mears. He had never really looked at her — men never really did look at Miss Mears — but he knew in a vague way that she was large and heavy and sensibly plain, and that her strong, square hands were especially well designed for the administration of sharp and stinging blows to a certain tender portion of the infant anatomy. There was no mincing matters — he did not wish to lose this rare domestic treasure and he must find a more lasting and effective way of retaining her than that of increasing her salary every time she received more remunerative offers from other sources.

He was a man of perfunctory emotions. Every good impulse of his life had been thickly coated with a hard, glacial layer of reasoning, and even his affection for his wife had not been strong enough to sweep before it his dignity, his reserve, or his judgment. He could not honestly be said to have mourned her, because he had never mourned and did not know how to mourn; and now, a year after her death, her memory moved him at times simply to a faint and stirring regret not unmixed with a philosophical acceptance of nature's immutable decrees.

As a father he confessed himself a rank failure. Babies, he found, were not as attractive as they were pictured in soap advertisements, and he had never mastered the art of popping down at them with those weird, unintelligible sounds that seemed to burst so spontaneously from the lips of most people at the sight of a very young infant. When they grew older, it was even worse. He didn't know what to say to them, experienced an uncomfortable distaste when they got dirty or hurt, and once when the twins had been sick on the train, he had been seized with a horrid, sadistic impulse to drop them out of the car window.

After the arrival of Miss Mears the necessity of living up to a conventional standard of parental felicity seemed appreciably to lessen. She managed it so that he saw the children only on certain occasions, such as Sunday nights, for instance, when, all shiny, pink, and starched, they were lined up for his inspection like

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so many waxen cherubs, and were immediately whisked from sight the minute they showed signs of wishing to express themselves. Under this splendid system Milton had come to feel that Miss Mears stood as a large, comforting barrier between him and all the annoying and wearisome duties of fatherhood. That barrier must never be removed. He would see to it that it never was removed. He would marry Miss Mears.

It was a cool April day and having summoned her to come to him in his study, he stood waiting for her there, staring out of the window and wondering how he was to place this subject before her without offending her tender, spinsterish sensibilities. He was a thin, celery-colored man who somehow gave one the impression that his system was completely lacking in lubrication. His very eyeballs looked hard and dry, and when he closed his mouth, his thin lips stuck together like the freshly cut leaves of a book. His head was swept almost bare of hair, but there was one hardy little tuft right on top which, as he always parted it in the middle, looked ridiculously like a huge, winged insect poised for flight. The study, in which he spent most of his time writing philosophical treatises — the hobby of a gentleman of independent means — was almost as grim and cold as himself. Just now a small fire panted feebly in the open fireplace, over which, on the mantel, a photograph of the late Mrs. Abercrombie simpered at a bust of the late Mr. Kant, both of them seemingly unconscious of the fact that the late Mr. Abercrombie, Senior, in oils, appeared to have come between them. There was a hard, gray rug on the floor, cold and shiny like a piece of dirty ice, and on top of the desk a brass clock gave out a loud and ominous ticking, as if disposing of time were a sort of grim vengeance that would never be consummated.

There was a halting knock at the door.

"Ah — Miss Mears? Come in."

She entered, treading as lightly respectful a tread as her low arches would permit.

"Very unpleasant weather, Miss Mears," suggested Milton, with an explanatory gesture toward the window, from which the unpleasant weather might be viewed.

"Very," agreed Miss Mears brightly.

Milton coughed and pulled the end of his nose.

"Be seated, Miss Mears," he said, indicating an uninvitingly ridgey chair beside the fire.

She lowered herself into it, completely obscuring it from view. Milton sat down opposite her and gave his nose three more brisk little pulls as if it were a sort of handle that wound up his mental machinery. He looked at her scrutinizingly for the first time and was relieved to find that she had an unassertive and soothing arrangement of features — a sort of wide-open, spread-out face, rather red, inclined to downiness about the upper lip and chin, with generous nose and mouth and eyes that looked at you without demanding your attention. Altogether, thought Milton, a comfortable and undisturbing face, a helpful face — one that was meant to grace sick-rooms, school rooms, and nurseries. He withdrew his eyes from it and decided that it would do.

"Miss Mears," he began oratorically, shifting his glance to a point midway between her right shoulder and her right ear, "ah — Miss Mears — your — er — your presence in this household has been such a comfort — to — ah — to us all that I have decided that you must stay on with us — ah — permanently."

"Oh, Mr. Abercrombie," said Miss Mears, breaking out into a mottled blush, "I'm afraid I can't really promise."

"Wait a bit, Miss Mears — wait a bit. You must hear what I have decided and — er — make your own decision in the matter."

Behind thick glasses her bovine eyes were round blobs of inquiry.

"Regarding my children, Miss Mears," Milton continued, "they are — I am sure — very fond of you."

Miss Mears made no reply, although several recently acquired black and blue spots on her shins seemed to stab her suddenly as if in mute protest at this statement.

"They are fond of you, Miss Mears," repeated Milton with conviction, "and they thrive under your care. As a matter of fact, your care of them and your management of them is so excellent in every way that, as I have already said, I have decided that you must — er — that we must keep you with us — always."

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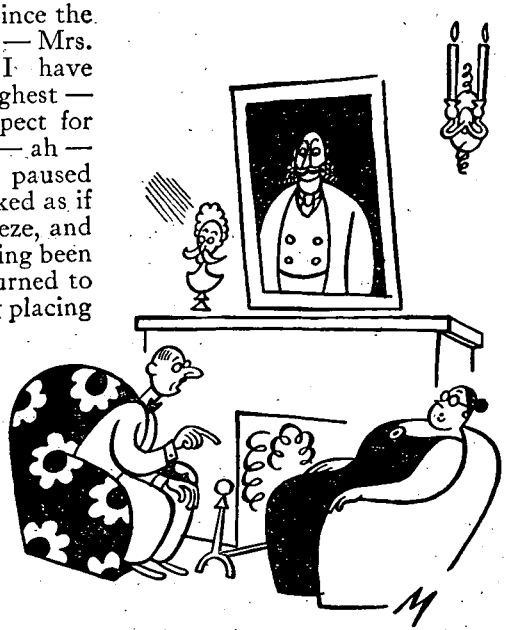
"But, Mr. Ab —."

"In order to make this possible, Miss Mears," Milton raised his voice slightly to indicate that he would brook no interruption, "in order to make this possible I have reached a decision which — ah — hm —." Apparently finding no satisfactory ending to this sentence he dropped it and began a new one. "The children could not get along without you, Miss Mears, and I myself look upon you with — ah — with — hm — the highest regard — the very — er — highest regard. Indeed, your presence in my home has been a solace to me since the death of my — er — Mrs. Abercrombie, and I have come to have the highest — ah — the utmost respect for your character and — ah — your abilities." He paused for a minute and looked as if he were about to sneeze, and then, this danger having been safely passed, he returned to the matter in hand by placing the tips of his fingers together, resting his chin upon them, and announcing suddenly in the hard, fateful tone of a magistrate pronouncing a sentence of death: "I have the honor, Miss Mears, to — to ask you to become my wife."



"I have the honor, Miss Mears, to — to ask you to become my wife."

Miss Mears' customary stolidity deserted her. Her eyes bulged alarmingly as if they were about to crash through her glasses, the mottled blush became a rash from her neck to her forehead, and her whole face looked loose and moist like a wax apple left out in the sun.

"Oh, Mr. Abercrombie," she managed to gasp finally, and her large, spanking hands fluttered up and laid themselves upon her bosom like two swooning doves.

Milton was embarrassed.

"Ah — yes — Miss Mears — no doubt you are — er — surprised at this proposition," he said, giving his nose so agitated a pull that it turned purple at the end like a bruised fungus, "but, of course, you can appreciate my position — and — er — my regard for you — and — the — absolute necessity for providing the best possible care for my children — er — permanently. I trust you are not offended?"

"Oh no indeed, Mr. Abercrombie." Her pink eyelids drooped over the offending film of tears that was rising to her eyes. "Oh no indeed, Mr. Abercrombie — you honor me, sir."

"And you will, perhaps, think favorably of the idea?"

"I — Mr. Abercrombie — I — I must — there is — I —"

He was faintly annoyed. She was becoming emotional, perhaps sentimental.

"Yes, Miss Mears?" he prompted coldly.

"Mr. Abercrombie — I — I believe that I don't need to think it over. I — I'm sure I should be happy to — to accept your kind offer."

"Ah — that is good of you, Miss Mears — er — Miranda. Then we shall consider it settled."

He rose to his feet to indicate that the interview was at an end. She rose also. He felt that the occasion called for some slight demonstration of affection, and in a sudden burst of tenderness leaned forward and placed his dry lips fleetingly against her temple. She received this arctic caress meekly and, turning suddenly, clumped from the room, leaving him standing there with the feeling that he had been rather undignified. Over the mantelpiece the thin upper lip of Mr. Abercrombie, Senior seemed to curl upward in derision.

They were married two weeks later in the parlor of the Abercrombie home. Miss Mears had only one friend present, a scourged-looking widow named Mrs. Downs, who had a twitching eyelid and

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seemed to be winking at the minister throughout the ceremony. Milton's sisters wept even louder and more thoroughly than they had at his wife's funeral, and the children — all washed and combed — stood in the doorway and marveled, round-eyed, at the wonderful man who could send Mama to heaven and make Miss Mears into Papa's wife.

The couple's wedding trip consisted of moving Miranda's personal belongings from her little cell-like room at the back of the house to the big, chilly bedroom which Milton had shared with his first wife. He was not sentimental. In less than a week he had got used to seeing the comfortable, asthmatic mound of Miranda looming up in the next bed where the late Alice — poor emaciated thing — had once lain so flat.

And so Milton Abercrombie entered into his second matrimonial venture. And for a while — a very short while, to be sure, from the viewpoint of the purpose for which it had been designed and solemnized — it was a triumphant and emphatic success. Miranda as a stepmother seemed to exert an even more strongly beneficial influence on the recalcitrant little Abercrombies than she had as a nursery governess.

But, as we have already said, this ideal state of affairs lasted but a short while. Then there came a sudden and radical change. Miranda started going out almost every afternoon and staying for several hours at a time, and during these periods the young Abercrombies, left to the too tender mercies of the cook, were swept by epidemics of crime which left pillage and devastation in their wake. The little dears developed unexpected and startling genius in the field of criminal research. They delved into the mysteries of murder, arson, suicide, and theft — activities which seemed to necessitate the employment of matches, knives, ink, rope, glue, and paint. They got very dirty, they became ill, they fought, bled, and all but died, and when Miranda returned they were soundly spanked and put to bed without dessert. But Miranda's grip was loosening. Her absences from home were weakening the force of her discipline and even her spankings were lacking in the enthusiasm, the vim, and the dash that had rendered them so beautifully effective a short time ago. Milton almost wept with dismay the first time he saw his youngest daughter rise up from the stepmotherly knee with dry eyes and a swish of the skirts that said quite as plainly as words: "It didn't hurt a bit."

Matters were brought to a crisis by an incident which befell during one of Miranda's many excursions from home, and which shattered Milton's serenity for the better part of a day. He had been sitting quietly at his desk, steeping his soul in soothing draughts of philosophy in an effort to shut out certain ominous thumpings from above-stairs, when a ghoulish, staccato shriek, which he immediately recognized as emanating from the lungs of his second-born, crashed through the keyhole of the study with such terrific force that it seemed to Milton as if it must have made a hole in him.

"Popper," bellowed a sturdy infant voice, while a pair of small fists rapped frantically on the study door, "Popper — come quick — Tessie's lit a match to the nursery rug and it's getting on fire, Popper, and burning up — hurry, Popper, hurry."

Milton tossed aside his book and rushed to the rescue, arriving on the scene in time to see the nursery rug burning away in a brisk and businesslike manner, the twins locked in each others' arms loudly imploring the immediate intervention of the police, and Tessie, the perpetrator of the crime, standing by and viewing the results of her handiwork with bland and ingenuous admiration. Milton put out the fire, spanked Tessie gingerly and without passion, and went back to the study determined that Miranda should be taken to task for her neglect and that her comings and goings should be looked into.

"Miranda," he ventured that night at the dinner table, fixing a near-by butterball with a firm and steely gaze, "Miranda — ah — where — where do you — where do you go — er — where have you been spending your time lately — in the afternoons?"

He was still looking at the butterball, so did not note her expression; but there was a dead silence for a minute before she answered, "Oh — at Mrs. Downs — didn't I tell you?"

And where did Mrs. Downs live, Milton wanted to know. She answered hastily

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that it was way out in the country somewhere — near Fairgrove, to be exact. Milton didn't know that it particularly mattered. He had taken an instant dislike to Mrs. Downs — in fact, the very thought of her mottled, vinegarish countenance, with its Rabelaisian wink, filled him with a distaste bordering on nausea, and he could not understand, he said, how her friendship could possibly be considered more important to Miranda than the welfare of his children. She replied rather defiantly that Mrs. Downs was a nice woman and that she, Miranda, was doing her best; but Milton was so distressed by a certain inexplicable air of slyness in her manner that he got up abruptly and went into the study where he might think the matter over in the soothing company of Mr. Kant and Alice.

He stood for an hour, with one foot on an andiron and his eyes on the fire, turning over and over in his mind the distressing suspicion that Miranda was in some way deceiving him, and at the end of this time he promised Mr. Kant that the affair should be investigated as soon as possible. He had decided to be really forceful with Miranda. He would take her by the shoulders, look her firmly in the eye, raise his voice a bit, and demand that she explain to him why Mrs. Downs exercised so dire and sinister an influence upon her as to take her away from her home and her family on three or four days out of seven.

But he kept putting it off. Somehow he always seemed to think about it at the most inconvenient times — when he was brushing his teeth, for instance, or when there was company to dinner, or when one of the children had just hurt herself, or when he was paying the gas bill, or even in the middle of the night when Miranda's flanneled bulk breathed adenoidal echoes to the bedroom ceiling, peacefully oblivious of his distrust of her and of her own problems — whatever they might be.

But the mystery was to be solved without any provocation on Milton's part, and by that cruel and ironic stroke of fate which is the beginning or the end of so many human mysteries. Miranda fell ill of pneumonia and within a few short days was in a very grave condition. The children were immediately sent to an aunt's, Milton moved into the guest chamber, and a noiseless, lantern-jawed woman in a white uniform presided over the sick-room with bottles and spoons and capably administering fingers. Two pompous and sepulchral physicians stole in and out of the house, held whispered conferences in corners, and emerged with enigmatic expressions and dubious shakes of the head. Milton paced the study bewildered and nervous, mechanically fitting his steps to the pattern of the carpet and locking and unlocking his bony fingers in tortuous writhings. Mr. Abercrombie, Senior, sneered more disagreeably than ever, Mr. Kant lost his balance and fell heavily onto the hearth, and only Alice seemed serene and unmoved by the dark shadow that was once more falling across Milton's path.

For it soon became obvious that Milton was once more to be a widower. The two doctors stroked their chins in an ominous manner and announced that all further responsibility for the case was now in the lap of the gods — or something to that effect — and Miranda's nurse, all starched, efficient, and properly reverent, made a special trip to the study to lay a firm, sterilized hand on Milton's shoulder and inform him that Mrs. Abercrombie could scarcely be expected to recover.

On the evening that he had received this dismal piece of news Milton tiptoed into the sick-room and stood gazing down at the still, slumped figure of Miranda, with her white, drawn face against the black of her hair looking strangely like a tragic mask hanging on a theatre curtain.

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He was distressed by her plight, and yet underneath his distress was a vague resentment against her for having so inconveniently decided to leave him. He looked into the future before him and saw therein strife and Gehenna. He shuddered and walked quickly over to the window to watch the storm which was whirling and eddying outside, his mind losing itself in the hurrying confusion of the falling snow. The nurse rose from the bedside and flitted from the room like a wraith, and the tiny, tubercular fire in the fireplace coughed and spat itself into oblivion. The silence became so complete, so deathlike that when Milton heard his name spoken in a voice that seemed to come distinctly from the sickbed he stood like one in a nightmare, frozen with a nameless horror.

"Milton," came the voice for the second time. He turned and saw her eyes looking at him.

"Miranda," he hurried over to her, bending over solicitously.

"Milton — I have something to tell you."

"No, no, Miranda — don't — don't try."

"Yes, yes — Milton — I must —"

"Miranda."

"Milton — I — I have deceived you." The voice was so weak that he had to bend very low to catch the words.

"Never mind, Miranda —"

"But, Milton, I must — I — I have deceived you — I — I — Milton — I was not — Miss Miranda Mears when — when — you married me — Milton — I was — Mrs. Mears — a — a widow."

"Miranda!"

"Oh, Milton — I was — wicked — wicked. But you — when I came — you wanted — a single woman — without — any — ties — so I pretended."

"It's all right, Miranda — it's all right. You must n't talk any more. —You'll tire yourself."

"Yes, I must, Milton — that — isn't all. Milton — you married me — for — your children.— Well, I — I, Milton — I married you for the sake of my children."

"Wha-a-at? What's that, Miranda?" He bent closer and his hand closed spasmodically over her wrist.

"Yes, Milton — for — my children — I thought I could care for them — better — if I married you — they — they live with — Mrs. Downs at Fairgrove — and I — pay her —." She paused, breathing hard, and her eyes, in which there seemed to be something reaching out for his, were like deep, black pits dug from the clay of her face. "Milton — I wanted to ask you if I might — bring them — here — but — but I was afraid —"

"Oh, Miranda, Miranda." There was reproach and distress and dismay in his pronouncement of her name. "Miranda — why didn't you tell me?" He stopped. He couldn't argue with a dying woman. It was cruel — it was unethical. And it couldn't help matters in any way. Her thin fingers closed eagerly around his arm. "Milton — promise me — that you will bring them — here. They have — no one — you are their stepfather — Milton, promise me."

He heard a voice that seemed to come from somewhere outside himself saying, "I promise, Miranda." She sighed and closed her eyes.

He sat there for a minute, immovable, stiffened, empty of emotion, empty of thought, devoid of all sensation, deadened to any realization of time and space and being. Then suddenly there was one thing he wanted to know — one thing he wanted to ask — something he couldn't go on another minute without knowing.

"Miranda," he touched her gently on the arm, "Miranda." Her heavy lids unfolded halfway and her head rolled toward him again slowly, "Miranda — answer me — your children — how many?"

He had to put his ear close to her lips to catch her answer.

"Four — boys," whispered Miranda wearily, and turning her face upon the pillow, closed her eyes with peaceful resignation.

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RABELAIS

A Biography in Three Installments

ANATOLE FRANCE

Translated by Ernest Boyd

BORN about 1495, François Rabelais was the son of a provincial lawyer. At a time when the eruptive forces of the Renaissance were making themselves felt in France, his parents sent him to school to make a monk of him. Early in his priestly career he championed the humanists against the theologians, and for his pains he was persecuted by the "hobgoblins" — the learned Doctors of the Sorbonne who, though sterile, had a sting in their tails. Fleeing to Lyons, he studied medicine and, in 1532, he published the first two books of *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel.* For their indecorous tales and their barbed shafts against the monks, the books were censored by the Church authorities; and for protection and profit Friar François attached himself to Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, whom he served in the combined capacity of physician and secretary. Thenceforth he led a wandering life in the train of his successive protectors.

Drawings by Frank C. Papé*

III — Death and Final Judgment

AFTER having given his Fourth Book to the printer, during the first days of 1546, Rabelais went to the imperial city of Metz with the former Captain of Turin, the same Étienne Lorens who had received him so well, a few years earlier, in his castle at Saint-Ay on the banks of the Loire. Étienne Lorens, a secret agent of the King, was engaged in negotiations for his master. It has been thought that his friend Rabelais had fled as far as the walls of Metz from the fury of the hobgoblins. It is true that Pantagruelism was not in good odor with the Sorbonne nor the Parliament, and that the King and his sister, the Queen of Navarre, could no longer do anything for their friends who were suspected of heresy and impiety. It is true that Judge Tiraqueau, having become a member of Parliament and very zealous in the defense of orthodoxy, erased the name of François Rabelais from all his writings. But our author still had powerful protectors — the Bishops of Paris, of Mans, of Tulle, of Montpellier, and Cardinal de Châtillon — and *Pantagruel* was regarded, quite wrongly it is true, as a buffoonery of no consequence. According to the happy researches of M. Henri Clouzot, it would seem that Master François quietly installed himself in the house which the Lord of Saint-Ay owned in the city of Metz.

From there he wrote to Cardinal du Bellay a very humble request for a little money.

"If you do not take pity upon me," he said, "I know not what will become of me, unless, as a last despairing refuge, I place myself in the service of somebody here, to the obvious loss and damage to my studies."

He protests that it is impossible for him to live more frugally than he does. All that he asks is to be able to "keep body and soul together" and live decently, as he has done up to that time, for the honor of the house to which he belonged when he left France. This letter is very humble, no doubt, but it is remarkable for its threats.

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* The drawings that accompany this article were especially designed by Frank C. Papé for the two volume limited edition of *The Works of François Rabelais*, as translated by Urquhart and Motteux, and published by Boni and Liveright last year. They are reproduced by permission of the publishers.

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Master François, Doctor of Medicine, says politely to the Cardinal Bishop: "If you continue to subsidize me, I am yours; if you do not, I shall give myself to another, as my condition and station in life demand." The du Bellay family was distinguished and honorable, but its members were not very well off. It will be remembered that Langey, at his death, owed his doctor a great deal. Rabelais was well aware that in order to be heard by the great, one must knock loudly and often and not be afraid of seeming importunate. Saint-Ay undertook to transmit the letter to the Cardinal Bishop, but he did not add the slightest word of recommendation, doubtless because he knew that in his house Rabelais was not lacking in the necessities of life.

While in Metz, Rabelais was by no means to be pitied. In April, 1547, he had been accepted as a stipendiary physician at the Hôtel-Dieu. He remained a full year in the service of the Republic, at an average salary of one hundred and twenty livres, and the inhabitants of Metz were so pleased with him that the authorities granted him three months' salary as a gratification. So he "kept body and soul together" fairly well.

François I died on the 31st of March, 1547. Henri II, who succeeded him, unlike his father, had no taste for art, literature, and the graces of the mind. His intelligence was limited, his heart small, and it could be foreseen that the French Lutherans, under the new prince, would be more bitterly persecuted than they had been even during the last years of the late King, which were so filled with torture. The first act of the sovereign confirmed all the fears of the moderates. Henri II established in Parliament a special chamber to expedite trials for heresy.

Cardinal du Bellay, whose credit was not so great at the new Court, preferred to serve his King from a distance, and returned to Rome, where he lived in exile, though it was disguised as an embassy. Again he called Rabelais to him, and the latter was in the Eternal City in the month of February, 1549, at the time of the birth of Louis d'Orléans, the second son of Henri II and of Catherine de Medici. We know in what contempt this great mind held astrologers and how he mocked at those who believed that there are stars in the heavens for princes but not for beggars. However, either to please the Ambassador or to obtain the King's favor, he drew the horoscope of the newborn child and predicted a favorable fate for him, provided he escaped a certain sad phase of the Western angle of the Seventh House. This astrologer in spite of himself, who knew his Virgil, probably remembered those lovely lines in the Sixth Book of the *Æneid:*

Heu! miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.

But Virgil, when he made the old man, Anchises, predict the premature death of Octavia's son, was merely announcing an event which had happened. Rabelais risked a happier prophecy. The royal child did not even reach the Seventh House, and his death proved the falseness of a horoscope whose imposture was known as well and better to Master François than to any one else, for he had denounced the abuses and the vanity of the art of divination by reading the heavens.

Between Devil and Sea

On the occasion of this birth, Cardinal du Bellay and the Ambassador of France held a fête in Rome, and particularly a *sciomachia*, or mimic battle, of which Rabelais sent a description to the Cardinal de Guise. We are not surprised to find this Cardinal protecting the old age of Rabelais, for the Civil War had not yet broken out, the Guises were not yet the leaders of the Roman and Spanish Catholics, and Friar François, if he was not a Papist, was even less a Calvinist. The Reformer, Théodore de Bèze, who had formerly praised him, now regarded him as the Beast of the Apocalypse and a monster full of iniquity. This was no reason why he should be spared; on the contrary, he received the blows of both parties. To the Catholics he was a Reformer; to the Reformers, a Papist.

While he was living in Rome with Cardinal du Bellay, in France a monk of Fontevrault named Gabrielle de Puits-Herbault attacked him violently in a book called *Theotimus*, which was widely read. It is possible, as has recently been said, that the animosity of this monk against Pantagruelism was for particular reasons, and that it owed its origin to the fact that

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Rabelais, in his great Pantagruelian comedy, had made fun, under the name of Picrochole, of a certain Sainte-Marthe, a friend of Puits-Herbault. However, it is impiety, disbelief, Calvinism, with which the *Theotimus* reproaches Master François, and the attack is quite general and comprehensive, since it includes du Bellay and the indulgent prelates of the Church in France. The angry monk sends Rabelais to Calvin and wishes he could send him to the devil:

"Would to God," he cries, "that he were in Geneva, he and his Pantagruelism, if he is still alive! For at the beginning of this reign, he had followed the rabble of dismissed Cardinals relegated to Rome."

He paints for us a drunken, gluttonous, cynical Rabelais — a false portrait which for a long time was to be considered true.

If he had numerous enemies, he had also powerful protectors, and perhaps he had more at the Court of Henri II than he had at that of the late King, who nevertheless was a reader, they say, and an admirer of *Pantagruel*. He was well thought of by the Guises and by Cardinal Odet de Châtillon. When he returned to France, not only was he never disturbed, but, already Curé of St. Christophe-du-Jambet in the diocese of Mans, on the 18th of January, 1550, he was appointed Curé of Meudon, near Paris. If we may rely on ancient testimony, which is not without its value, he fulfilled the duties of his curacy with great dignity and devotion.

"His house (at Meudon)," according to Antoine Leroy, his oldest biographer, "while closed to women, was open to scholars, with whom he loved to converse. He detested ignorance, especially in ecclesiastics, and when characterizing illiterate priests, he would recover the satirical verve of the author of *Pantagruel*. *Quos vocaret Isidis asellos*. However, these were the only people toward whom he was lacking in charity. The poor were always certain of receiving help from his purse. His integrity was so great that he was never known to fail to keep his word with anybody. His medical knowledge rendered him doubly useful to his parish."

Guillaume Colletet afterwards bore witness also to the virtues of the Curé of Meudon:

"He filled his curacy with all the sincerity, all the kindness, and all the charity to be expected of a man who is anxious to fulfill his duty. At least, neither by tradition, nor otherwise, can we find any complaint lodged against his morals or his care of his flock. On the contrary, there is every evidence that his flock was very pleased with him, as may be inferred from certain letters which he wrote to some of his friends — they have still been preserved by the curious and I have seen them — where he says, among other things, that he has good and pious parishioners in the persons of Monsieur and Madame de Guise (the Duke and the Cardinal de Guise had just bought the castle of Meudon), a proof of the great care with which he discharged his duty and won the affection of those whose spiritual direction had been entrusted to him by his bishop."

We cannot doubt that Rabelais acquitted himself becomingly and devotedly in the ministry which he had assumed. But that he could for long submit to a sedentary existence is denied by his whole wandering, vagabond, curious life and the insatiable desire of his soul to see and know. Despite what Colletet and Leroy say, it is not certain that this good man resided very strictly in his parish. As a matter of fact, we learn that in the month of June, 1551, on the occasion of the pastoral visit of his bishop, the Curé was absent.

Rabelais, who never settled down anywhere, remained Curé of Meudon for the space of two years, lacking a few days. He resigned both his curacies on the 9th of January, 1552; why we know not. The end of his life, which we are approaching, is wrapped in profound obscurity.

A few days after this double resignation, the Fourth Book of *Pantagruel* appeared for the first time in its entirety. The first chapters had been published at Grenoble in 1547. The complete Fourth Book was finished by Michel Fezandat, a bookseller of Paris, on the 28th of January, 1552, and appeared with the privilege of the King and an epistle to Monsignor Odet, Cardinal de Châtillon.

The Sorbonne censored the Fourth Book and publication was stopped by a decree of Parliament, dated March 1st, 1552, stating that "Whereas the Faculty of Theology has censored a certain evil

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work, offered for sale under the title of *The Fourth Book of Pantagruel*, with the King's privilege, the Court orders that the bookseller shall be immediately brought hither and that he shall be forbidden to sell or show the said book within a period of fourteen days: during which time the Court orders the King's Proctor to inform his Majesty aforesaid of the condemnation pronounced upon the said book by the said Faculty of Theology, and to send him a copy thereof to be dealth with at his pleasure."

The printer, Michel Fezandat, having been summoned to court, was forbidden to sell the work for fourteen days on penalty of corporal punishment. After an interval, which cannot be determined, the suspension was withdrawn.

In November, 1552, there was a rumor that Rabelais had been thrown into prison and was in chains. The rumor was false. The author of *Pantagruel* was at liberty, but he was approaching his end. The date and place of his death are unknown. His epitaph, composed by Tahureau, gives us reason to believe that he was surrounded by friends during his last moments and that he joked at their grief. Colletet says that he died at Paris in a house in the Rue des Jardins, and that he was buried in the cemetery of St. Paul, under a large tree which was still pointed out in the seventeenth century.

Inebriate Tombstones

At that time, poets and humanists used to like to compose epitaphs on the illustrious dead. Ronsard consecrated an epitaph to Rabelais in the form of an ode, in which he is chiefly celebrated as a drinker:

Jamais le soleil ne l'a vu,
Tant fût-il matin, qu'il n'eût bu,
Et jamais au soir la nuit noire,
Tant fût tard, ne l'a vu sans boire.
Il chantait la grande massue
Et la jument de Gargantue,
Le grand Panurge et le pays
Des Papimanes ébahis,
Leurs lois, leurs façons, leurs demeures,
Et frère Jean des Entommeures
Et d'Epistemon les combats.
O toi, quiconque sois, qui passes,
Sur sa fosse répands des tasses,
Répands du bril et des flacons,
Des cervelas, et des jambons.

At the first glance, our modern delicacy is inclined to find these lines insulting, and we should not have expected that the prince of poets would speak thus of the incomparable master. But on closer observation we see that this epitaph is an imitation of several little poems in the Greek Anthology, consecrated to the memory of Anacreon. In the mind of Ronsard, that is an honor for Rabelais.

Another poet of the Pleiad, Baïf, composed a funeral epigram for Rabelais which is not without grace:

O Pluton, Rabelais reçoi,
Afin que toi qui es le roi
De ceux qui ne rient jamais
Tu ais un rieur désormais.

But I shall be more pleased to quote a very beautiful epitaph in Latin verse which Pierre Boulanger, who was a doctor and had known Rabelais, composed in honor of the author of Pantagruel. The following is a literal translation:

"Beneath this stone sleeps the most excellent of laughing men. Our descendants will seek out the kind of man he was, for all who lived in his time well know who he was; everyone knew him, and more than any other, he was dear to all. Perhaps they will believe that he was a buffoon, a clown, who by dint of his jokes earned a good meal. No, no, he was not a buffoon, nor a public clown. But, with his exquisite and penetrating genius, he mocked at the human race, at its insensate desires and the credulity of its hopes. Undisturbed about his fate, he led a happy life; the winds always blew in his favor. Yet no

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more learned man could be found when, forgetting his jokes, he was pleased to talk seriously and to play a serious part. Never did any Senator, with threatening brow and severe and melancholy glance, sit more seriously upon his lofty seat. A large and difficult question had only to be propounded and to require great skill and knowledge for its solution and one would have thought that large subjects were open to him alone and to him only were the secrets of nature revealed. With what eloquence he could adorn whatever he was pleased to say, to the admiration of all whom his biting pleasantries and his usual witticisms had led to believe that this joker was nothing of a scholar! He knew everything that Greece and Rome have produced, but, like a new Democritus, he laughed at the vain fears and the desires of the common people and of princes, at their frivolous cares and at the anxious labors of this brief life in which is consumed all the time which a benevolent divinity is willing to grant us."

This doctor from Poitiers has succeeded in expressing the mind, the soul, the genius of Rabelais in his beautiful epitaph.

Rabelais, as we have seen, died leaving his *Pantagruel* incomplete. Nine years after his death appeared a fragment of the Fifth (and last) Book, making sixteen chapters. The entire book was published in 1564 without the name of the bookseller or the place of publication.

It has been denied that Rabelais was its author. Many people, struck by the Calvinist tendencies found in this work, do not recognize the author whom Calvin regarded as an atheist, and who regarded Calvin as demoniac. But the Calvinism of the Fifth Book is practically limited to attacks on monks, and Rabelais always mocked those poor, hooded creatures. Like Lenormant, I think I can recognize here and there in these pages the lion's claw.

That is not to say that we are certain of possessing the actual text of Rabelais in its entirety. It is probable that the author had not put the finishing touches to his work. There were lacunæ, obscurities. The editor explained and completed, as the case required, and sometimes, perhaps when there was no necessity, in order to make improvements and show his talent. The editors of that time did not understand their duties as do those of our time. They did not feel bound to be faithful and tried to embellish the work which they were issuing. All the posthumous works of the sixteenth century give evidence of this infidelity. It is not surprising that such evidence can be found in the Fifth Book, as it has come down to us. A thing that is, I confess, rather disturbing, is the quatrain which the anonymous editor placed at the beginning, and which is as follows:

Is Rabelais dead? A Book see yet again!
His better part with life is still aglow,
Another of his writings to bestow,
Which make him live immortal among men.

So far as I can understand it, this means: Rabelais is dead, but he recovered consciousness in order to present us with this book. It must be admitted that a *pastiche* would not be differently announced; but we must take into account the unskillfulness of a bad rhymer. It might mean: Rabelais is not dead, since he lives again in this book.

Rabelaisian Myths

Madame Roland, when condemned by a bloody tribunal, appealed on the scaffold to impartial posterity—the happy illusion of an innocent victim. Posterity consists of human beings, and is never impartial, for it bases its unanimous consent upon ignorance and indifference. Sometimes posterity has an epic and legendary sense which magnifies and simplifies. It never has any historic sense nor any perception of the truth.

Tradition effects strange metamorphoses, causing the hero whom it sweeps

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along to lead a posthumous existence very different from the life he lived in flesh and blood. Rabelais is a case in point. He was popular because of his undeserved reputation as an intrepid drinker, and tradition composed a biography of him wholly dissimilar from that of which I have tried to present the solid elements. It may not be without interest, after we have seen the real Rabelais, to indicate some of the traits of the legendary Rabelais. Therefore, selecting two or three wretched fables which are to be found in all the old biographies of the author, I shall relate them as briefly as possible, beginning with one of the most fabulous, which is concerned with the last stay of Master François in Montpellier.

While Rabelais was professing medicine, according to the legend, Chancellor du Prat rendered a decree abolishing the privileges of the Faculty at Montpellier. The masters had recourse to this colleague, whose mind they esteemed. They deputed him to go to court and get the decree revoked. On his arrival in Paris, Rabelais presented himself at the Chancellor's house and, not having been received, he marched up and down in front of the door in a green robe and wearing a long, gray beard. Everybody stopped to look at him. To those who questioned him he replied that he was a flayer of calves and that those who wished to be the first to be flayed must hurry. The Chancellor was at table when they reported to him the remarks of this eccentric person. He ordered him to be brought in, and Rabelais harangued him with such learning and eloquence that the Chancellor promised to reëstablish and confirm the privileges of the University of Montpellier.

It is hardly necessary to insist upon the improbability of such a story.

In the old lives of the author there is also an incident which recalls the episode of Sancho Panza's doctor on the Island of Barataria. Rabelais, as Guillaume du Bellay's physician, was present at one of that gentleman's dinners and struck with his rod a dish containing a fine fish which he declared was indigestible. Thereupon the servants carried away the fish intact to the kitchen, where Master François hastened to devour it. When Seigneur Guillaume, discovering his doctor at table, asked him why he was eating a dish which he had declared to be bad for the stomach, Rabelais replied: "I did not mean that the fish was indigestible but merely the dish which contained it."

Thus our forbears tried to render the life of Rabelais Rabelaisian.

Although it is insignificant and incongruous, the famous little story must be told which has given rise to the phrase: "Rabelais' quarter of an hour," since the phrase has passed into the language. It is as follows:

On his return from Rome, our author happened to be in a hostelry at Lyons, badly dressed, and without money to pay for his lodging and his journey to Paris, where business awaited him. In these circumstances he took some ashes from the fireplace and put them in little bags, on which he wrote: "Poison to kill the King," "Poison to kill the Duc d'Orléans." Then he left them very conspicuously about his room. The landlady found them there and, greatly terrified, went to the King's lieutenant, who promptly sent the man with the bags to Paris. When he was brought before the King, he greatly amused the latter by telling him the story of his expedient.

It is strange that such a story could have seemed credible.

The statement was at one time held to be authentic which the dying Rabelais was said to have made to the page sent by Cardinal du Bellay to inquire about the patient's health: "Tell Monsignor the state in which you see me. I am going away in search of a great perhaps. He is in the magpie's nest. Tell him not to leave it. Drop the curtain, the farce is over." This is much more literary than the rest and is partly imitated from Suetonius. But it is equally untrue.

Rabelais became popular only through the three or four anecdotes which I have quoted. His writings never reached the ignorant masses, and it is an actual fact, although scarcely credible, that the broadsides and the volumes in the Bibliothèque Bleue, which spread the portrait and life of Gargantua throughout the French countryside, show none of his traits as described by Rabelais. They are derived from popular stories earlier than his. Panurge and Friar John are unknown to them. Despite what has been said of it, *Pantagruel* is a work written solely for the

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lettered; Pantagruelism is a philosophy accessible only to the *élite* of rare minds; it is almost an esoteric doctrine, hidden and secret. Prominent among these rare minds in the sixteenth century was Cardinal du Perron, who described *Pantagruel* as the book *par excellence*, the true Bible, and consigned to the servants' pantry those of his guests who confessed to not having read it.

Montaigne's Opinion

Montaigne mentions Rabelais once in his *Essays*. I shall quote the passage, although it has little intrinsic value, because everything in Montaigne is of interest:

"An over obstinate continuation and plodding contention doth dazle, dul, and weary the same. My sight is thereby confounded and diminished. . . . If one booke seeme tedious unto me, I take another, which I follow not with any earnestness, except it be at such houres as I am idle, or that I am weary with doing nothing. I am not greatly affected to new bookes, because ancient authors are in my judgement more full and pithy, nor am I much addicted to Greeke bookes, forasmuch as my understanding can not well rid his worke with a childish and apprentise intelligence. Amongst moderne bookes meerly pleasant, I esteeme Bocace, his Decameron, Rabelais, and the kisses of John the second (if they may be placed under this title) worth the paines-taking to reade them. As for Amadis and such like trash of writings, they had never the credit so much as to allure my youth to delight in them."

Thus Montaigne ranks *Pantagruel* among the works of mere entertainment which amuse him. This opinion, it seems to me, is irresponsible and frivolous, to say the least — a lapse on the part of the genius who must be placed with Rabelais in the first rank of sixteenth century writers. What a contrast between the son of Touraine — solid, massive, compact, foursquare, rough, colorful — and the supple Gascon, drifting and variable! Montaigne is assuredly an agreeable and profitable companion, but he is difficult to grasp; he slips away, he escapes. Only the professors are certain that they understand him, because it is their profession to understand everything. I read him constantly, I like him, I admire him; but I am not sure that I know him well. His mind changes from one phrase to another, sometimes in the middle of a phrase, and it need not be a very long one either. If it is true that he has portrayed himself in his *Essays*, he has given an image of himself more broken than the reflection of the moon upon the sea. I have departed a little from my subject, but I could not pass over the great name of Montaigne in silence.

This Rabelais, whom Montaigne pronounced frivolous, was esteemed for his judgment and teaching above all the writers of his time by Estienne Pasquier, a grave jurist, a profound historian, and a wise philosopher.

In his *Recherches* he says: "By reason of the humor which he brought to light, jesting at everything, he made himself without an equal. For my own part, I will frankly confess that I have so playful a mind as never to be tired of reading him, nor did I ever read him without finding food for laughter and my own profit as well."

Estienne Pasquier is not the only grave magistrate of his time who was pleased and edified by Rabelais. President de Thou, the great historian, praises Rabelais for having written, with the freedom of Democritus and with joyful buffoonery, a most ingenious work in which, under fictitious names, he introduces every order of the state and society.

Jacques de Thou did not, any more than Estienne Pasquier, fall into the error of Montaigne, who saw in Rabelais only a buffoon. Nevertheless, when he wrote some Latin verses about the incomparable author, conforming to popular tradition, he made of him a merry toper. The drunkenness of this Silenus of Chinon was material for classic verse. It was in 1598 that Jacques de Thou composed the verses to which I refer, in the following circumstances. Having gone that year to Chinon, he stopped at the house of Rabelais' father, which had become a hostelry. At the request of one of his traveling companions, he wrote some verses on this subject, making the shade of Rabelais speak of his satisfaction at the change. It is a pleasant little poem, of which I shall quote a French translation made at the beginning of the eighteenth century:

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J'ai passé tout mon temps à rire:
Mes écrits libres en font foi.
Ils sont si plaisants qu'à les lire
On rira même malgré soi.

La raison sérieuse ennuie
Et rend amers nos plus beaux jours.
Que peut-on faire de la vie
Sans rire et plaisanter toujours?

Aussi, Bacchus, Dieu de la Joie,
Qui régla toujours mon destin
Jusqu'en l'autre monde m'envoie
De quoi dissiper mon chagrin.

Car de ma maison paternelle
Il vient de faire un cabaret
Où le plaisir se renouvelle
Entre le blanc et le clairet.

Les jours de fête on s'y régale,
On y rit du soir au matin.
Dans le salon et dans la salle
Tout Chinon se trouve en festin.

Là chacun dit sa chasonette;
Là le plus sage est le plus fou,
Et danse au son de la musette
Les plus gais branles du Poitou.

La cave s'y trouve placée
Où fut jadis mon cabinet.
On m'y porte plus sa pensée
Qu'aux douceurs d'un vin frais et net.

Que si Pluton, que rien ne tente,
Voulait se payer de raison
Et permettre à mon ombre errante
De faire un tour à ma maison,

Quelque prix que j'en puisse attendre,
Ce serait mon premier souhait,
De la louer ou de la vendre
Pour l'usage que l'on en fait.

Thus, for the Muses, for the Latin Muse of de Thou as for the French Muse of Ronsard, Rabelais is a drunkard. The Muses are liars; but they know how to win credit and to have their fables believed.

Among the Pantagruelists of the seventeenth century may be mentioned Bernier, the Gassendist philosopher — friend of Ninon de Lenclos and Madame de la Sablière; the scholar Huet, Bishop of Avranches; Ménage; Madame de Sévigné; La Fontaine; Racine; Molière; Fontenelle. A rather fine list, it must be admitted. As for La Bruyère, his opinion of our author is well known: "Where he is bad, he far exceeds the worst — that is what charms the vulgar; where he is good, he achieves the exquisite and the excellent; he is fit for the consumption of the most delicate." Of course, *Pantagruel* was a dish for the most delicate, for La Fontaine, Molière, for La Bruyère himself. So far as charming the vulgar is concerned, if by the vulgar he means people who have neither intelligence nor education nor refined knowledge, how could Rabelais have done it at the time when La Bruyère was writing, about 1688, since his language by that time was comprehensible only to the lettered? To the peasant, the porter, the shop assistant, the tradesman, it was Greek.

Voltaire came late to Rabelais, but when he began to like him, he became madly enthusiastic and learned him by heart. At times the eighteenth century might be offended in its delicacy by Rabelais, but it could not but enjoy the philosophy of the Curé of Meudon, who then had rather successful imitators, like the Abbé Dulaurens.

In 1791 Ginguené, poet and publicist, published a book entitled *On the Authority of Rabelais in the Present Revolution and in the Civil Constitution of the Clergy*, in which our author is considered as a philosopher, as a politician, and rather dragged by force into modern ideas. Rabelais, who mocked prophets and soothsayers, must have laughed in the Elysian Fields at the commentators who made him predict the French Revolution. However, it is only fair to say that great thinkers see far ahead, prepare the future, and set the task for the statesmen who accomplish it while wearing blinders, or sometimes blindfolded like horses in a riding school. Of course, I do not refer to any European statesmen of the enlightened twentieth century.

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Reincarnation

In the nineteenth century, criticism was well informed, very alert, and, on the whole, very supple and skillful in understanding the feelings, manners, characters, and language of the past. It was very favorable to Rabelais, recognized his genius, consecrated his glory. But it is difficult — perhaps impossible — to get away from one's own period. It was so even at that time of evocations, restitutions, and reconstructions, when Michelet had made history a resurrection. Since all of us seek and see only ourselves in others, since we cannot help attributing our feelings to the people of former times, the general tendency of the critics, great and small, of 1830 and 1850 was to romanticize the author of *Pantagruel*, and to incline him, if not to melancholy — that was too obviously impossible — at least to gravity, to meditative profundity, and if one were in the least tinged with liberalism and free thought, to identify him with an independent philosophy which was not of his time nor in his character. This is noticeable in Michelet, in Henri Martin, in Eugène Noël. Sainte-Beuve, with his customary subtlety, corrected this error and restored his independence and his free humor to the sixteenth century giant.

Lamartine has said many harsh things about Rabelais. Victor Hugo spoke very well of him. Neither of them had read him, but each of them had a species of intuition. Lamartine divined in him a man quite different from himself, a genius quite opposed to his own. On the contrary, Victor Hugo imagined that there was some relationship, some resemblance between the creator of Gargantua and the creator of Quasimodo. Hence the judgments which they pronounced. Each of them, while talking of Rabelais, was thinking of himself.

Guizot, as we have seen, devoted a lengthy and substantial study to the pedagogy of Rabelais. There is no aspect from which our author was not considered during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. We have had excellent works upon Rabelais the Doctor, Rabelais the Botanist, Rabelais the Humanist, Rabelais the Jurist, Rabelais the Architect. Among the most modern works on this great man I shall mention the interesting analysis of Jean Fleury, and Paul Stapfer's excellent literary study, the notes of Rathery, of Moland, the work of Marty-Lavaux, and the invaluable articles in the *Revue des Études Rabelaisiennes*, edited with such zeal and knowledge by M. Lefranc of the Collège de France.

THE END

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HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA

(*Continued from page 844*)

man — to equal it. She realized that if she had suddenly found she could fly, it would not have seemed more miraculous to her. Heaven had played its last, most terrible card; and small Emily had survived, where even grown men (such as Korah, Dathan, and Abiram) had succumbed.

Life seemed suddenly a little empty; for never again could there happen to her anything so dangerous, so sublime.

Meanwhile, Margaret and Jimmie were still arguing.

"Well, there's one thing, there'll be plenty of eggs to-morrow," said Jimmie. "There's nothing like an earthquake for making them lay."

How funny Creoles were! They didn't seem to realize the difference it made to a person's whole after-life to have been in an earthquake.

When they got home, Martha, the black housemaid, had hard things to say about the sublime cataclysm. She had dusted the drawing-room china only the day before, and now everything was covered again with a fine penetrating film of dust.

The next morning, Sunday, they went home. Emily was still so saturated in earthquake as to be dumb. She ate earthquake and slept earthquake; her fingers and legs were earthquake. With John, it was ponies. The earthquake had been fun, but it was the ponies that mattered. But at present it did not worry Emily that she was alone in her sense of proportion. She was too completely possessed to be able to see anything, or realize that anyone else pretended to even a self-delusive fiction of existence.

Their mother met them at the door. She bubbled questions. John chattered ponies, but Emily was still tongue-tied. She was, in her mind, like a child who has eaten too much even to be able to be sick.

Mrs. Thornton became a little worried about her at times. This sort of life was very peaceful, and might be excellent for nervy children like John; but a child like Emily, thought Mrs. Thornton, who was far from nervy, really needed some sort of stimulus and excitement, or there was a danger of her mind's going to sleep altogether for ever. This life was too vegetable. Consequently Mrs. Thornton always spoke to Emily in her brightest manner, as if everything was of the greatest possible interest. She had hoped, too, that the visit to Exeter might liven her up; but she had come back as silent and expressionless as ever. It had evidently made no impression on her at all.

John marshaled the small ones in the cellar, and round and round they marched, wooden swords at the slope, singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Emily did not join them. What did it now matter, that earlier woe, that being a girl she could never when grown up become a real soldier with a real sword? She had been in an earthquake!

But even the others did not keep it up very long. (Sometimes they would go on for three or four hours.) For, whatever it might have done for Emily's soul, the earthquake had done little to clear the air. It was as hot as ever. In the animal world there seemed some strange commotion, as if they had wind of something. The usual lizards and mosquitoes were still absent; but in their place the earth's most horrid progeny, creatures of darkness, sought the open — land-crabs wandered about aimlessly, angrily twiddling their claws, and the ground seemed almost alive with red ants and cockroaches. Up on the roof the pigeons were gathered, talking to each other fearfully.

The cellar — or rather, ground floor, where they were playing — had no communication with the wooden structure above, but had an opening of its own under the twin flight of steps leading to the front door; and there the children presently gathered in the shadow. Out in the compound lay one of Mr. Thornton's best handkerchiefs. He must have dropped it that morning. But none of them felt the energy to go and retrieve it, out into the sun. Then, as they stood there, they saw Lame-foot Sam come limping across the yard. Seeing the prize, he was about to carry it off. Suddenly he remembered it was Sunday. He dropped it like a hot brick and began to cover it with sand, exactly where he had found it.

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"Please God, I thieve you to-morrow," he explained hopefully. "Please God, you still there?"

A low mutter of thunder seemed to offer grudging assent.

"Thank you, Lord," said Sam, bowing to a low bank of cloud. He hobbled off; but then, not too sure, perhaps, that Heaven would keep its promise, he changed his mind, snatched up the handkerchief, and made off for his cottage. The thunder muttered louder and more angrily; but Sam ignored the warning.

It was the custom, whenever Mr. Thornton had been to St. Anne's, for John and Emily to run out to meet him and ride back with him, one perched on each of his stirrups. That Sunday evening they ran out as soon as they saw him coming, in spite of the thunderstorm that by now was clattering over their very heads — and not only over their heads, either, for in the tropics a thunderstorm is not a remote affair up in the sky, as it is in England, but is all around you. Lightning plays ducks and drakes across the water, bounds from tree to tree, bounces about the ground, while the thunder seems to proceed from violent explosions in your own very core.

"Go back! Go back, you damned little fools!" he yelled furiously. "Get into the house!"

They stopped, aghast; and then began to realize that after all it was a storm of more than ordinary violence. They discovered that they were drenched to the skin — must have been the moment they left the house. The lightning kept up a continuous blaze; it was playing about their father's very stirrup-irons. And all of a sudden they realized that he was afraid. They fled to the house, shocked to the heart; and he was in the house almost as soon as they were. Mrs. Thornton rushed out:

"My dear, I'm so glad. . . ."

"I've never seen such a storm! Why on earth did you let the children come out?"

"I never dreamt they would be so silly! And all the time I was thinking — but thank Heaven you're back."

"I think the worst is over now."

Perhaps it was; but all through supper the lightning shone almost without flickering. And John and Emily could hardly eat; the memory of that momentary look on their father's face haunted them.

It was an unpleasant meal altogether. Mrs. Thornton had prepared for her husband his "favourite dish" — than which no action could more annoy a man of whim. In the middle of it all in burst Sam, ceremony dropped. He flung the handkerchief angrily on the table and stumped out.

"What on earth . . . ?" began Mr. Thornton.

But John and Emily knew — and thoroughly agreed with Sam as to the cause of the storm. Stealing was bad enough anyway, but on a Sunday!

Meanwhile, the lightning kept up its play. The thunder made talking arduous, but no one was anyhow in a mood to chatter. Only thunder was heard, and the hammering of the rain. But suddenly, close under the windows, there burst out the most appalling inhuman shriek of terror.

"Tabby!" cried John, and they all rushed to the window.

But Tabby had already flashed into the house, and behind him was a whole club of wild cats in hot pursuit. John momentarily opened the dining-room door and puss slipped in, disheveled and panting. Not even then did the brutes desist. What insane fury led these jungle creatures to pursue him into the very house was unimaginable; but there they were, in the passage, caterwauling in concert. And as if at their incantation, the thunder awoke anew, and the lightning nullified the meager table lamp. It was such a din as you could not speak through. Tabby, his fur on end, pranced up and down the room, his eyes blazing, talking and sometimes exclaiming in a tone of voice the children had never heard him use before, and which made their blood run cold. He seemed like one inspired in the presence of Death, he had gone utterly Delphic; and without in the passage, hell's pandemonium reigned terrifically.

The check could be only a short one. Outside the dining-room door stood the big filter, and above the door the fanlight was long since broken. Something black and yelling flashed through the fanlight, landing clean in the middle of the supper table, scattering the forks and spoons and upsetting the lamp. And another and another — but already Tabby was through the window and streaking again for the

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bush. The whole dozen of those wild cats leapt one after the other from the top of the filter through the fanlight onto the supper table, and away from there only too hot in his tracks. In a moment the whole devil-hunt and its hopeless quarry had vanished into the night.

"Oh Tabby, my darling Tabby!" wailed John, while Emily rushed again to the window.

They were gone. The lightning behind the creepers in the jungle lit them up like giant cobwebs; but of Tabby and his pursuers there was nothing to be seen. John burst into tears, the first time for several years, and flung himself on his mother. Emily stood transfixed at the window, her eyes glued in horror on what she could not, in fact, see; and all of a sudden was sick.

"God, what an evening!" groaned Mr. Bas-Thornton, groping in the darkness for what might be left of their supper.

Shortly after that, Sam's hut burst into flames. From the dining room, they saw the old negro stagger dramatically out into the darkness. He was throwing stones at the sky. In a lull they heard him cry: "I gib it back, didn' I? I gib de nasty t'ing back!"

Then there was another blinding flash, and Sam fell where he stood. Mr. Thornton pulled the children roughly back and said something like, "I'll go and see. Keep them from the window."

Then he closed and barred the shutters, and was gone.

John and the little ones kept up a continuous sobbing. Emily wished someone would light a lamp, she wanted to read; it might help her not to think about poor Tabby.

The wind must have begun to rise some while before this, but now, by the time Mr. Thornton had managed to carry old Sam's body into the house, it was more than a gale. The old man, stiff in the joints as he might have been in life, had gone as limp as a worm. Emily and John slipped unbeknownst into the passage, and were thrilled beyond measure at the way he dangled. They could hardly tear themselves away and be back in the dining room before they should be discovered.

There Mrs. Thornton sat heroically in a chair, her brood all grouped about her, saying the psalms and the poems of Sir Walter Scott over by heart. Emily tried to keep her mind off Tabby by going over in her head all the details of her earthquake. At times the din, the rocketing of the thunder and torrential shriek of the wind, which up to now she had hardly noticed, became so loud as almost to impinge on her inner world; she wished this wretched thunderstorm would hurry up and get over. . . . First, she held an actual performance of the earthquake, went over it direct, as if it were again happening. Then she put it into *oratio recta*, told it as a story, beginning with that magic phrase, "Once I was in an earthquake." But before long the dramatic element reappeared — this time with the awed comments of her imaginary English audience. When that was done, she put it into the historical — a Voice, declaring that a girl called Emily was once in an earthquake. And so on, right through the whole thing a third time.

The horrible fate of Tabby appeared suddenly before her eyes, and she was all but sick again. Even her earthquake had failed her. As a swimmer who feels a twinge of cramp turns desperately toward the shore, so she began a violent struggle to recall her attention from her inward imagination and fix it on the outside world — to count the slats in the shutters, any least detail that was *outward*. Thus it was that for the first time she really began to notice the weather.

The wind by now was more than redoubled. The shutters were bulging as if tired elephants were leaning against them, and Father was trying to tie the fastening with that handkerchief. But to push against this wind was like pushing against rock. The handkerchief, shutters, everything burst. The rain poured in like the sea into a sinking ship. The wind occupied the room, snatching pictures from the wall, sweeping the table bare.

Through the gaping frames the lightning-lit scene without was visible. The creepers, which before had looked like cobwebs, now streamed up into the sky like new-combed hair. Bushes were lying flat, laid back on the ground as close as a rabbit lays back his ears. Branches were leaping about loose in the sky. The negro huts were clean gone, and the negroes crawling on their stomachs across the compound to gain the shelter of the house.

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The bouncing rain seemed to cover the ground with a white smoke, a sort of sea in which the blacks wallowed like porpoises. One nigger boy began to roll away. His mother, forgetting caution, rose to her feet; and immediately the fat old beldam was blown away, bowling along across fields and hedgerows like someone in a funny fairy story, till she fetched up against a wall and was pinned there, unable to move. But the others managed to reach the house, and soon could be heard in the cellar underneath.

Moreover, the very floor began to ripple as a loose carpet will ripple on a gusty day. In opening the cellar door the blacks had let the wind in, and now for some time they could not shut it again. The wind, to push against, was more like a solid block than a current of air.

Mr. Thornton went through the house — to see what could be done, he said. He soon realized that the next thing to go would be the roof. So he returned to the Niobe group in the dining room. Mrs. Thornton was halfway through *The Lady of the Lake*, the smaller children listening with rapt attention. Exasperated, he told them that they would probably not be alive in half an hour. No one seemed particularly interested in his news. Mrs. Thornton continued her recitation with faultless memory.

After another couple of cantos the threatened roof went. Fortunately, the wind taking it from inside, most of it was blown clear of the house; but one of the couples collapsed skew-eyed and was hung up on what was left of the dining-room door — within an ace of hitting John. Emily, to her intense resentment, suddenly felt cold. All at once she found she had had enough of the storm; it had become intolerable, instead of a welcome distraction.

Mr. Thornton began to look for something to break through the floor. If only he could make a hole in it, he might get his wife and children down into the cellar. Fortunately he did not have to look far. One arm of the fallen couple had already done the work for him. Laura, Rachel, Emily, Edward, and John, Mrs. Thornton, and finally Mr. Thornton himself, were passed down into the darkness already thronged with negroes and goats.

With great good sense, Mr. Thornton brought with him from the room above a couple of decanters of Madeira, and everyone had a swig, from Laura to the oldest negro. All the children made the most of this unholy chance, but somehow to Emily the bottle got passed twice, and each time she took a good pull. It was enough, at their age. While what was left of the house was blown away over their heads, through the lull and the ensuing ærial return match, John, Emily, Edward, Rachel, and Laura, blind drunk, slept in a heap on the cellar floor — a sleep which the appalling fate of Tabby, torn to pieces by those fiends almost under their very eyes, dominated with the easy empire of nightmare.

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The Editor will be glad — space permitting — to publish in these columns brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM.

Rotary States Its Case

An ex-Director of Rotary International answers Mr. Bruce Bliven's article on page 899 of this issue.

Editor of THE FORUM:

It is easy to attack any institution by exaggerating its mistakes and emphasizing its defects — and more especially by ridiculing absurdities of individual members. This kind of criticism is used on the United States Senate, the Protestant churches, the Manhatten Chess Club, the Oshkosh Ladies' Sewing Circle. What of it? The Rotary Club is quite human enough — thank God! — to include among its members a few nincompoops. Of course each one denies the allegation. It is childish to waste time either attacking or defending them; but nine-tenths of the criticisms of Rotary I have seen are composed of just such attacks.

There are four aspects of any group activity by which it may be justified or condemned: its purpose, its sincerity, its method, and its personnel. The purpose of Rotary needs no defense or apology. I have never seen an adverse criticism of its six objects as set forth in the Constitution of Rotary International. These objects do, indeed, command universal approbation. They are without party, without prejudice, without selfish interest. They speak for themselves. They are as follows:

To encourage and foster:

(1) The ideal of service as the basis of all worthy enterprise.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(5) The recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(6) The advancement of understanding, good will, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

The statement of the objects of Rotary is a sincere statement. It is not used to conceal any ulterior motive. Whatever any individual may do or attempt as an individual, he finds himself speedily checked if he tries to use the Rotary organization as a political or social or economic lever, or to make of it a medium of interested propaganda. In this respect Rotary has a remarkably clean record.

As an organization it has adhered rigidly to its avowed objects, not by lip service only, but also in its open activities and its genuine inner impulses. To an unusual degree among human institutions it has been free of bunk and ostentation and hypocrisy. Are some Rotarians — as men — hypocrites? Of course. Are they, as Rotarians, hypocrites? Not for long; the atmosphere is too uncongenial. They change under the influence of the environment, or they seek more promising soil, or, if they linger by the wayside, their presence is noted as an example of what to avoid in life.

The means by which Rotary attempts to achieve its objects may be in some degree defective. But the choice is not

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between Rotary and perfection; it is between Rotary and What-Have-You. For illustration let us take Rotary's first object: "The ideal of service as the basis of all worthy enterprise." This object fully realized would be Utopian. (If it sounds a bit sugary, don't blame Rotary; any Utopian picture can be made to look ridiculous by obscuring it with a pink crayon outline of Pollyanna.) The critic's eyes gleam triumphantly. "Ha!" he exclaims, "but have you made the ideal of service the basis of all worthy enterprise? No; you just talk about it!"

I believe the first Utopian aspiration was dreamt by Plato some 2300 years ago. Since then there have been scores of dreams and plans and programs and struggles. Rotary was founded in 1905. And Utopia not here yet? Really, considering all the centuries that have passed since Plato, you might give us a little more time — another year or two at least!

Yes, the means Rotary has devised to achieve its objects are human and so, perhaps, faulty. But something has been and is being accomplished. Genuine understanding and goodfellowship have been created and developed, not only within each city, but also among different cities, states, and nations. The committees on Boys' Work and Crippled Children have labored soundly and effectively. Worthy community enterprises have been encouraged. Thousands of men have received a new impetus to thought and to the consideration of values in life other than those reflected by the business balance sheet. Social science has gained new enthusiasts and new workers. Charities have received material and practical assistance. Business ethics have been improved. Leaders of both thought and action have been given opportunities to communicate — the essence of human society.

While the activities of Rotary Clubs have been featured in most of the articles written about Rotary, it is not the group activity of which Rotary is most proud. Rotary stands for the development of the individual. It undertakes to inspire men to realize fully their individual capacity for patriotic citizenship. It is not merely attempting to effectuate a state of mind but is endeavoring to give new values to old truths as they are applied to our modern civilization, and this in action. It is not attempting this by standardization.

It fixes as its goal human understanding, and it suggests that this common goal shall be achieved by each individual in his own way and in his own time, with certain fundamental considerations. The importance of service and fellowship is stressed for the individual in attempting to work out a life of usefulness and at the same time a life of happiness. The goal of understanding comes nearer, Rotary believes, as the individual Rotarian increases in knowledge and finds his life enriched by cultural improvement and by a steady growth in the human touch.

Reduce Rotary to its lowest possible terms and ask what is its effect on the mountain of ignorance and misunderstanding that blocks the human path to the good life. Is it making the mountain bigger, or is it chipping off a little? I would say that it is chipping off some good-sized boulders.

What are Rotarians? Are they bankers, or fops, or good husbands, or gamblers, or playwrights, or loafers, or philosophers? Perhaps. Perhaps not. They are men who happen to be members of a Rotary Club. Are they, or do they pretend to be, better than other men? More or less. It is a trait of human nature. Did you ever observe the pitying expression on the face of an enthusiastic golf devotee when listening to an acquaintance extolling the delights of chess? Or note the general tone of certain diatribes on Rotary? Obviously, says the tone, the world will be a tolerable place to live in only when all Rotarians have been converted into editors of magazines with green covers.

There is really nothing to say about Rotarians except that they are human. I pick at random five fellow members of my club. The first is afraid to go to the dentist. The second is wise and witty and is always from twenty minutes to two hours late for a business appointment. The third smokes too many cigarettes and is often irritable. The fourth is arrogant at his office and henpecked at home. The fifth is the finest man I have ever known. Each of them seldom misses a Rotary meeting. All of them are genuinely and profoundly interested in the significance of Rotary activities and the promise of Rotary ideals.

RAYMOND J. KNOEPPEL

New York City

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Capital Punishment

Mr. Darrow's convictions lose their modernity. . . .

Editor of THE FORUM:

Perhaps the readers of your recent debate — "Is Capital Punishment Right?" — may be interested in the views of the great Chinese sage, Lao Tse, about 550 B.C.

The following words are quoted from the founder of the Ming dynasty in the year 1368 A.D.: "At the beginning of my reign I had not yet learned the principles of the ancient wise rulers. One day, reading through many books, I came across Canon of Wisdom and Virtue. I found the style simple and the thoughts deep. At length I found this text: 'If the people do not fear death, how then can we frighten them by death?' At that time the empire had only begun to be united; the people were obstinate and the magistrates corrupt. Almost every morning ten men were executed in public; by the same evening a hundred had committed the same crimes. Did not this justify the thought of Lao Tse? From this time I ceased to inflict capital punishment. I imprisoned the guilty and imposed fines. In less than a year my heart was comforted. I recognized then that in this book is the perfect source of all things. It is the sublime Master of Kings and the inestimable Treasure of the people."

V. W. CAMPBELL

Greenwich, Conn.

. . . while his contentions are upheld.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Both Mr. Calder and Mr. Darrow agree on one point — that the people do not wish the abolition of capital punishment. This may be true; but a strong sentiment against capital punishment was revealed in Connecticut and Boston during the George Chapman and Sacco-Vanzetti trials. This is a democracy, to be sure, but it is a moot question whether the ideals of democracy may best be served by adherence to the mob's passionate, unreasonable desires.

That the "wrong to the individual is forgotten" entirely in the state's decree that murder is an irreparable offense against itself, is well known. To cite only one case: recently in Massachusetts a father killed his infant daughter and was sentenced to death. The wife's plea for clemency and pardon was disregarded. She was not even allowed a farewell visit to her husband before his execution. Clearly, here was an offense against the integrity of the criminal's own family as distinguished from society at large, yet the interest of the most injured member — the wife and mother — was not even considered. Here was the opportunity for the kind of parole A. Russell Pierce recommended in his September Rostrum letter, for it seems unlikely that this father would have become a recidivist. By the execution of this man, the state (1) committed the same offense as the criminal, *i.e.* took a human life; (2) reduced the assets of the state by cutting off a producer; (3) reduced an independent family to objects of charity by taking away the breadwinner.

As long as eminent jurists — for it is to them that laymen rightfully look for reform — cater to the mob, awaiting their dictum in matters concerning which they are ignorant, so long will juridicial procedure stagnate. Let Mr. Darrow and men like him dare to be pioneers in reforms compatible with the spirit of the age, and even the fickle mob will acclaim.

LAURA C. GOTHBERG

New Haven, Conn.

Advertising— Read It and Chuckle

Editor of THE FORUM:

The advertising menace, which appalls Mr. Stuart Chase to the point of railing violently against all advertising, does not strike me in wholly the same ominous light. I recognize with a chuckle of sympathy the evils he cries out against, but I cannot subscribe to his thorough disapproval of the business. That would be ingratitude, for I get far too much pleasure out of reading its shameless idiocies to join any movement for suppressing them. I read the advertisements as one reads a comic supplement — with rather more enjoyment, however, than one derives from those dreary pages. Indeed, I have come to the point where I am sadly disappointed if my morning and evening

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papers do not present me with some gems of advertising. The magazines, however, are my happiest hunting-grounds. I flip the pages of reading matter hurriedly, impatient to reach the real entertainment for which I pay the price of admission.

It is not my intention to protest against the unscrupulousness of the indefatigable advertisers with their war-cry of "Swat that Sales-Resistance." I am perfectly well aware that they are all ruthlessly determined to make me buy their products, whether I need them or not. I recognize that they are intentionally deceptive and full of guile; but I ask, as does the Black Crow, "Who cyahs about dat?"

The spectacle of the Listerine revolution, which disgusts Mr. Chase, has afforded me great diversion. The first onslaught, waving the banner of insidious Halitosis, killed off some stout hearts, I should imagine, but the Listerine army was dissatisfied. There were some abandoned creatures who refused to fall when Halitosis was brandished at them. These, thought the Listerine officers, plucking up hope, are without doubt full of Dandruff. So they emblazoned Dandruff on a standard and charged again. The loss on the side of the public was heavy, but there were still some citizens left who stoutly denied that Dandruff was a disgraceful social blemish, or at least declined to purchase Listerine to banish it. The great Listerine generals scratched their own healthy scalps, redolent of their product, and took thought. Then they girded up their loins and made a terrific attack against all mankind, whether victims of or immune to Halitosis and Dandruff, in their determination to put the Fear of Sore Throat into men. And now all men read and tremble and gargle with Listerine after getting their feet wet or talking through public telephones; there are even some Timid Souls who doubtless bathe in it. How can Mr. Chase object to so diverting a spectacle?

The daily papers are full of blurbs of patent medicines which vary in absurdity, but which are certain to display exquisite inconsistencies. Thus a picture of a smiling boy bears the sensible warning, "Your boy — don't let him grow used to laxatives." The reader rubs his eyes. Can it be that an advertisement is offering sound advice? No; it is all right. The next paragraph says blandly, "Calcium wafers will wean a child away from all need for any laxative."

The blurb of a patent medicine which has afforded me the most hilarious amusement, however, is the one of Cascarets which says firmly, "In all history no Indian was ever known to have constipation." Picture the patient years of research into the annals of Indian history in order to establish the truth of that startling statement! None of the histories mentions a case of Indian constipation, and we cannot assume that it was mere oversight which caused the omission; there simply never was such a case. "The Indian chewed the bark of the cascara tree," say the Cascaret people, from their wide reading. You can find that in practically any history. But the aspersions cast by the makers of Cascarets upon what they call "man-made purgatives" seem to me somewhat unjust when one considers the fact that God does not make Cascarets.

One of the Old Dutch Cleanser slogans sends the reader back with a smile to *Through the Looking Glass*. "There is nothing else like it," says the slogan, even as the King said of eating hay when you are faint. When Alice protested that she thought throwing cold water over you, or some sal-volatile would be better, the King's reply, you remember, was that he didn't say there was nothing *better;* he said there was nothing *like* it. Which Alice did not attempt to deny.

But the advertisers are not all ruthlessly seeking to foist their products upon a harassed and helpless public. Witness the humanitarian, disinterested solicitude of the Life Insurance Companies for the public health. They thoughtfully urge all citizens to avoid cancer and other fatal

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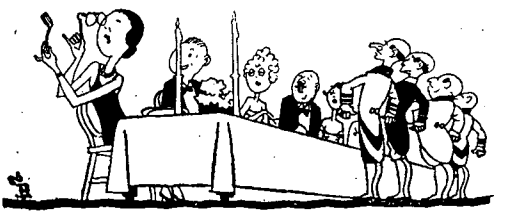
diseases by consulting their physicians often, living simply, and keeping well. It reminds me of Mr. Winkle, when poor Mr. Pickwick fell through the ice. He rushed up and down the bank wringing his hands and urging, nay, beseeching Mr. Pickwick not to drown, for *his* sake. Not that the Life Insurance Companies are so indelicate as to shout "for our sakes." Indeed, the novice reading that discreet advertisement would hardly suspect its authorship, except for the refined small letters at the foot which indicate who paid for its insertion. And then, perhaps, the first chilly doubt struggles into his pure but feeble mind.

The very prize for inconsistency and general absurdity of all the advertisements which I have ever read was one of Sterling silver. It was a picture of a formal dinner party, and the centre of interest lay in a beautiful young woman who was in the act of turning over her fork to see the mark "Sterling." The caption beneath was not, however, as one might have expected with some justice, "What is wrong with this picture?" It read something like this: "In these days of unconventional (*sic*) table manners, your guests are not at all unlikely to turn over your silver to see whether it is solid or plated." Now that in itself was delicious enough, but this enterprising advertising engineer did not stop there. He went on with these thoughts: "Sterling silver on your table indicates the tradition of good breeding (*sic*) and conformance to the best conventions; it shows that you are one of the elect; your social position is assured; you are used to the best in everything. Then why not be prepared, at your next dinner party, for that unconventional guest, by setting your table with a complete service of Sterling in any one of the delightful patterns your jeweler can show you?" This is the embodiment of perfection in those qualities which I find essential to an advertisement.

And that brings me to a point which I wish I might avoid recognizing. It is a very obvious point, but none the less disturbing, and it takes the very slightest edge from my almost unalloyed enjoyment of the back pages of the magazines. It is simply that advertising obviously makes its appeal to the lowest of human intelligence. Still, that is not the distressing part of it; the fact that the advertisers assume as taken for granted that the Public is an Ass does not worry me. That is part of the fun. The disturbing element lies in the fact that the Public, which actually believes in the advertisements and trustingly buys the products thrown at it, really deserves that epithet which Mr. Bumble applied to the Law. I do not complain of the unscrupulousness of the advertisers, which varies in degree but not markedly in kind. But it is disheartening to think that the advertisers are right in their assumption.



Still, I am glad that there is no truth in the virtuous statement at the head of the patented goiter cure, "Note: it would be illegal to publish this if it were not true." I am glad that there is no truth in that pious statement; I repeat it. For if there were, I should find very little reading, and that very dull, in the back pages of my magazines. No, I cannot endorse Mr. Chase in his new war. I know he is right; secretly I rejoice at his truculence; but I cannot sanction it. For if he should succeed in bringing about a new state of affairs in the realm of advertising, banished from the back pages, I might be driven — oh horrible thought — to the point of reading the articles in the middle.

ALICE DOUGAN GASS

Lincoln, Nebr.

American Folk Music

A discussion of the debate — "Is Jazz Music?" — in the July and August issues of THE FORUM.

Editor of THE FORUM:

If jazz is only a method, as Mr. Spaeth says, why cannot Europe imitate it? Jazz has never been conquered by a European. Thousands have tried. If it is a method of music that can only be *written by Americans*, does it not begin, spiritually, to rise above a mere method?

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In my July article I pointed out that jazz has individual rhythms, harmonies, and melodic fragments which are not found in any other music, and therefore give it an individual quality which immediately places it in the category of a folk music. Mr. Spaeth denies we have a folk music. He says one finds the same thing in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Brahms, Chopin, all of them have written pages of real jazz, he says. Still I must point out that a great deal of music has been written within the past centuries and of necessity a great many "treatments" must oft find themselves repeated. Surely a critic and musician such as Mr. Spaeth does not wish us to think that the same chord, ryhthm, or sequence always has the same intention.

Atonality is certainly a method, if there ever was one, and one cannot claim that the great master, Schonberg, has never written any music. Beethoven, Mozart, and the rest of the great masters were extremely methodic and systematic, in spite of their genius. Mr. Spaeth, in the technical domain, comes to some very remarkable conclusions. He concludes that because he wrote in the whole-tone scale, Debussy was "jazzing" the normal scale. Till Eulenspiegel — that profound rascal of the Middle Ages — becomes for him "one of the jazziest characters in music" because Strauss in his admirable symphonic poem makes a number of grotesque skips and jumps.

The works of Vincent Youmans are pure, clear, and extremely beautiful examples of jazz that is a pure music. Many of the Negro blues cannot in any case be confused with any other music. The day when composers stole melodies from the old masters ("I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" and similar mediocrities) is slowly but surely passing, but Mr. Spaeth writes as though that day were still in full swing. Jazz no longer needs to steal, to distort. It is coming into a pure, simple, sincere expression of its own, and each year sees this fact more established. The Chopin-Lizt-Debussy borrowing of Gershwin, which Mr. Spaeth so much admires, is on the wane, but his mention and admiration of them account for his conviction that America has no music of its own.

GEORGE ANTHEIL

Vienna, Austria

Give and Take

Two reasons why FORUM *circulation holds its own.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am unwilling for my students to read the October FORUM, and am, therefore, consigning it to the flames. I not only take the Bible for my guide on marriage and divorce, but on all other questions as well. I am unwilling, therefore, to have the minds of my students poisoned by such articles as "Marriage and Divorce" and "The Myth of the Soul." If these two articles are samples of what THE FORUM offers students, I wish to discontinue my subscription. One does not have to drink poison to know that it kills folks. The followers of Jesus and the teachings of Jesus are responsible for all the great institutions in our land.

J. A. CAMPBELL

President, Campbell College.
Buie's Creek, N. C.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have known in my heart, of course, that THE FORUM is a magazine of controversy, but it is so refreshing to see that statement printed out in words, that I cannot defer any longer becoming a subscriber.

Drowning under periodicals which it is my urgent duty to read, and bankrupted by subscribing for them, I am entering as it were through the coal-hole, hoping to come to the surface like a lady at the end of six months and remain a faithful subscriber forevermore.

FLORENCE KELLY

New York City

Romanism and Catholicism

Varying views have been expressed concerning Michael Williams' thesis in the September FORUM *that Catholicism seems destined to be the prime influence in the future development of American letters.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read with much interest and some surprise the article in the September FORUM entitled "The Catholic Spirit in American Literature." It strikes me as one of the best and most adroit specimens of special pleading that has come to my notice in a long time.

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Mr. Williams overlooks the obvious fact that the real spirit which gives form, life, and ultimate destiny to American literature is not the spirit of Catholicism, the spirit of Protestantism, the spirit of Judaism, or the spirit of any other "ism." That spirit did not originate with any of these, and none can justly claim to be its chief exponent. Quite evidently it is the great inherent spirit of slowly-developing humanity that gives the trend and will determine the destiny of American literature. That spirit belongs to Protestantism no less than to Catholicism, and to other "isms" and other forces as well as to these. Each is but the carrier of a part. How illogical, then, virtually to claim all for one!

EGBERT T. BUSH

Stockton, N. J.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The article in the September FORUM, "The Catholic Spirit in American Literature" by Michael Williams, is a fine example of Catholicism running true to form. In its extravagant, intolerant, and unfounded claims for Catholicism, it is a most amazing production.

E. S. BELDEN

Pleasant Valley, Conn.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Laying claim to American Catholic writers in his article, "The Catholic Spirit in American Literature," appearing in the September FORUM, Mr. Michael Williams names Joel Chandler Harris.

This statement is decidedly misleading. Mr. Harris' mother did not belong to any church and came of a long line of Protestant forebears. Mr. Harris himself lived his entire life outside of any church. His admission into the Catholic Church was by the death-bed route. He joined this church only a few days before he died.

It is evident, then, that he was not a Catholic writer, and it seems to me not entirely honest in Mr. Williams to claim him.

This letter is not dictated by any sort of animus, but in the interest of truth solely. I am an agnostic, and number many Catholics among my best friends.

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

Lebanon, Ky.

That More or Less Mythical Soul

Clarence Darrow's article in the October FORUM *provoked more comment than any other since that of Irving Babbitt in February, "The Critic and American Life." Space permitting, we shall publish other letters on this subject next month.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

There are many thoughtful men with rational minds who will accept Mr. Darrow's claim that the soul spirit surviving death is a myth, but who may fairly claim that under one definition men may develop and be said to possess souls. The *Century Dictionary* gives six definitions of this word; number two reads as follows: "The moral and emotional part of men's nature, the seat of sentiments, or feelings in distinction from intellect."

I take it that this means the development of the finest traits of human nature such as truth, integrity, love, kindness, justice, liberality, and altruism, and that when acquired it may be said such a man possesses a soul, not immortal, though perhaps when highly developed deserving immortality.

The prophet and seer of the last century, Emerson, in his great address, "The American Scholar," said: "The one thing in the world of value is the active soul. This every man is entitled to. This every man contains within him, although in almost all men obstructed and as yet unborn." Also in volume nine of his *Journal*, page 348 — "Not once in 500 years comes a soul organized for immortality."

If the clergy would intimate that oblivion awaited the undeveloped and worthless soul, and that only hope of immortality is warranted when development reaches a sufficient degree, and then use unremitting efforts to bring about such development, some moral progress might result. Promising salvation upon repentance and giving absolution through the last rites is simply putting a premium on crime and wrongdoing. The only soul is high character, and Mr. Darrow would have given something constructive if he had made this point in finishing his able article.

CHARLES MYERS

New York City

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Should the Criminal Jury Be Abolished?

In the November FORUM, *the value of the criminal jury was debated. Edgar Allan Poe firmly stated that it was an out-moded institution. Martin W. Littleton was as sincere in upholding the "twelve good men and true." The following letters show the trend of readers' opinions:*

YES

As I see it, our practice does not square with our theories; our courts of justice have to an alarming degree ceased to become courts of justice and are mere courts of law.

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

Tucson, Ariz.

I think the whole question of what to do with an individual who cannot get along in a group should be left in the hands of medical people and psychologists. The present system, I think, is just as archaic as the Inquisition would be if it were brought back.

JOHN B. WATSON

New York City

Our present jury system is a menace to society, a burlesque of legal justice, and we would be better off if it were entirely abolished and a safer and saner system were introduced.

SAMUEL P. SPRENG

Naperville, Ill.

It is my opinion that the jury system, as at present administered, has not fully kept pace with modern conditions.

CHARLES P. SISSON

Providence, R. I.

It has long seemed to me that the jury system, theoretically so admirable in justice, historically so venerable in legal traditions, has practically broken down in the United States.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

Madison, Wis.

In general, I should feel that the decision of a competent judge was much more apt to render justice, and I am inclined to prefer this method rather than the present one.

J. W. POWELL

Boston, Mass.

The present jury system is unsuited to our present social and economic system and is a menace both to morality and good government.

JOHN H. SCHAFFNER

Columbus, O.

I am for abolishing jury trials in criminal cases. Under an ideal form of government where the citizenry is of a high grade, the jury system has much to recommend it; but to-day with our secret organizations, our immense variety of unions, societies, and parties of all sorts — most of them organized to get their members out of trouble — the jury system has broken down.

CHARLES JAY TAYLOR

Pittsburgh, Pa.

NO

I should consider the abolition of the jury in criminal cases a dangerous and subversive experiment. Effort should be directed toward securing better juries and protecting their deliberations against outside interference, one of the most unfortunate instruments of which, at present, is the sensational attitude of the press toward criminal proceedings.

H. T. NEWCOMB

New York City

I think it would be a great step backward to abolish jury trials in criminal or civil cases, but particularly criminal cases. I do not think that the jury system has broken down; it may have been somewhat bent, but, in the light of history, I do not believe that it has been a failure.

R. E. L. SANER

Dallas, Texas

The jury system is by no means ideal, but it is easier to criticize it than to suggest something that might adequately supersede it. The abolition of the jury system would be a direct challenge to democracy. And more than that — it would even be the end of democracy and personal liberty.

BERTHOLD LAUFER

Chicago, Ill.

It has been my observation over a period of thirty-nine years in the practice of law, that the judges in criminal courts, because of the constant observation of criminals, become hardened and are inclined to a fixed belief in the general guilt of all who are charged with crime. Neither the jury system nor a non-jury system is perfect, but in my opinion the jury system is better and more consistent with our democratic form of government.

EDGAR WATKINS

Atlanta, Ga.

I doubt very much whether it would be a wise experiment to abolish trial by jury altogether. What is needed, in my judgment, is to improve the quality of our juries rather than to do away with them.

A. WARNER PARKER

Washington, D. C.

The proposal to abolish jury trials in criminal cases is contrary to the genius and spirit of our free institutions. It is ultra-reactionary, fundamentally wrong, and will never be adopted.

RALPH F. LOZIER

Carrollton, Mo.

I agree with Mr. Martin Littleton, believing that the present jury system rests upon a very sound principle.

FRANK A. SMITH

New York City

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TOASTS

BECAUSE he voted for La Follette in 1924, GRANVILLE HICKS says he has acquired a reputation, more flattering than just, as a radical. Since graduating from Harvard in 1923, *summa cum laude*, Mr. Hicks has been trying various professions, only to decide that literary problems and teaching are his chief concerns. One profession which he rejected was the ministry. "While I had entered the theological school with many reservations," says Mr. Hicks, "nobody tried to make me pious and I enjoyed the actual studies so keenly that it was easy to ignore the practical problems of the ministry." Mr. Hicks has recently returned to Harvard for further study of contemporary literature.

CORRA HARRIS

WHEN one lives fifty years behind the times on top of a mountain in a great forest, one produces little in the way of news," writes CORRA HARRIS from her home in Georgia. "The same life is here that was in and around the Garden of Eden, save that the apple crop is short this year." Keen and witty, Mrs. Harris's stories, novels, essays are filled with a sense of sympathy for human failings. She says, "Down here our Heavenly Father forgives us all our transgressions as usual during the religious revival season." Loving life, Mrs. Harris has, nevertheless, a comfortable idea of heaven. "I would choose a stout pair of domestic wings and settle down as a peaceful old gray pigeon in Paradise. No harps nor glittering crown for me, dear Lord!"

IMAGINE a house on a hilltop, looking over downland and autumn-tinted woods, with lawns over which tumble about twenty young children, none over seven; the clatter of plates and voices over dinner; scrubbing and showering five or six boys — often heads and all — night and morning. Imagine swamped floors you have to wipe; infants to comfort if they wake at night; quarrels to settle; potatoes and apples to order; the children's parents to handle; letters to answer; a school diary to keep; not to mention bodily exercises and dancing. This is my present life from five or six A.M. to nine P.M.," says DORA RUSSELL. And this is emancipation! The author of *The Right to Be Happy*, wife of the English philosopher, Bertrand Russell, and one of the most valiant crusaders for feminism, Mrs. Russell is primarily interested in the Beacon Hill School, near London, which the Russells are running, "hoping to create a few happy, harmonious individuals."

DORA RUSSELL

SO frequent are WILLIAM B. MUNRO's appearances in THE FORUM that he declares there are no addenda to his obituary as we have it. He is especially well qualified to discuss the machinery of politics, since he not only teaches government at Harvard but also has had practical experience in politics in and around Boston, where politics is a science. Weight is added to his arguments when one learns that Mr. Munro is a vice-president of the National Municipal League and a former president of the American Political Science Association.

PLAYS, chiefly, have won RICHARD HUGHES his reputation in England. In this country, however, he is better known for his short stories, one of which THE FORUM published a few years ago. Now, after a three-year silence, Mr. Hughes has just completed a first novel to

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be published by Harper's. Of this novel, "High Wind in Jamaica" forms the opening chapter. L. L. BALCOM, whose block prints of the West Indies accompany Mr. Hughes' story, says that if he were not an artist, he would probably be a carpenter or a blacksmith. When he gets tired of wielding his brush or gouging the heart out of linoleum blocks, he builds a corner cupboard or hammers out a trivet or andirons.

JOHN H. BRADLEY, JR., AND ONE OF HIS FRIENDS

ANOTHER frequent contributor to THE FORUM is H. MUNRO FOX, Professor of Zoölogy at the University of Birmingham, England. As editor of *Biological Reviews*, a journal devoted to critical reviews of current research questions, Mr. Fox himself does considerable research. His most recent interest is tissue-culture — the study of growing tissues outside the body of the animal, isolated in glass containers and open to observation under the microscope.

"THE newest thing that has come into my life," writes DON MARQUIS, "is my fiftieth birthday, and, although I dreaded it for months, now that it is here, I rather like it. With it there arrived the certainty of what I wanted to do. I have turned out thousands of columns of newspaper stuff; I have written verses, essays, editorials, short stories, articles, novels, plays, without concentration. But the day I was fifty, I knew there was just one thing I wanted to do: concentrate on short stories and novels. In the next twenty years I shall write 240 short stories, and 10 novels. At seventy I shall quit writing and during the next 32 years — for I intend to live until I am 102 — I shall be an unpleasant elderly man. I shall make a point of addressing serious public meetings in a vein of ribald levity. Then, when I die, everybody will be so glad that, in the ebullition of good feeling, I shall get a fine epitaph."

PERTINAX

MARY AUSTIN, whose "Experiences Facing Death" are concluded in this issue, is one of the most intelligent women in America. Living in Santa Fé, New Mexico, she combines the mysticism of Indian thought with the clear logic of science. As playwright, poet, and essayist, she is a constant contributor to the best American periodicals.

THE University of Montana has granted JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR. a year's leave of absence to write a book about the history of life which the science of paleontology has locked away in its cryptic tomes. Mr. Bradley says his friends describe the task as "vulgarizing," "popularizing," or "humanizing," according to the relative purity of their own souls. Three days a week Mr. Bradley spends at Harvard, and the rest of the time he is at North Tewksbury, Mass. The picture of the marmot mentioned in "Friends of Mine" was sent us as proof that Mr. Bradley has a proper regard for scientific accuracy.

IN real life PERTINAX is M. ANDRÉ GERAUD — a short, plump Frenchman with a black moustache and an eyeglass. As a writer for *L'Echo de Paris*, M. Geraud is said to wield a power superior to that of most Cabinet Ministers. He is credited with an uncanny gift for knowing what is going on behind politically closed doors. As a former correspondent in London, Pertinax is thoroughly cognizant of international affairs, and in such esteem is he held that what he says stands for French opinion all over the world. And, too, he is a brilliant conversationalist.

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IN July, 1927, THE FORUM published "Pirate Ships," by C. A. WILKINSON. Even though we now present his ships "Afloat," tragedy goes with these as it did with the others. Just prior to the publication of the first group, this young English artist, whose work was becoming increasingly recognized, died. There is a letter in THE FORUM files which Mr. Wilkinson wrote just before he died, and because it describes his own work, we quote part of it: "The reason I specialize in ships is because they seem to hold the secret of so many wonders — Romance, Adventure, Bravery, the terrific power of the elements. Always at sea and near the sea, I feel that I'm in tune with the infinite. Me, the real Me is unfettered, imagination can run riot, and no one gainsay me."

THERE are few more distinguished naval officers in America than ADMIRAL THOMAS PICKETT MAGRUDER. The story of his achievements and adventures summarizes a large portion of recent American history. He was honored for gallantry in the Spanish-American War, has been awarded the D. S. M., and is a Commander in the French Legion of Honor. Recently, his articles in *The Saturday Evening Post* caused considerable discussion of present naval problems and policies. Since 1921 he has held the rank of permanent Rear Admiral.

NOT many American families are so completely and successfully literary as that to which LAURA BENÉT belongs. A sister of Stephen Vincent Benét and William Rose Benét, she is the author of a book of verse, *Fairy Bread*, and some short, fanciful stories similar to the one in this issue. After several years in social service, Miss Benét is now — more fittingly, we should say — with "The Literary Review" of *The New York Evening Post*. Although her great passion is her family, after them Miss Benét says her chief loves are camping, books, and small children.

LAURA BENÉT

AFTER having attended club meetings and talked with hundreds of members in a score of cities from coast to coast and North to South, BRUCE BLIVEN feels that he is qualified to speak as he does in "The Babbitt in His Warren." Now, with the appearance of this article, he is waiting expectantly — even impatiently — to be made an honorary member of all these organizations. Although Mr. Bliven seems to have that same horror of personal publicity which comes to all newspaper men who have an inside view of celebrities, there are a few pertinent facts which even his modesty must permit us to tell. His career as a journalist has included his work as director of journalism in the University of Southern California, his managing editorship of the *New York Globe*, and his present work as managing editor of *The New Republic*. As a lecturer, he is attempting the overthrow of The Kingdom of Bunk.

BRUCE BLIVEN

A PAIR of scissors and a sheet of black paper have made LISL HUMMEL famous. Although she has often illustrated poems — notably Lysbeth Boyd Borie's poems about Peter, which THE FORUM has published — this time the verses were written to fit the scissor-cuts. When Miss Hummel sent these silhouettes for "The Day After Christmas" to THE FORUM, we immediately started a poetic competition around them, and ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN was the successful competitor. Miss Hummel, by the way, is now Mrs. Henry Borsook, having recently married a member of the medical faculty of Toronto University, whose avocation is the drama. Robert Coffin, recently appointed head of the English department at Wells College, is now in England with Mrs. Coffin and their three children. At Oxford Mr. Coffin will study the tutorial system of that university as compared with American class-room instruction. He is a former Rhodes scholar.

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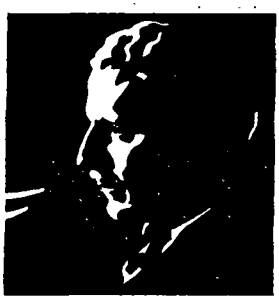
AS Chief of the Disarmament Section in the Secretariat of the League of Nations, SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA was influential in bringing about a reduction in world armaments. Now, when he is not writing or lecturing to bring about world peace, this brilliant Spaniard is lecturing to the students of Oxford University on the literature of his own country.

AMONG the younger English essayists J. B. PRIESTLEY holds a high place. He first gained prominence as fiction critic for *The London Mercury* and as literary adviser to John Lane. The London *Saturday Review* has been in the habit of publishing a weekly essay by Mr. Priestley, and he is a frequent contributor to leading literary periodicals both in England and America. His versatility is seen when one realizes the contrasts between his book of essays, *Open House*, his novel, *Adam in Moonshine*, and his mystery, *The Old Dark House*.



ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

DOWN in Santa Fé, New Mexico, there is a growing colony of artists and authors. In this group Mary Austin and, frequently, ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE are leading spirits. Rumor has it that Witter Bynner and Arthur Ficke are especially brilliant and distinguished at the time of the annual Santa Fé Fiesta, which is similar, on a smaller scale, to the New Orleans Mardi Gras. A graduate of Harvard, Mr. Ficke also studied law and taught English in the state university of Iowa. He has traveled and studied in China, and is an authority on Japanese prints. During the war Mr. Ficke served in France with the Ordnance Department, with the final rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Among his many books of poetry, probably the best known are *The Happy Princess* and *Sonnets of a Portrait Painter*. The whole of the poem, "The Return of Christ," which THE FORUM is using in part, is to be included in a new book, *Mountain Against Mountain*, which will be published in January. In his secluded country home near Hillsdale, New York, Mr. Ficke spent last summer writing and entertaining many of the New York literary folk.

WHEN we asked ALTHA GRAY to tell us the story of her life, she replied: "What, indeed, can be less thrilling than an account of a quarter of a century lived under the family roof tree and almost entirely in the prosaic environs of Newark, New Jersey?" Whether it is the roof tree or Newark, we don't know, but something has fostered a nice sense of humor in this young author, who confesses to have had, since leaving school, a variety of jobs and much thwarted ambition. Now, when she is not "filling waste baskets with nonsense," she is doing fascinating work with marionettes. JULIAN DE MISKEY, humorous artist *par excellence*, whose long-limbed children gambol through Miss Gray's story, says there is scarcely anything new in his life, mental or otherwise. He believes that artists cease to function mentally as soon as they can market their pictures. His chief occupation, Mr. De Miskey confesses, is going to the movies, where he finds his suspicions about people substantiated — namely, that wealth and virtue seldom go hand in hand unless the principals are handsome; that a great number of people are being shot out West; and that there *are* Indians. "My secret ambition," he adds wistfully, "is to be John Gilbert or Babe Ruth; but it is too late, now."

THE final installment of ANATOLE FRANCE's biography of Rabelais is presented in this issue. The manuscript, found among M. France's papers after his death, has been admirably translated by ERNEST BOYD, the well known critic. When, in December, the publishing house of Henry Holt issues this biography, it will contain, in addition to the life of Rabelais which THE FORUM has presented, certain critical chapters analyzing Rabelais' masterpieces, *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*.

AS former president of the New York Rotary Club and ex-director of Rotary International, RAYMOND J. KNOEPPEL is qualified to answer Mr. Bliven's indictment of luncheon clubs.

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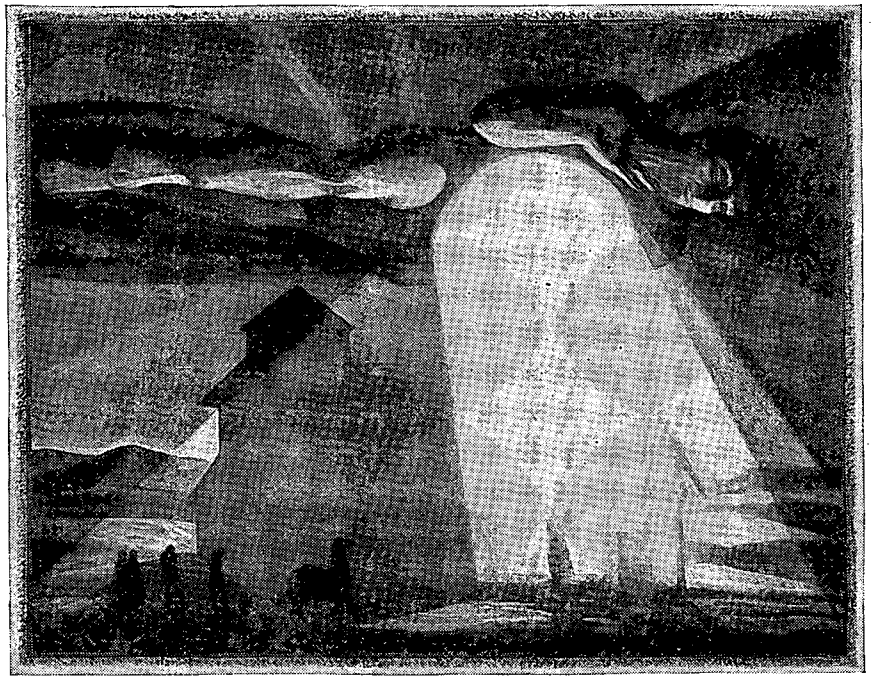

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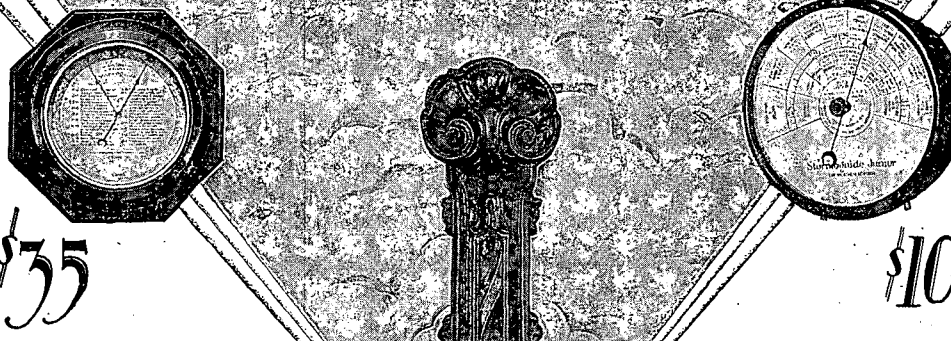

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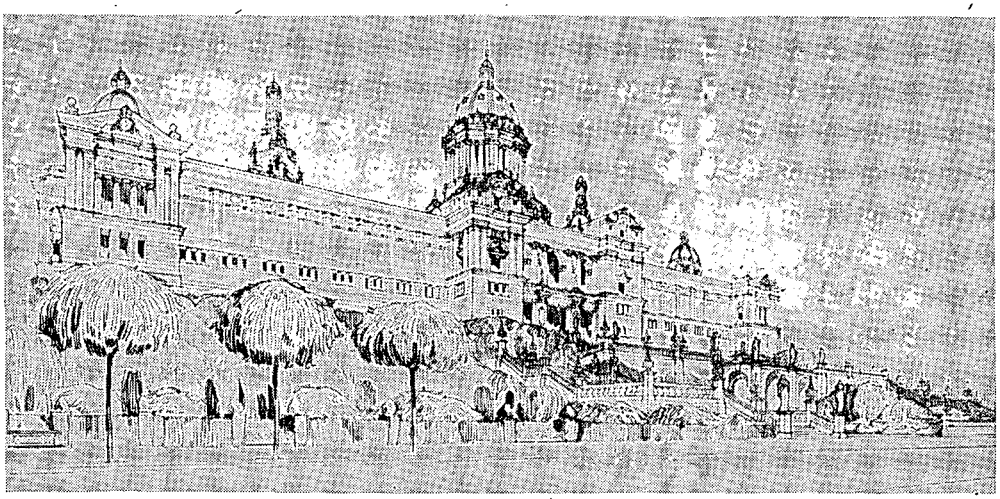

Courtesy, the Exhibition

National Palace, Barcelona International Exhibition

Barcelona—City of Merchants

GRACE LOCKHART

BARCELONA — proud city of merchants, prosperous commercial and industrial capital of Spain, bright, busy city of a million souls — will be the brilliant setting next year of an International Exhibition of Arts, Industry, and Commerce under the patronage of His Majesty, the King, and the presidency of the Marquis de Foronda, one of the greatest industrialists in Spain. On the misty blue heights of Montjuich Park, overlooking the Mediterranean Sea and Barcelona's jewel-like harbor, are being built magnificent palaces, into whose golden galleries and wide marble halls the world is pouring its treasures of art and its marvels of science. In the lights and shadows of a past splendor and present prosperity, Barcelona will be the goal of travelers from all parts of the world next springtime.

Side by side in this "great, famous, rich, and well-established city" march the gorgeous pageantry of Old Spain and the swift, sure feet of New Spain. Side by side with the ineffaceable memorials of life a thousand years ago will be displayed the industrial prowess and scientific genius, the enterprise and effort of modern Spain. In the shadows of her monuments to a glorious past rise her monuments to a promising future. While she has advanced rapidly in material wealth and power, having made tremendous strides industrially and commercially during the last decade, Spain has lost none of the old charm, the picturesque loveliness, the imperial splendor of spirit, the mediæval grandeur which illuminate the vivid history of this land of sunshine and flowers. Spain is still a land of sunshine and flowers, a land of legend and romance, a land of castles and color.

Preëminently a commercial and manufacturing city, its iron-grilled doorways surmounted with the coats of arms of proud merchant princes, its colorful heart girdled with teeming factories and tall chimneys smoking into the blue sky, Barcelona has nevertheless retained all its historic charm. The Rambla, Barcelona's main artery of traffic, is lined with up-to-date shops and fine residences and hotels. Throngs of people promenade under the plane trees along the broad, flagged walk, stopping to chat and to buy at the various booths, where bouquets of peonies, camelias, and roses, singing birds in gay

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wooden cages, and rare and lovely Catalan merchandise is for sale. But a little way off the Rambla, the traveler finds himself in a tangle of narrow streets — Spanish streets, lined with dark old houses whose overhanging balconies and finely wrought iron are in sombre contrast to the bright modern buildings on the main thoroughfare. For Barcelona is a very old city and a very modern city.

Her great public buildings, museums, churches, palaces, shops, and cathedrals are skylined against old mission houses, old wine shops, old mansions, green-gold gardens, and gaunt gray walls. Havelock Ellis has said of this old city: "We do not, as in so many cities that are both ancient and modern, shun the new, while we seek out the old; we find the Rambla, the wharves, all the haunts of men to-day, not less delightful than the mysterious gloom of the cathedral."

Barcelona has been well chosen for Spain's International Exhibition. Since the year 813, when her famous fleet defeated a Saracen squadron, she has looked seaward. With the discovery of America, her importance as a seaport declined. But the restless ambitions of the Catalans found outlet in industrial enterprise. The markets of Spain to-day provide unusually profitable fields for the manufacturer. A land of twenty-two million peoples, the tonnage of her imports has more than doubled since 1918, running for the first eight months of 1928 over $3,200,000,000, her total shipping upwards of 1,750,000 tons. Her fine natural harbor, which to-day is crowded with innumerable craft from all quarters of the globe, has from ancient times been a thriving mart. In the Middle Ages it vied with Venice and Genoa for leadership in Mediterranean commerce, and her code of maritime law was accepted throughout Europe.

The lofty statue of Columbus, commemorating his return to Spain from the New World, stands guard at the gateway to Barcelona over ships which ply between countless ports in all quarters of the globe. On Barcelona's busy docks sturdy Catalans unload every imaginable kind of merchandise — cotton for spinning and weaving, fine thread to be made into beautiful Catalonian lace, rags for the paper mills, steel to be transformed into locomotives — a constant stream of ma-

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Twice every week Great White Fleet Ships leave NEW YORK and NEW ORLEANS on cruises lasting from 9 to 24 days. These ships carry only first class passengers; and all hotel and railway accommodations, motor trips, etc., are included in the price you pay for your ticket.

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_____

terial and goods for the far ends of Spain, for the upbuilding of her national economy and the welfare of her people. Third in the world scale, her per capita wealth is more than $1849.

In significance and magnitude, the Barcelona Exhibition is the most important economic event staged since the World War. International in scope and universal in appeal, the demonstration has been divided into three great sections — Industry, Athletics, and "Art in Spain." No important aspect of contemporary life or Spanish history has been omitted. In the great industrial zone, where will be demonstrated the varied products of industry and agriculture, and the application of science to industrial ends, twelve palaces are being erected. Business men from all over the world are contributing to the display, America being widely represented.

Sports of the whole world will be featured in international contests in the immense Exhibition Stadium; everything relating to the educational, technical, and commercial aspects of the sporting world will be displayed at the Sports Pavilion. A Greek theatre, designed by the architect D. Ramon Raventos, built in accordance with pure classic art in a quarry of great antiquity, and cut from stone of fiery colors, will provide outdoor amusement.

Two events of international significance will enliven the exhibition calendar — the First International Light Fair, at which light and its importance in all aspects of human activity will be featured, and an International Press Congress to be attended by the world's leading publishers, journalists, and publicists. America will be represented at the Light Fair by A. Ralph Steinberg, dean of modern decorative art, who will display the exquisite new lighting fixtures created by Sabino of Paris, famous French designer, whom he represents in this country. For the first time in history, electricity has been glorified by mediums intended for electricity, instead of an adaptation of fixtures intended for gas or candle light. Here the influence of light on industry and the arts will be demonstrated, as well as its major rôle in modern decorative art.

One of the permanent palaces being erected amid the gleaming waterfalls and

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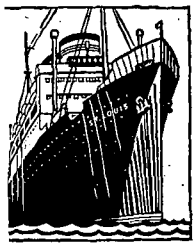
Mediterranean Orient



Cruising in the Cradle of Civilization
on the new
M. S. ST. LOUIS

Haven't you always wanted to visit Jerusalem and the Holy Land, to cruise through the beautiful Bosphorus and the Golden Horn with the domes and minarets of Constantinople glimmering in the distance—to glide silently through the blue waters of the lovely Dalmatian coast — to set foot on the very spot where the gods of Olympus held sway?

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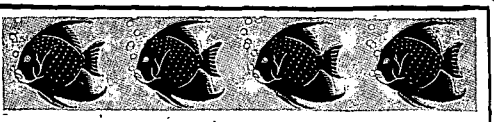

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A staff of travel experts at your command.
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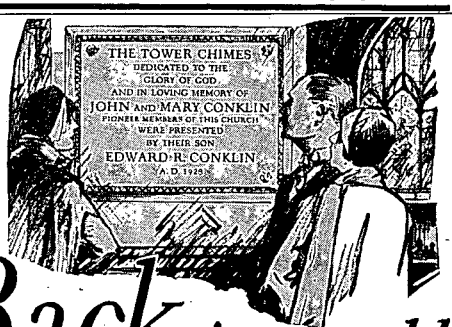

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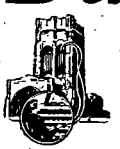

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With a tablet of bronze to set forth the hallowed purpose of the Chimes you, like so many other successful men, will have provided . . . . . *—a living tribute to a departed one; —a priceless church and community asset; —an eloquent symbol of your progress; —a lasting token of your philanthropy.*

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green-shaded driveways of Montjuich the House of the Press — a brick buildi with a beautiful façade of *mudejar* styl with ornaments and escutcheons of colore tile, and a red, Arabian tile roof. Believi journalism to be one of the most interes ing and least known of modern institu tions, Spain will put forth a special effo to show the scope of the intellectual a economic effort necessary in the making o a newspaper. The mechanical aspects o journalism, the improvement of machi ery and the resources for speed in new transmission, and the influence of th press upon the habits and culture o peoples will be demonstrated.

The world's greatest newspapers, i ternational telegraph companies, adve tising bureaus, and illustrated journa will be represented. The first copies of th oldest publications and historical issue that have roused social or political even of unusual importance will be exhibite The complicated and arduous work of newspaper will be shown from the mo ment the features and news items go fro the hands of the reporters to the lino typist, through the assignment of space the columns of the publication, to th final printing by the great rotary presse Newspaper men will have an opportuni to inspect the latest improvemen achieved by the press of different natio and to exchange views and strengthen th ties with their fellow journalists fro distant lands.

Plans for the Barcelona Exhibition hav been under way since the conclusion the World War and represent the culmin tion of Spain's desire to make known t the world a Spanish renaissance in t world of arts and letters and the industri and commercial achievements of mode Spain. Artists and architects, students a teachers, philosophers and economists, th industrialist, the trader, the manufacture and the merchant, from the New Wor and the Old, will meet next year Barcelona — City of Merchants. Th Spanish Government will be represent at the Exhibition by a Royal Commissio

Spain, once Queen of the Seas and su preme among nations, Spain, who grandeur and pomp, galleons and gol once were the envy of the civilized worl is making a new bid for leadership in t industrial and commercial arts and science

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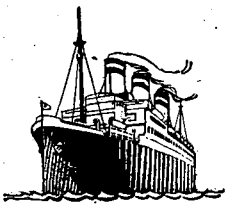

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RATES
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"'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the ship,"—joy reigns supreme!

Many a Pleasure Pirate will be dancing—many a gay buccaneer will be chatting in the lounge—strolling the breeze-swept decks—tete-a-teting in the Winter Garden.

For the Pleasure Pirates again will be among the balmy isles and romantic lands of the Caribbean when St. Nicholas comes 'round.

There's nothing quite like a Pleasure Pirate Christmas and New Year's at sea. Don't miss it. Write to us for literature on it now, and write to the folks about it later.

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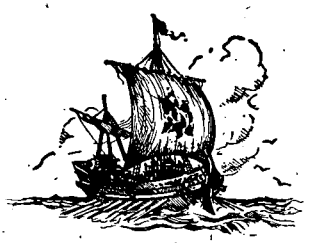

Travel News

A Digest of Travel Announcements

RAILROADS - STEAMSHIPS - RESORTS - TOURS

The Golden Empire

Marts and bookstalls with a piquant personality—violets, chrysanthemums and daffodils in winter, smart shops and bazaars in the Bagdad of the west, San Francisco, and the exhilarating air that is nature's own cosmetic. Roam and relax in California, where the winter temperature is only six degrees lower than the summer average. Cities with cosmopolitanism, buzzing cafés, radiant thoroughfares. Quaint old Spanish missions, a bit of China, ships from all the seven seas—with a background of purple mountains—all, all in the heart of the Redwood Empire.

A Pacific Playground

Of all the beachcombers in the world, those who idle in Hawaii are the luckiest. There is a delicious irresponsibility about it all. You can laze on the beach and stare out into a warm sea . . . now amethyst, now indigo, now jade. Flying fish skim by. You turn your gaze to the merrymakers on the beach. Then further where the golden shower and flame trees are in bloom. Hotels range from the great palace on Waikiki beach to the quiet cottages tucked away beneath the palms and *hau* trees.

Pleasure Saving Time

There is real daylight saving in the Caribbean . . . in Cuba, for instance. Two hours before the first glimmers of dawn gild the North American sky-line in winter, golfers are teeing up in broad daylight in Havana. Two hours after the cold winter night has blanketed the winter stay-at-homes, a coat of sunburn is still possible on the coral-bound beaches. Four hours more for golfing, fishing, yachting, bathing, riding. Motoring on velvet highways, tennis, polo, racing. By the time that the sun's livid ball crashes suddenly beneath the horizon shot with color, you have had four more hours added to your day.

Away from Winter

It is estimated that close to one hundred cruises will leave our shores this winter. Just like a mighty convoy they sail away with hosts of American voyagers and discoverers. These adventurers are bound for sunshine and happiness. The neighborly Caribbean appeals to those who cannot be away long, and South America to many who wish to explore further the New World. A score or more pennants will doff in respect to Gibraltar before they loaf through the Mediterranean — touching at Carthage, Italy, Egypt, Greece and the Holy Land. Then there are the African and Around the World cruises for the more venturesome — Japan, China, Australia—a dazzling array, indeed.

Famous Hostelries

CHATEAU FRONTENAC—Quebec, Canada. The last act of one of the greatest and most popular musical comedies ever staged takes place in the Grand Ball Room of the Chateau Frontenac. The play, "Rose Marie", has spread the fame of the Hotel all over the world, but long before it was ever dreamed of, this unique hostelry dominated the world's landmark hotels just as it now dominates Quebec and the St. Lawrence River. Few views compare with those gained from rooms in the great tower. The broad fields are girdled with the intense blue of the river . . . white roads wind daintily around the habitant farms . . . across and beyond the curé proudly exhibits his old church . . . Normany cottages nestle cosily . . . and tall woodlands are a russet brown.

A World of White

A snow-clad landscape is a thing of beauty and nowhere does nature's garb of white linen seem so lovely as in Norway. Earth seems to rest after the summer and embrace a natural and healthy slumber. When the white confetti from a carnival of the heavens begins to fall, a noiseless dance fills the air. Skis are as necessary as legs or arms. The air is cracking good . . . a champion skier soars aloft, arms outstretched to alight a hundred or more feet below in a whirl of snowy powder. Yes, yes, there is skijoring—fast Norwegian ponies trot gaily along—with merrymakers in tow—squirrels dart in and out among the snow-covered pine branches . . . and far away in the lofty peaks there are those who prefer the grandeur of the mountains.

Lovely Hungary

When Columbus found the continent which was afterwards called America, it was thought that little land remained to be discovered. Subsequently, the Portuguese and Dutch sailed the Eastern seas and Cook explored Australia and New Zealand.

Similarly so the traveler is apt to imagine that he has seen Europe when he follows the customary itinerary. He has neither seen all of Europe nor has he seen one of its most interesting countries if he misses Hungary. A separate kingdom in recent years, Hungary pursues a course of industry and labour which ranks her among the stabilized lands of Central Europe. To miss Budapest would be to forget the music of Liszt from a program—or to lose forever the riot of melodic vigor which the German Brahms records for posterity.

Along the Hungarian Danube, farms and industries unite in forging a new future. In the gay cities—enjoyment and relaxation to the utmost. Smart cafés, revelry and probably one of Europe's outstanding features—the beautiful women of Hungary.

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"The children hung their stockings on the door-knob"

WHAT a Christmas *we're* going to have! . . . Last year, soon after we came, they put poinsettias and holly and mistletoe around the whole place. Then perfectly beautiful flowers. And then a mammoth tree—with a star right on the very tip! It was just as lovely and Christmassy as could be. . . . The children hung their stockings on the door-knob, and *somebody* filled them with nuts and toys and fruit. And, mind you, Christmas carols waked us in the morning! In a hotel! . . . What with laughing and giving presents and being wished a Merry Christmas by ever so many people, I never felt so happy. . . . And we're going there again *this* year!

If you visit Chalfonte-Haddon Hall at Christmas time, reservations should be made some time in advance. May we send you a descriptive booklet?

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She sails from New York January 26th next . . . 14,000 miles . . . 67 days . . . at the most seasonable time of the year . . . Madeira, Cadiz, Gibraltar . . . Algiers, Tunis . . . Naples, Athens, Constantinople . . . The Holy Land . . . Egypt . . . The Nile . . . Palermo . . . Naples . . . The French Riviera . . . Gibraltar . . . returning via Southampton . . . Stop-over privileges in Europe.

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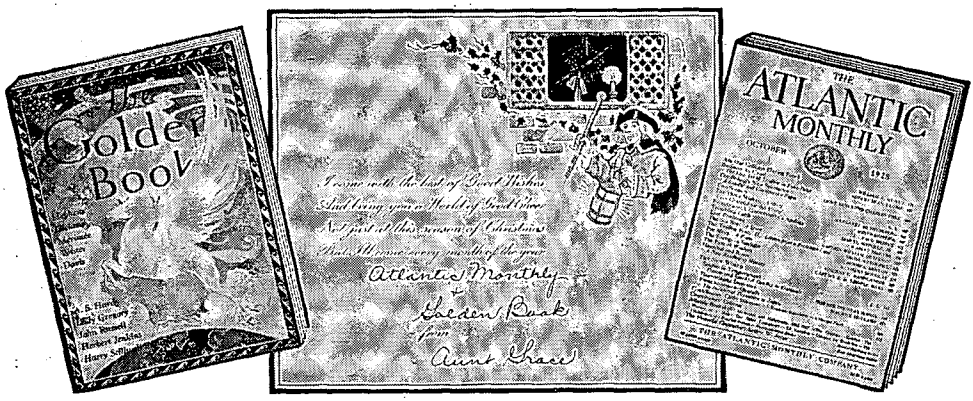
Do Your Christmas Gifts Express *YOURSELF?*

In a last-minute panic, do you rush into the stores and buy a necktie for Uncle Paul, a string of beads for Cousin Grace, some useless nicknacks for your best friends? When Christmas comes these people hear from you—yes—but do their hearts warm with pleasure at the thoughtfulness of your gifts?

A worthwhile present must carry with it something of yourself—it must express your thoughtfulness concerning another individual's pleasure and satisfaction. Here are gifts that not only have this supreme quality of good taste, but also remain fresh, and new, and satisfying throughout the entire year—

Atlantic Monthly *and* Golden Book



THE publishers of these well-known magazines, realizing how perfectly they fit the needs of discriminating people and wishing to introduce both magazines to the readers of the other, are offering a Christmas saving of $1.50 for a combined order, provided application is made before December 20th; and furthermore will mail a beautiful illuminated Christmas card to announce the gift, timing it so as to arrive just before Christmas with notice not to open until Christmas morning. If desired, the magazines may be sent to different individuals, so that in reality each check for $5.50 means three Christmas presents, two magazines for two friends and a Christmas present of $1.50 to the purchaser, for it is a real saving.

These two magazines appeal to discriminating people. This offer proved to be very popular when made for the first time last Christmas.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY—Regular Price **$4.00**
For fifty years the leading literary monthly of America. Stories, Essays, Poems and Opinions.

GOLDEN BOOK—Regular Price **$3.00**
A new kind of story magazine. The enduring stories of all time written by the Masters.

Together, if you use the money-saving coupons on this page **$5.50**

It is considered a mark of distinction to have the Atlantic Monthly or the Golden Book on the library table. Both are magazines with personality, but much more important, the families which enjoy the regular monthly visits declare that every issue is eagerly read from cover to cover by young and old, that they are recognized and used by visitors and borrowed by the neighbors because there is not a dull page in the 3500 that come in this biggest subscription bargain this season.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY CO., 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Golden Book to FOR-12-28

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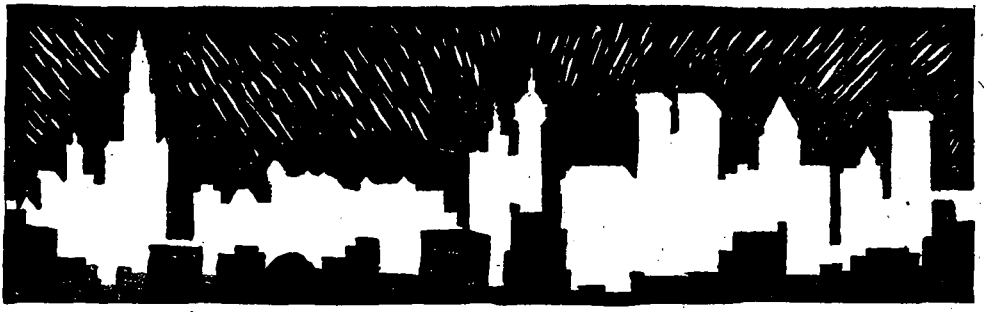

Downtown

DONALD REA HANSON

Speculation and the Interest Rate

EVENTS this year have amply demonstrated that high rates for call money do not suffice to check speculation when the stock market is rising. On two recent occasions call money rates have advanced to 10 per cent — the highest price for collateral loans in eight years. The first of these occasions, early in July, was preceded by a sharp decline in stock market prices in June. It now seems, in retrospect, that the June decline was caused primarily by a weakened condition in the New York market, which in turn had resulted from the transfer of a large portion of the floating supply of stocks from strong hands to weak hands. In other words, the high prices caused by the spectacular rise in the market during the spring months induced many investors who owned stocks to dispose of them, while the purchasers were chiefly the multitude who were crowding the brokers' offices to buy stocks on a margin. On the second occasion, early in October, the 10 per cent rate for call money passed unnoticed in Wall Street, so far as the speculators were concerned, and had no effect on the movement of prices. If anything, the speculative movement in the stock market grew more feverish as the money rate rose. The daily turnover on the Stock Exchange averaged over 4,000,000 shares, while prices of many stocks which had already advanced ten, twenty, or fifty points in the spring proceeded to advance as much again in the autumn movement of the market.

American financial history reveals that this year's experience in the stock market is not unprecedented. In 1905 and 1906 this country was in the throes of a speculative upheaval which was as great in proportion to the country's business at that time as the historic bull market of 1924–28 is to America's business to-day. Then, as now, the higher stock prices went, the higher money rates tended to rise. By the middle of November, 1905, call money was quoted at 15 per cent on the New York Stock Exchange; but this did not check the rise in prices in the slightest degree. By the end of December call money had advanced to 125 per cent; but stocks were still rising, and the peak of the movement was not reached until January 22, 1906. The average rise between the middle of November and the end of January was about eleven points. As is the case in the best regulated bull markets, a reaction ensued after such a prolonged advance — a reaction which can hardly be explained on the ground of tight money rates.

Again, in the autumn of 1906, the stock and money markets resembled those of 1928 at the present time. Early in September, 1906, call money went as high as 40 per cent, but prices on the stock exchange continued to advance fairly steadily until October 11. From that date until early in November, money rates were easy. Strange to say, the only reaction in stock prices of that period came during this time of easier money rates. Then, although

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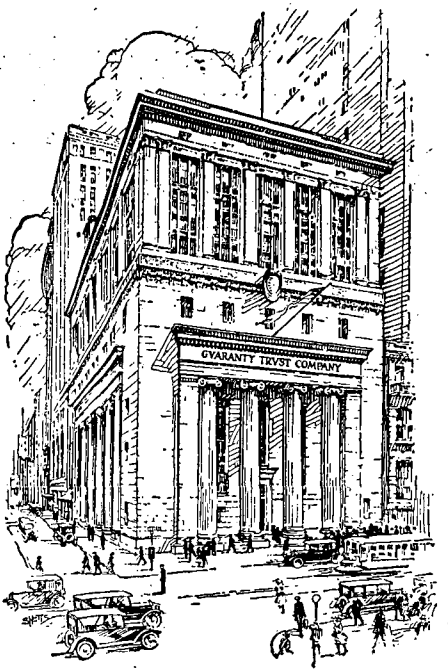

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call money remained around 12 per cent for the rest of 1906, the stock market was firm until the first week in January, 1907.

Money Rate No Barometer

Apparently the 125 per cent rate for call money did not check the rise in stocks, and if we are to accept the theory that high money rates are a barometer and forecast the end of speculative operations for the rise, it could not be said to predict any particularly severe upset in the stock market. To be sure, the worst panic of the generation broke in the fall of 1907, but bear in mind that the peak of the money rate was reached late in 1905 — more than a year before liquidation developed on the New York Stock Exchange — and that for practical purposes a bear warning so far in advance of the actual movement is not of much value to the average trader. He might well have transferred his investments from stocks to bonds when money went to 125 per cent; but after waiting nearly a year to obtain verification of the accuracy of his forecast, and failing to get it, it would be natural for him to conclude that he had been wrong and switch back into stocks at precisely the fatal moment. Nor are there many big bear traders who are content to stay with a short commitment a year or more, paying dividends the while to those who have lent them their certificates. Consequently, it is fairly evident that high money rates alone are not necessarily a forecast of immediate stock market liquidation, nor an immediate bearish trend.

Discussing business cycles, Carl Snyder of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, in his book *Business Cycles and Business Measurements* (Macmillan, 1927), said: "The experiences of 1906, of 1919–20, and of practically every other boom period have shown clearly enough that in such times business men are not deterred by high interest rates; nor in periods of depression will they, as a rule, borrow heavily because of cheap money. . . . So, broadly speaking, it seems clear that the actual cost of money to merchants and manufacturers is not in itself a decisive factor in the business cycle." He minimizes the importance of the effect of interest rates upon the business cycle. "In the main," he says, "the more important changes in business seem to take place before the movement of interest rates could be of any material effect."

Although interest rates in general have been much higher this year than for the past five or six years, it is important that rates on loans for stock market purposes be considered apart from loans for strictly business purposes. Until last June the interest rate on sixty to ninety-day time loans secured by New York Stock Exchange collateral had ranged between 3 and 5 per cent since early in 1924, when the bull market in stocks was just beginning to get under way. For years, time money rates and commercial paper rates used to rule at approximately the same levels, fluctuating up and down about on a parity. This year a spread has developed between the two classes of loans. Where time money rates have advanced to 7 and 7½ per cent during the autumn of this year, prime commercial paper has advanced only to about 5½ per cent. Comparison with the rates of a year ago this fall is not altogether fair, since last year the entire money market was abnormally low, due to the Federal Reserve policy of low discount rates to foster gold exports and stabilize the international money situation. At that time the New York Federal Reserve rediscount rate was 3½ per cent, compared with 5 per cent early this autumn. However, time loans on stock exchange collateral were then 4¼ per cent, compared with 4 per cent for commercial paper.

Demand and supply account for the spread between time loans and commercial paper this year. Over the past twelve-month period, members of the New York Stock Exchange have expanded their borrowings from banks and others from under $4,000,000,000 to $5,500,000,000, in line with the great increase in speculation. At the same time commercial loans of all member banks have increased only $325,583,000, and commercial paper outstanding in the New York Federal Reserve district has run 20 per cent under what it was a year ago. The Federal Reserve Bank will not rediscount notes secured by Stock Exchange collateral; and as the expansion in borrowings this year has been chiefly in this form of non-rediscountable loans, the effect has been to drive the interest rates on these loans upward. But ample Federal Reserve credit

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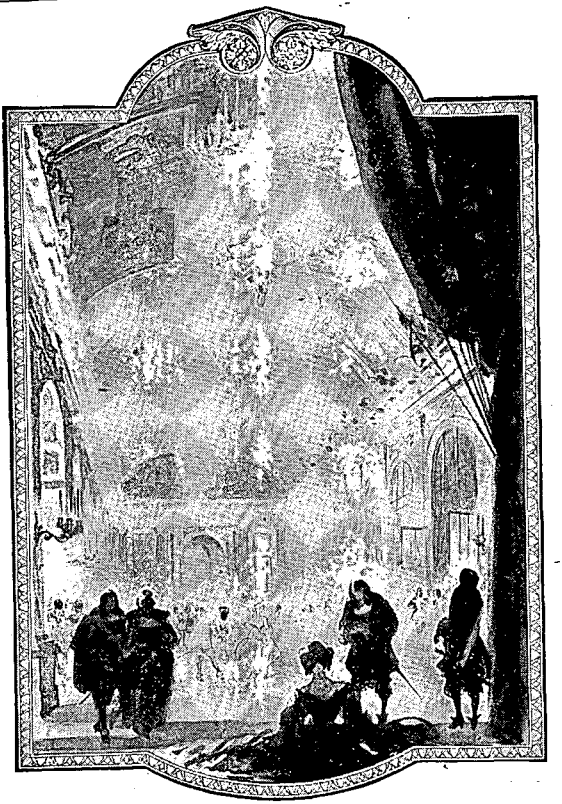

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is available for banks which are obliged to expand their loans to commercial customers, the effect being to stabilize the interest rate on commercial funds.

But for the fact that over $2,000,000,000 of the present borrowings of Stock Exchange members was derived from idle funds of corporations, individuals, and other lenders, the situation this year would doubtless have been much tighter than it really was. The expansion in these "loans for the account of others," as they are termed — meaning non-banking loans — has proved to be one of the most absorbing topics of discussion in the stock market. Many corporations have so much cash on hand that they can lend millions on the Stock Exchange at 7 to 8 per cent instead of accepting 2½ per cent bank interest on deposits, as used to be the custom. Doubtless another source of supply for these funds is the investment trusts, many of which are said to be loaded with cash and awaiting a propitious time for investment. Private banks and bankers and individuals, here and abroad, make up the remainder.

Many astute observers, however, are of the opinion that indirectly the rise in money will eventually reduce the prices of stocks by slowing down business. It is the contention of Snyder and other observers that the price movements of securities are more sensitive to the trend of business than anything else, and that instead of forecasting a trend they swing closely in line with current trade, "perhaps to lag behind as often as they lead." The business trend, in that it dominates the earning power of shares, counts for most in the calculations of speculators. Accordingly, it is pointed out that as money rates advance there is less disposition to borrow to erect new buildings, and municipalities are likely to postpone street improvements or public works. In short, high money rates, by discouraging borrowers, tend to slow down business and give rise to unemployment, thereby reducing the purchasing power of the public and leading to depression.

Those holding this view are also inclined to believe that installment sales, which are responsible for such a great proportion of the modern methods of distributing goods, are likely to be affected by the increased carrying charges on this business. Many discount and finance companies sprang into being within the past two years, when bank interest rates were around 3½ to 4 per cent, and were organized for the express purpose of buying installment paper. When these houses have to pay 5½ to 6 per cent for money, they must charge much higher rates to the public buying goods on installments; and it is claimed that any material curtailment in the credit available for these houses would probably make itself felt in the factory production of many lines of trade.

It is possible that just such a sequence of events may work out, but at this writing such a contingency does not appear very near. In the first place, capital for new construction work and such enterprises is usually obtained through bond issues and not by borrowing money from the banks. It is true that bond prices have slumped materially during 1928, but the increase in cost of financing with bonds was as nothing compared to the general rise in money rates. During the summer months there was a dearth of new offerings, chiefly because of the difficulty of distributing large issues in a declining market. Many dealers were carrying large blocks of unsold bonds and were loath to undertake new commitments until old issues had been worked off. But the early autumn brought a firmer tone to the bond market, although no great recovery in prices, and new financing on a fairly large scale began again. Some slowing down in contracts for new construction did accompany this falling off in bond issues during the summer, but construction already under way may be expected to require several months for completion and the effect has not yet been noticeably communicated to other lines of business. This phase of the business outlook apparently depends chiefly on the trend of bond prices. High rates for collateral loans have led many banks to switch from the holding of bonds for investment, into collateral and commercial loans.

As for high money rates and installment sales, it may fairly be questioned whether the effect on the installment buyer will be any more noticeable than it is on the speculator in stocks. Most of those who purchase goods on installment payments do so because of lack of ready cash with

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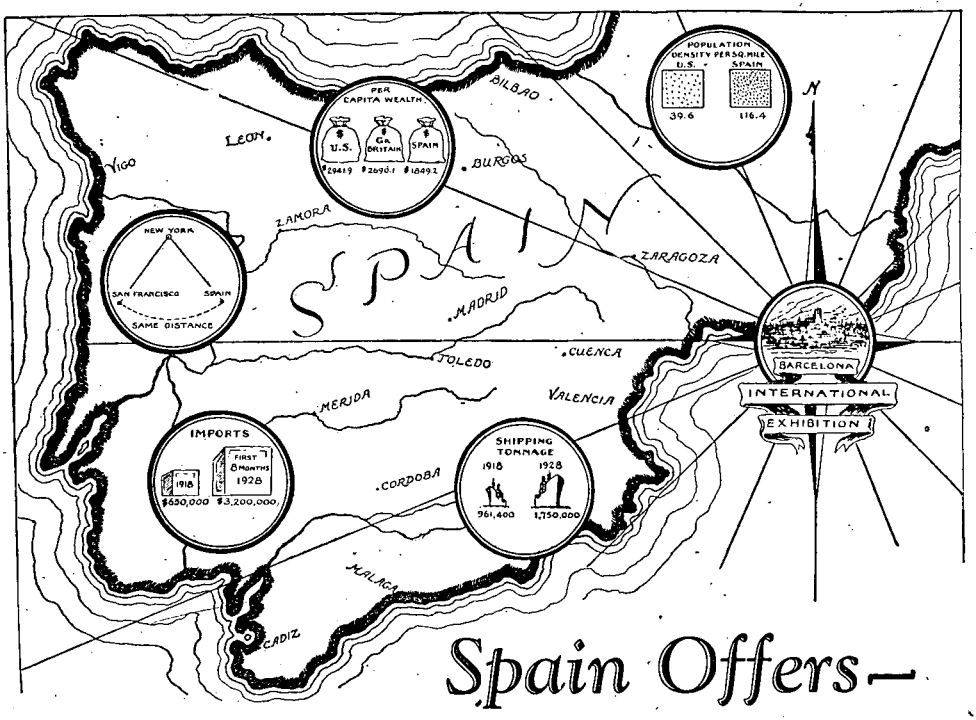

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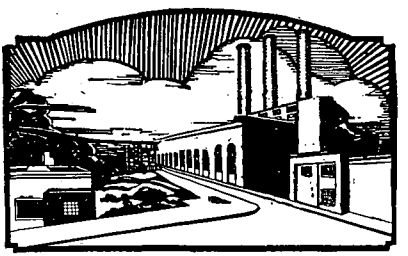
which to pay the full price. An additional dollar or two added to the cost of an article purchased in this way probably is not going to dissuade the buyer or lead to a postponement of his purchase. A factor of more importance in this connection is the employment situation, and the outlook in that direction is satisfactory.

Nevertheless, high call money rates do place on speculators in stocks a heavy burden which cannot be ignored. Two or three years ago a good stock might be purchased at, say, $100 a share to yield 7 per cent, on a 20-point margin, the balance being borrowed at 5 per cent. Even if the stock did not rise in price, the speculator received approximately a 15 per cent return on the $20 a share he advanced, and there was nothing to become alarmed about so long as the investment was sound. To-day many of those same stocks yield no more than 3 or 4 per cent, and the cost of carrying them has averaged 8 per cent in recent months. The burden of carrying a non-dividend-paying issue like Radio Corporation, for instance, which is now selling above $200 a share, amounts to a charge of about 15 points a year against the commitment — a charge which not many would care to assume if they were not sure that current prices would go up.

To summarize, then: high money rates do not necessarily check a bull market in stocks, although it can be conceded that in the past year dear money has often been one symptom of the approach of the climax. The business situation at the moment and the outlook for the immediate future will probably govern stock price trends as a whole to a far more important extent than interest rates.

The experience of the past indicates that a diversified list of common stocks usually yields a profit, if held long enough. But when those stocks are bought at the peak of a bull market, it is often necessary for several years to elapse before a profit can be realized, and this makes investment in bonds — preferably short-term bonds — a highly prudent policy at this time. Bonds have already dropped materially in price, offering better yields than were available at the start of this year; and the risk of loss through price depreciation in this form of investment is obviously far less than that in stocks.



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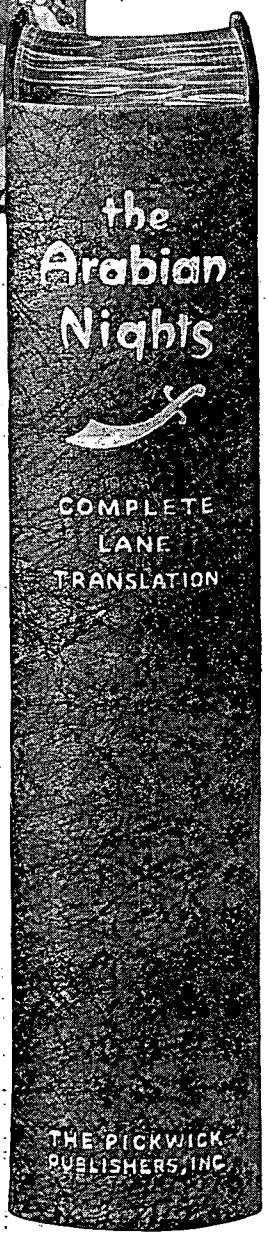

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CAPTAIN ALEXANDER MACINNIS MACDOUGALL of Rear River Trading Post, Victoria Land, said in a recent visit to New York, the first trip to this city from his Arctic home since the year of '88,

"We get our mail every nine months from John McCush, a pirate fur trader, who brings us the *New York Times* and the *Review of Reviews,* so we can get all the news. We know about the Teapot Dome scandal up there, even the Eskimos laugh about that and prohibition!"

—New York Times.

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